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The DISCARDED MAGICAL BLUE GRUNDO PLUSHIE of PROSPERITY

New York Times bestselling author **Rebecca Mix**

Art by **Luiz Fernando da Silva**

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The DISCARDED MAGICAL BLUE GRUNDO PLUSHIE of PROSPERITY

Rebecca Mix

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Andrews McMeel
PUBLISHING®

Dedicated to all Neopians,
past and present. —R.M.

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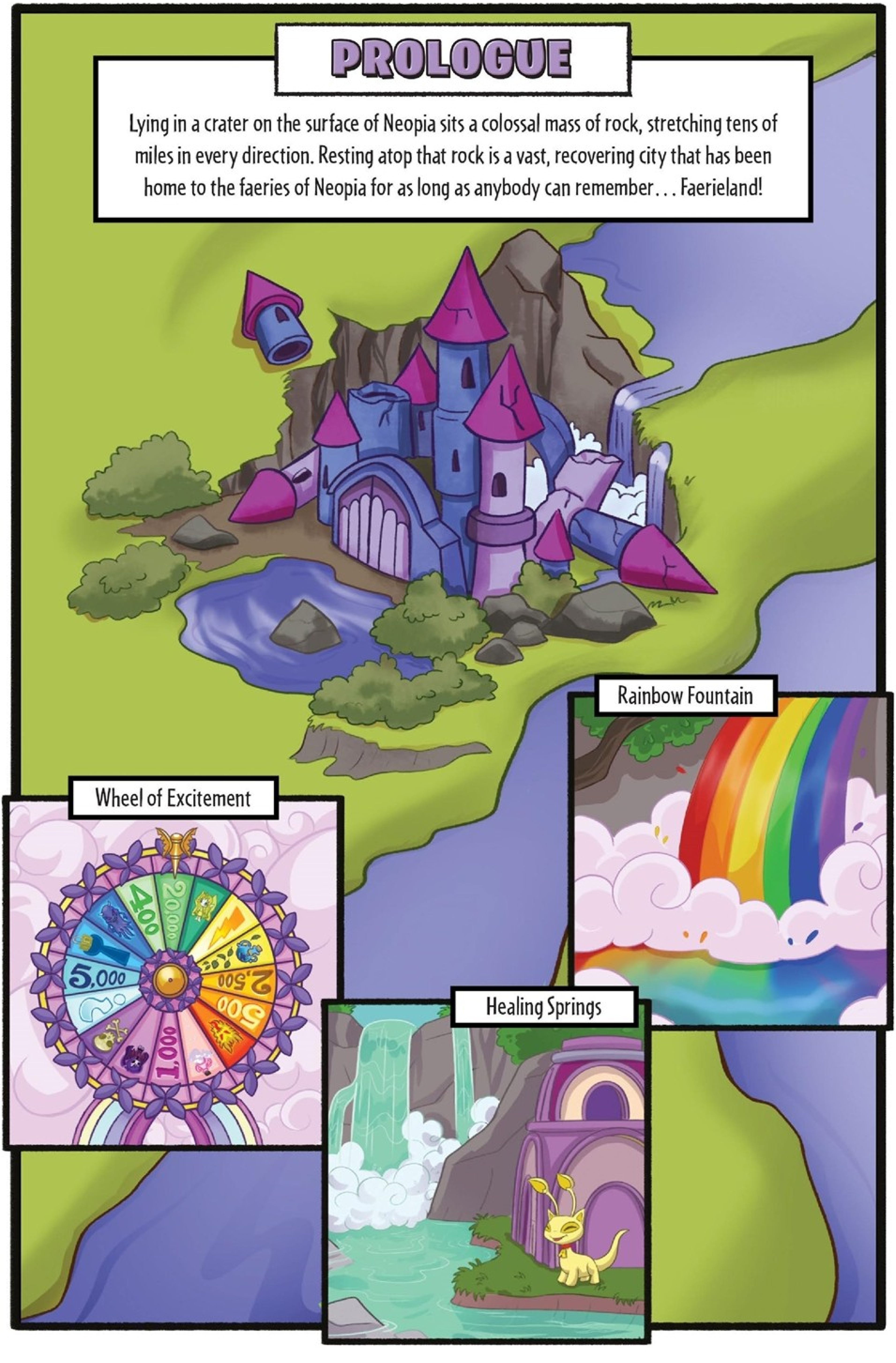
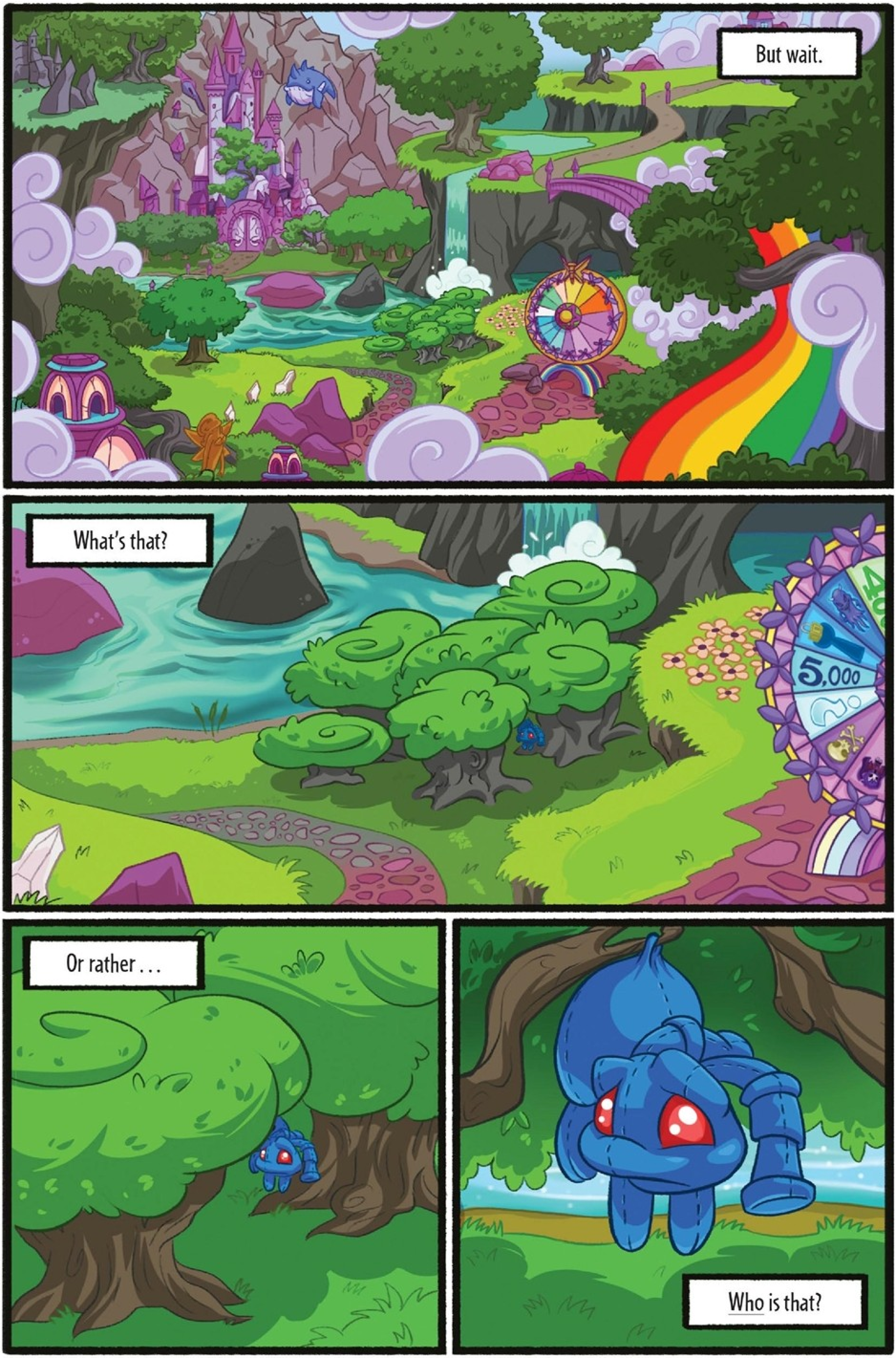
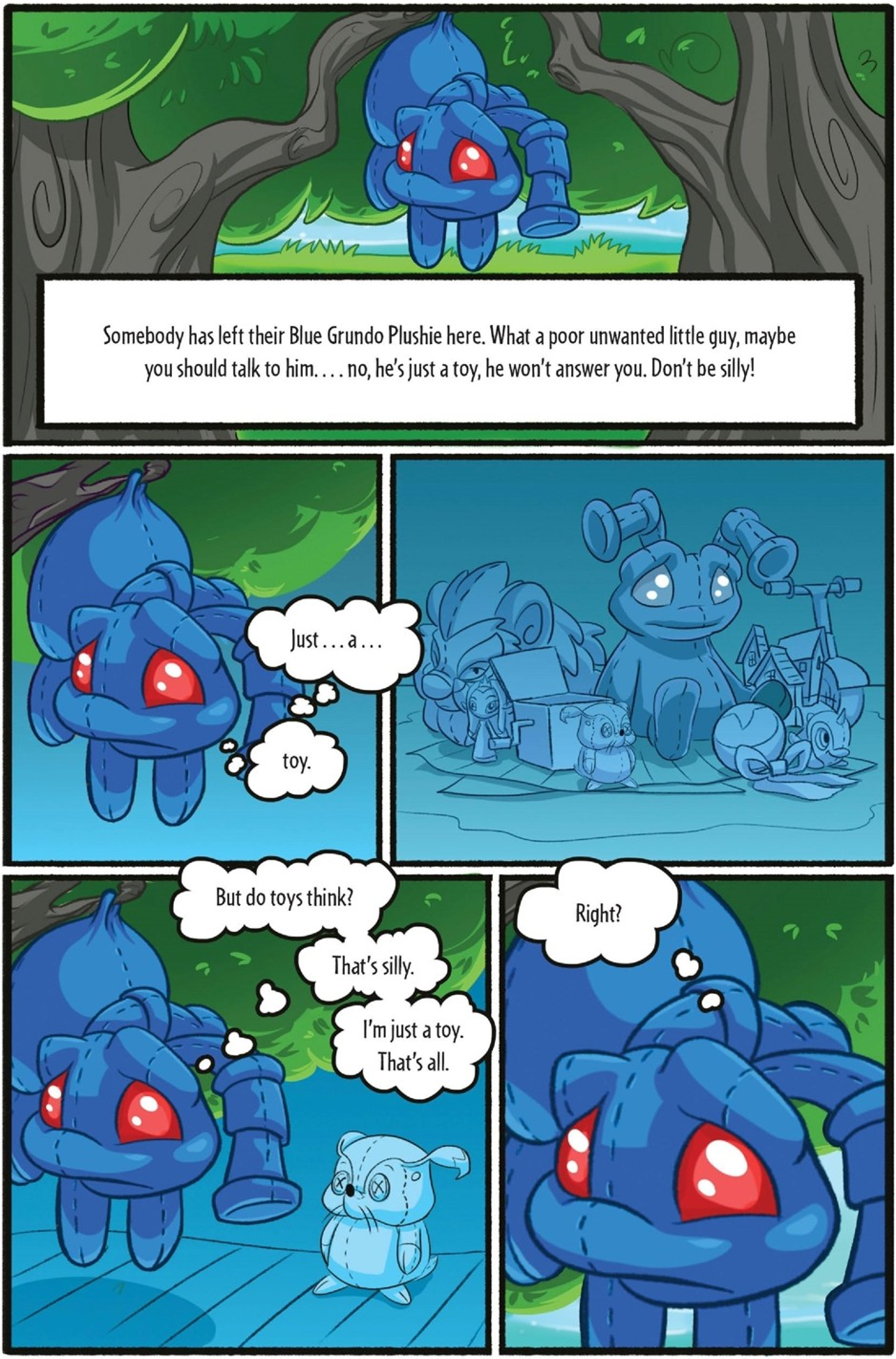
PROLOGUE

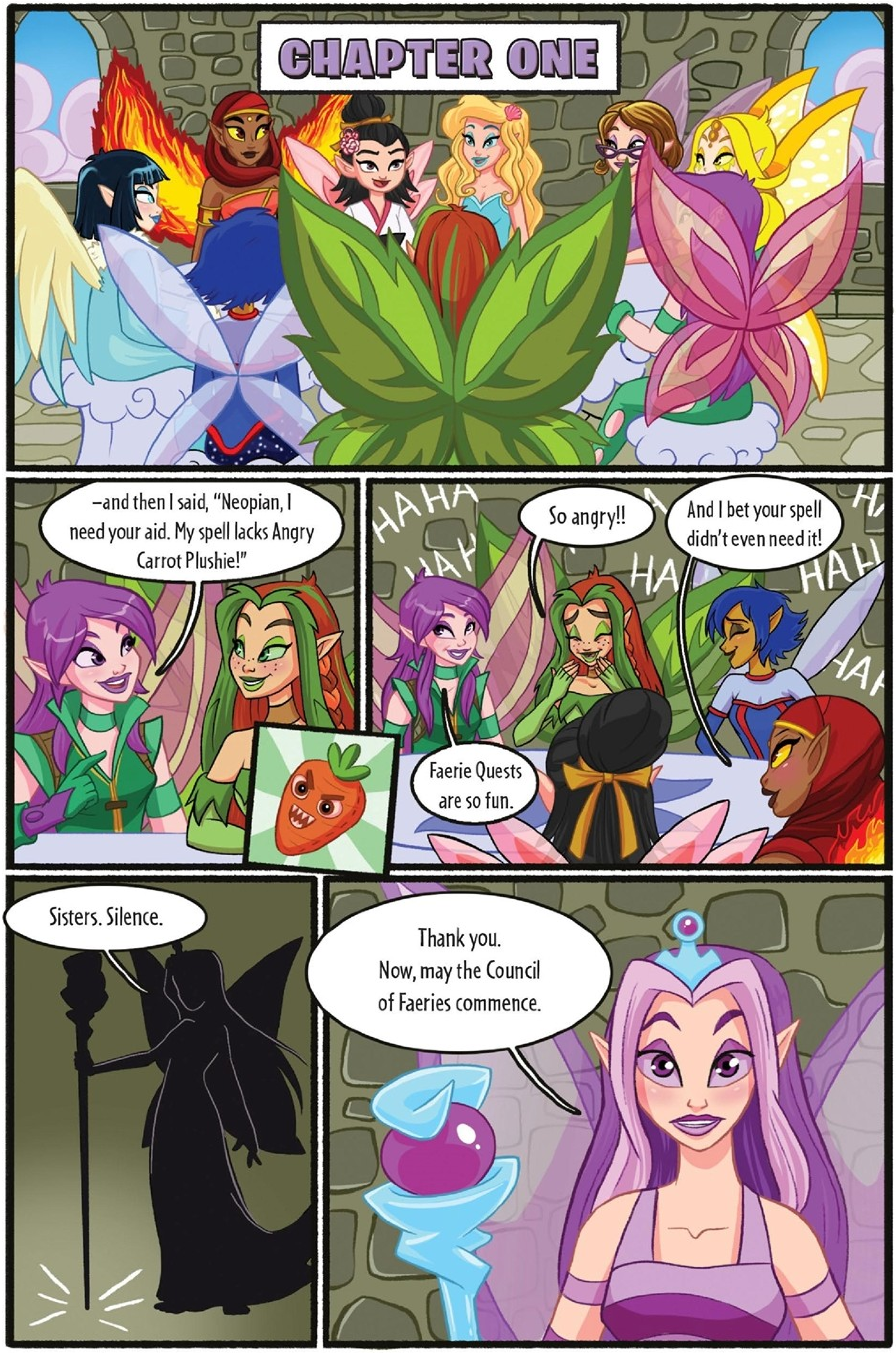
Lying in a crater on the surface of Neopia sits a colossal mass of rock, stretching tens of miles in every direction. Resting atop that rock is a vast, recovering city that has been home to the faeries of Neopia for as long as anybody can remember. . . Faerieland!

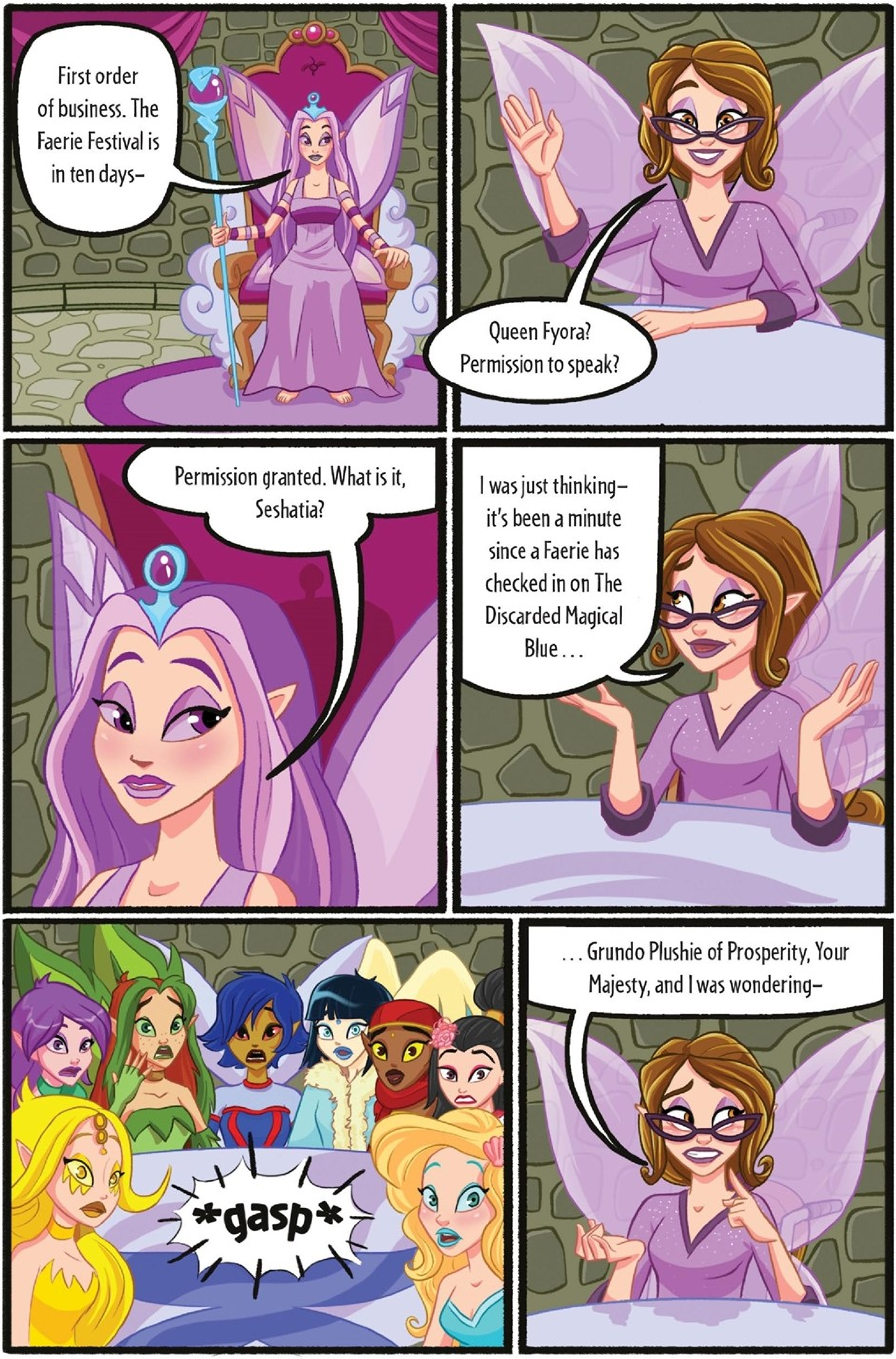

Rainbow Fountain
Wheel of Excitement
400
20,000
5,000
2,500
500
1,000
Healing Springs

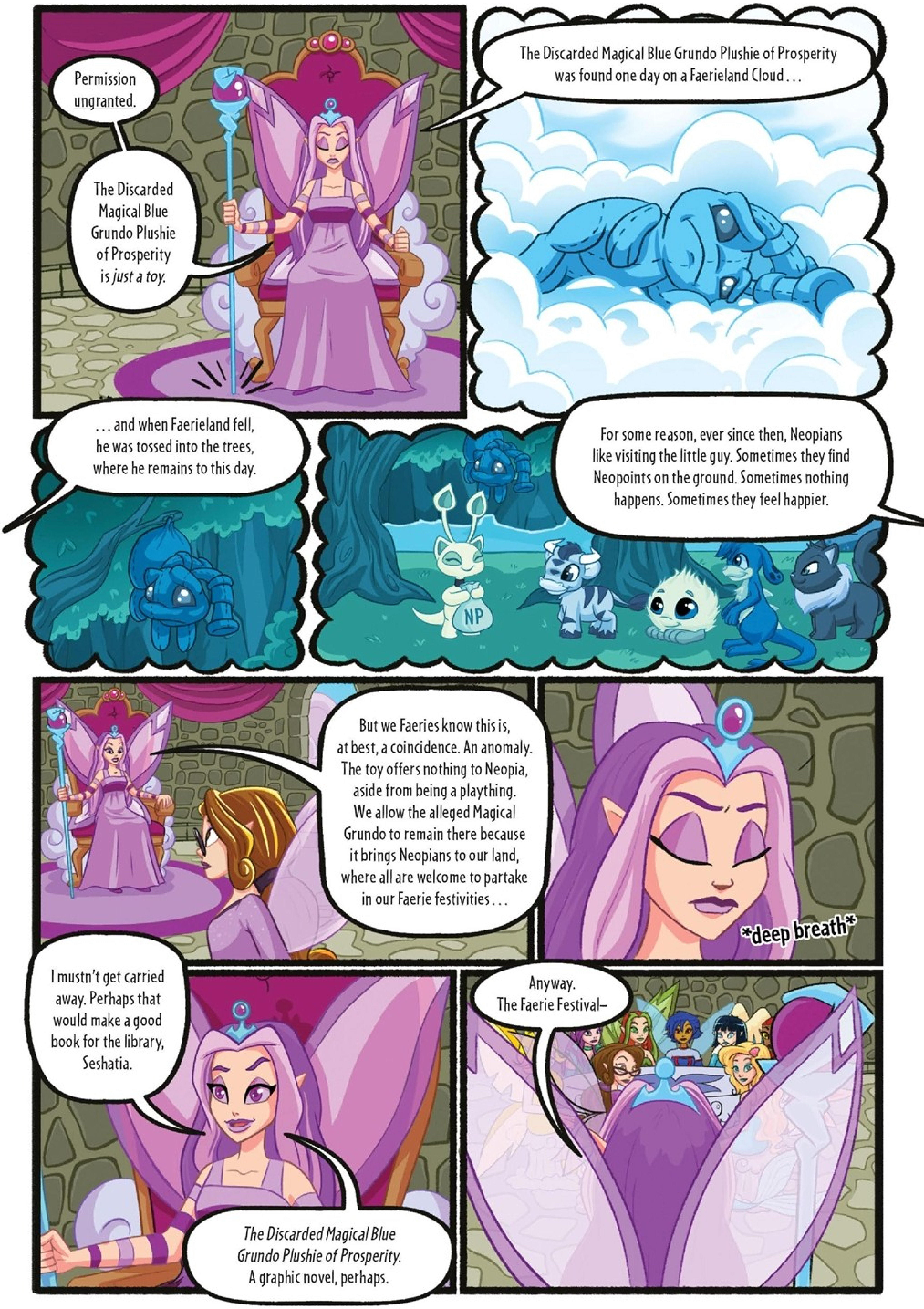

But wait.
What's that?
5,000
Or rather . . .
Who is that?

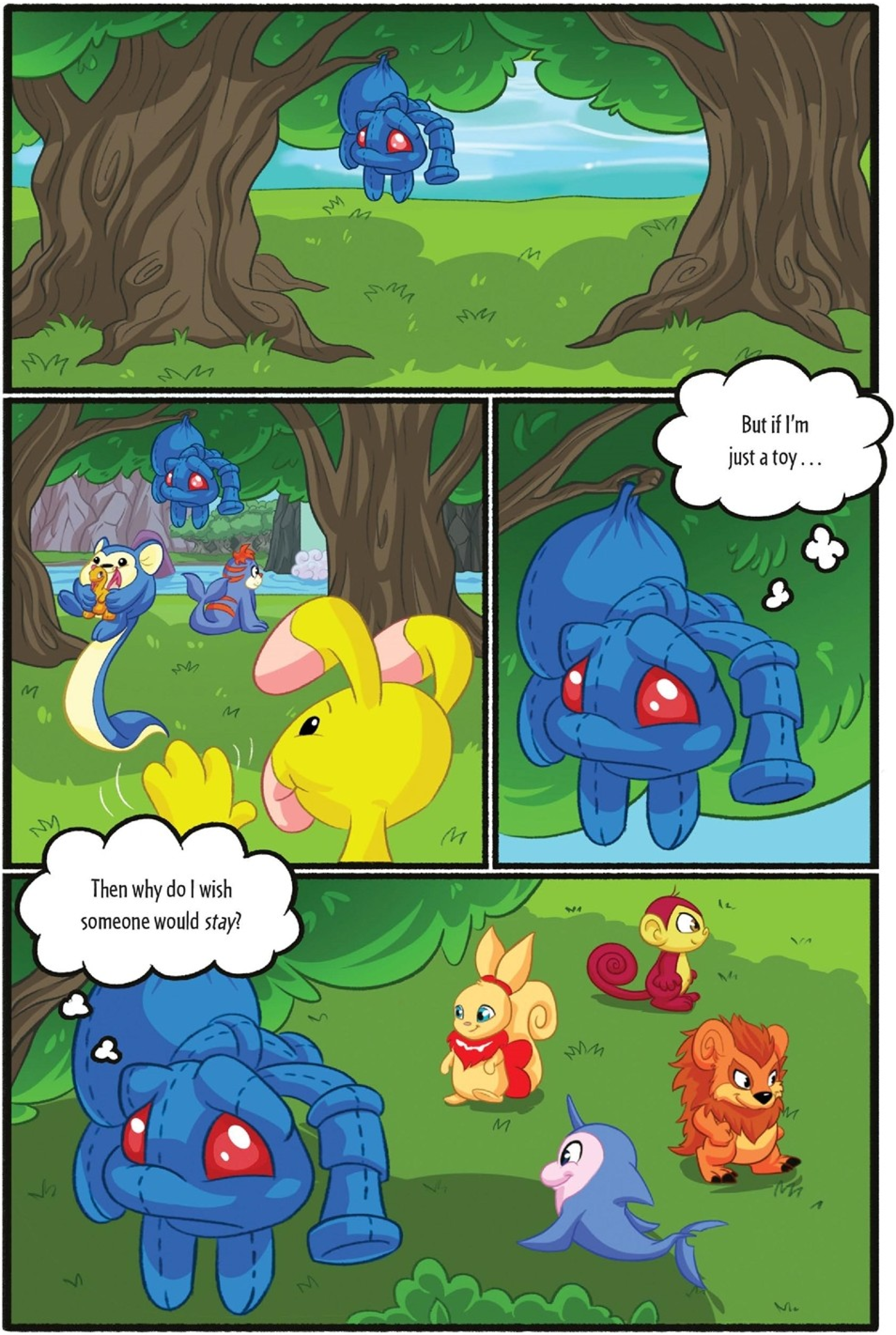

Somebody has left their Blue Grundo Plushie here. What a poor unwanted little guy, maybe you should talk to him. . . . no, he's just a toy, he won't answer you. Don't be silly!
Just . . . a . . .
toy.
But do toys think?
That's silly.
I'm just a toy. That's all.
Right?

CHAPTER ONE

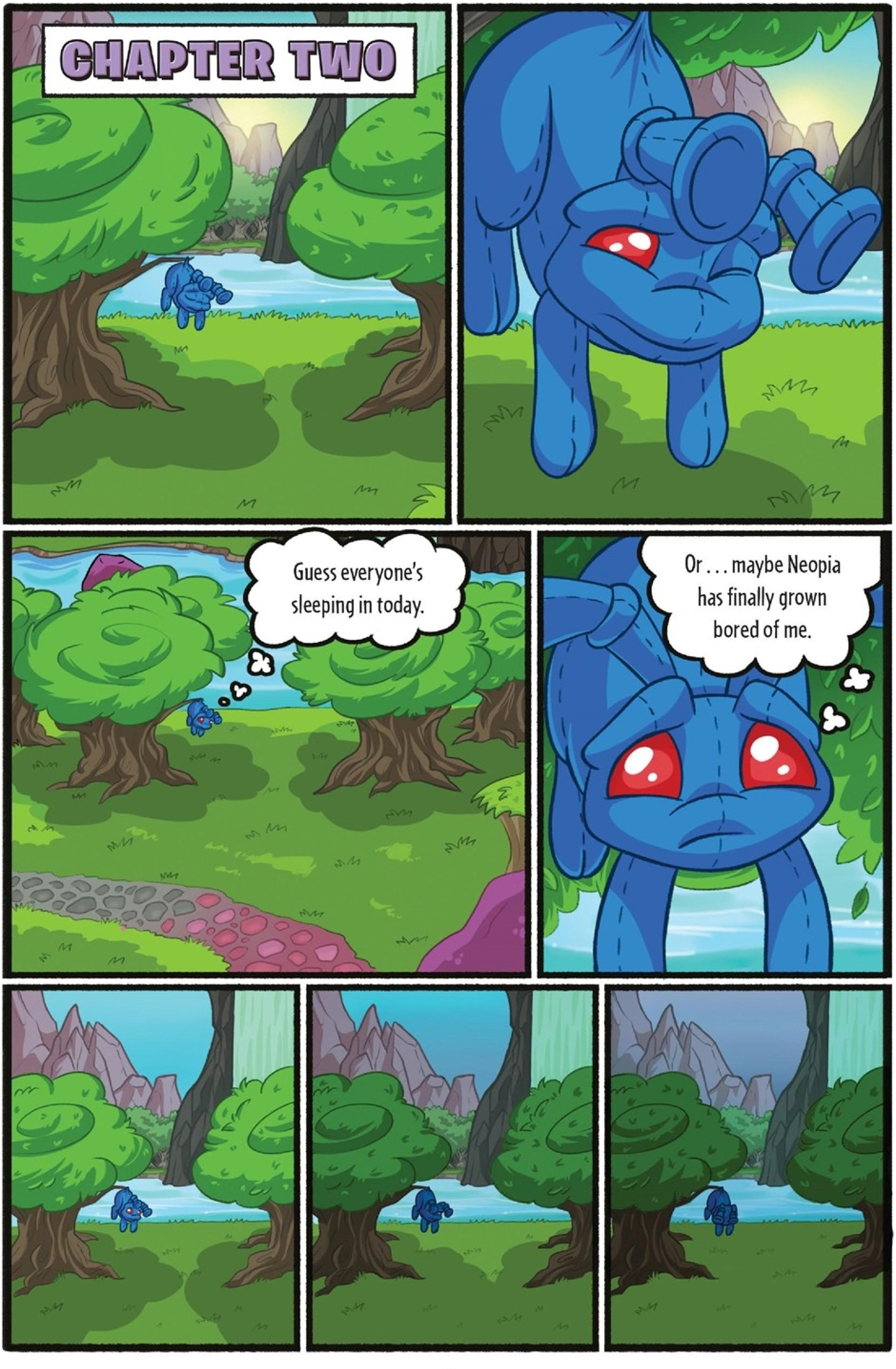

–and then I said, "Neopian, I need your aid. My spell lacks Angry Carrot Plushie!"
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
So angry!!
And I bet your spell didn't even need it!
Faerie Quests are so fun.
Sisters. Silence.
Thank you. Now, may the Council of Faeries commence.

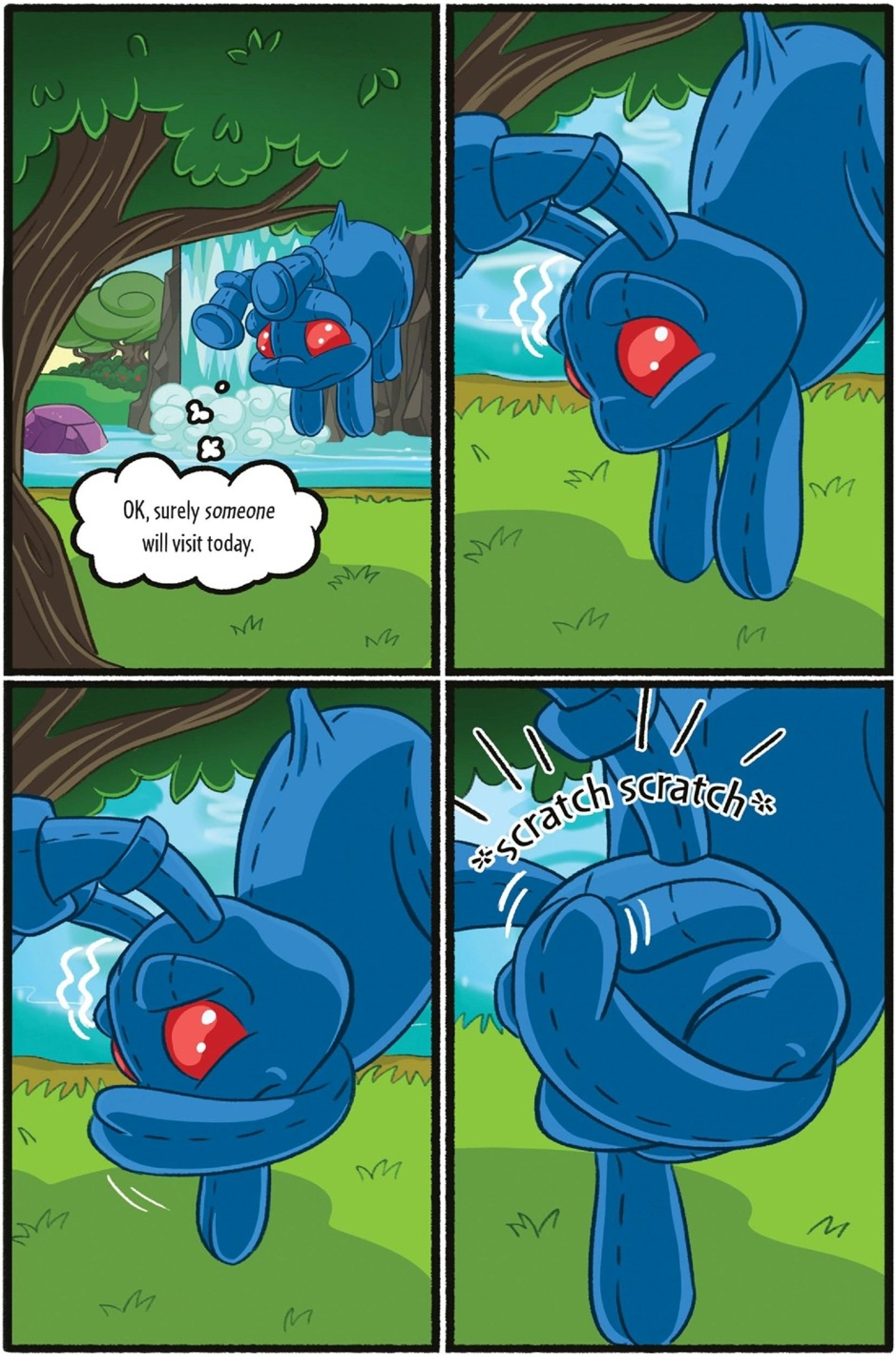

First order of business. The Faerie Festival is in ten days–
Queen Fyora? Permission to speak?
Permission granted. What is it, Seshatia?
I was just thinking– it's been a minute since a Faerie has checked in on The Discarded Magical Blue . . .
gasp
. . . Grundo Plushie of Prosperity, Your Majesty, and I was wondering–

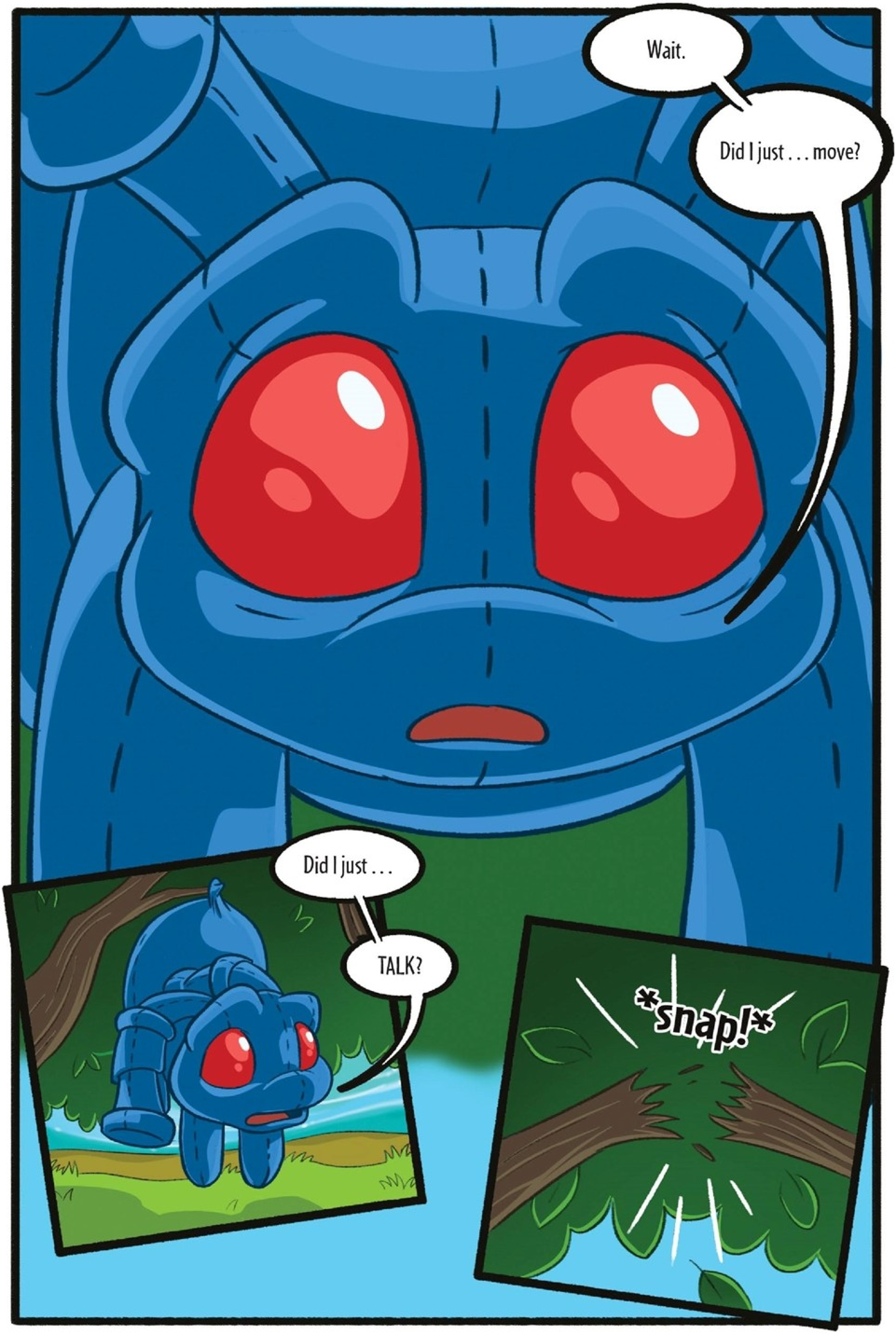

Permission ungranted.
The Discarded Magical Blue Grundo Plushie of Prosperity is *just a toy.*
The Discarded Magical Blue Grundo Plushie of Prosperity was found one day on a Faerieland Cloud . . .
. . . and when Faerieland fell, he was tossed into the trees, where he remains to this day.
For some reason, ever since then, Neopians like visiting the little guy. Sometimes they find Neopoints on the ground. Sometimes nothing happens. Sometimes they feel happier.
NP
But we Faeries know this is, at best, a coincidence. An anomaly. The toy offers nothing to Neopia, aside from being a plaything. We allow the alleged Magical Grundo to remain there because it brings Neopians to our land, where all are welcome to partake in our Faerie festivities . . .
deep breath
I mustn't get carried away. Perhaps that would make a good book for the library, Seshatia.
The Discarded Magical Blue Grundo Plushie of Prosperity. A graphic novel, perhaps.
Anyway. The Faerie Festival–

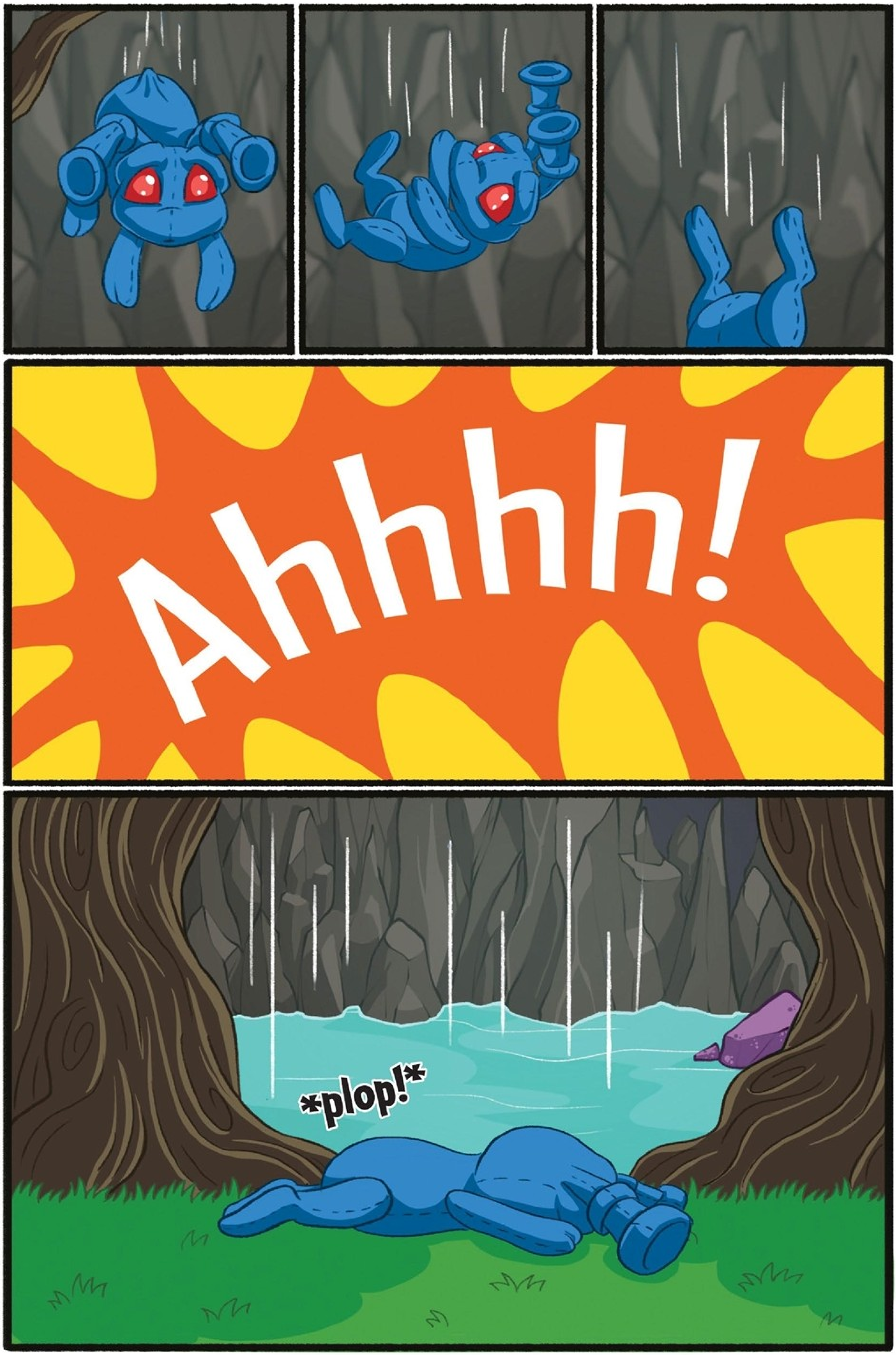

But if I'm just a toy . . .
Then why do I wish someone would *stay*?

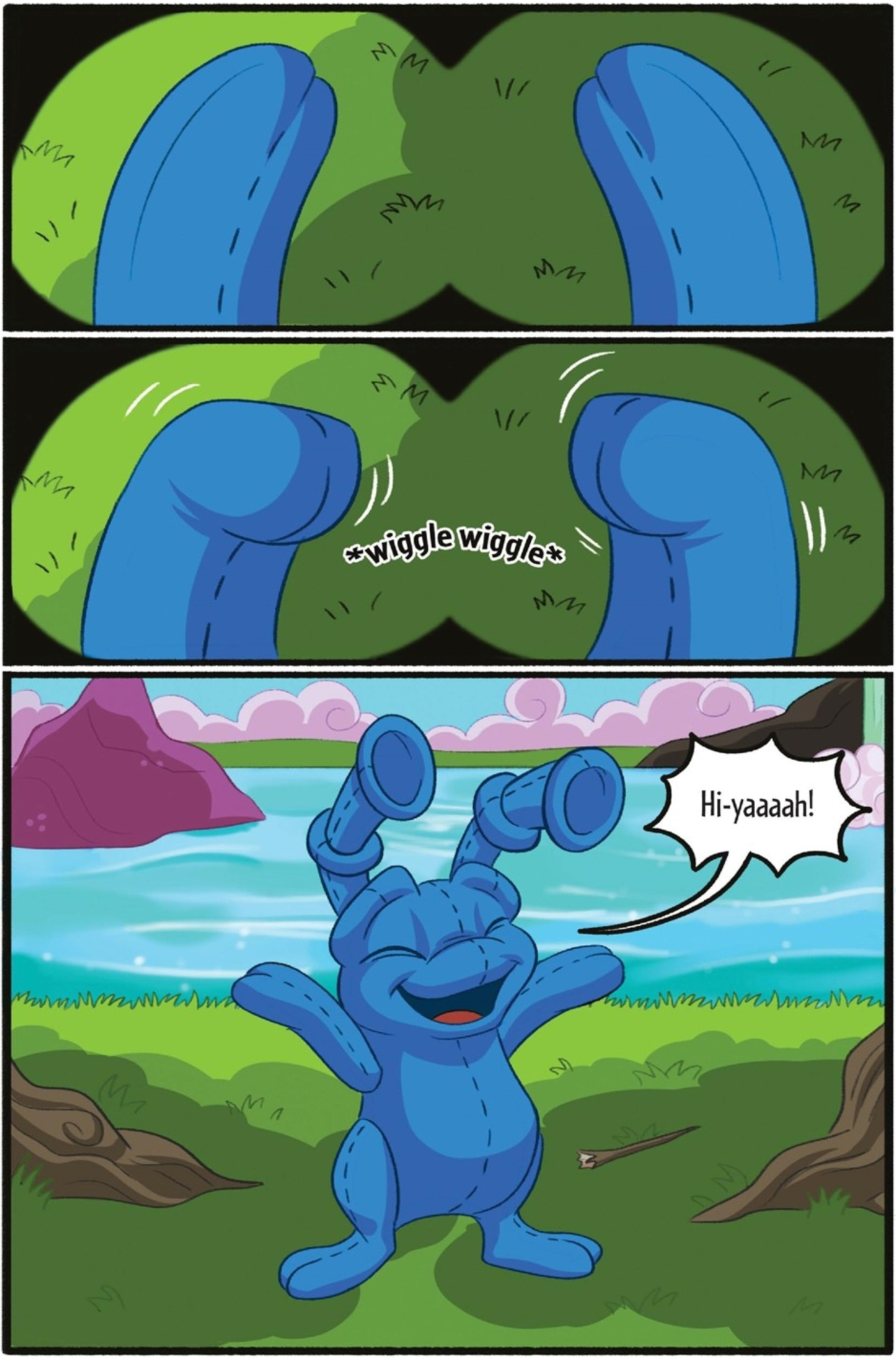
CHAPTER TWO

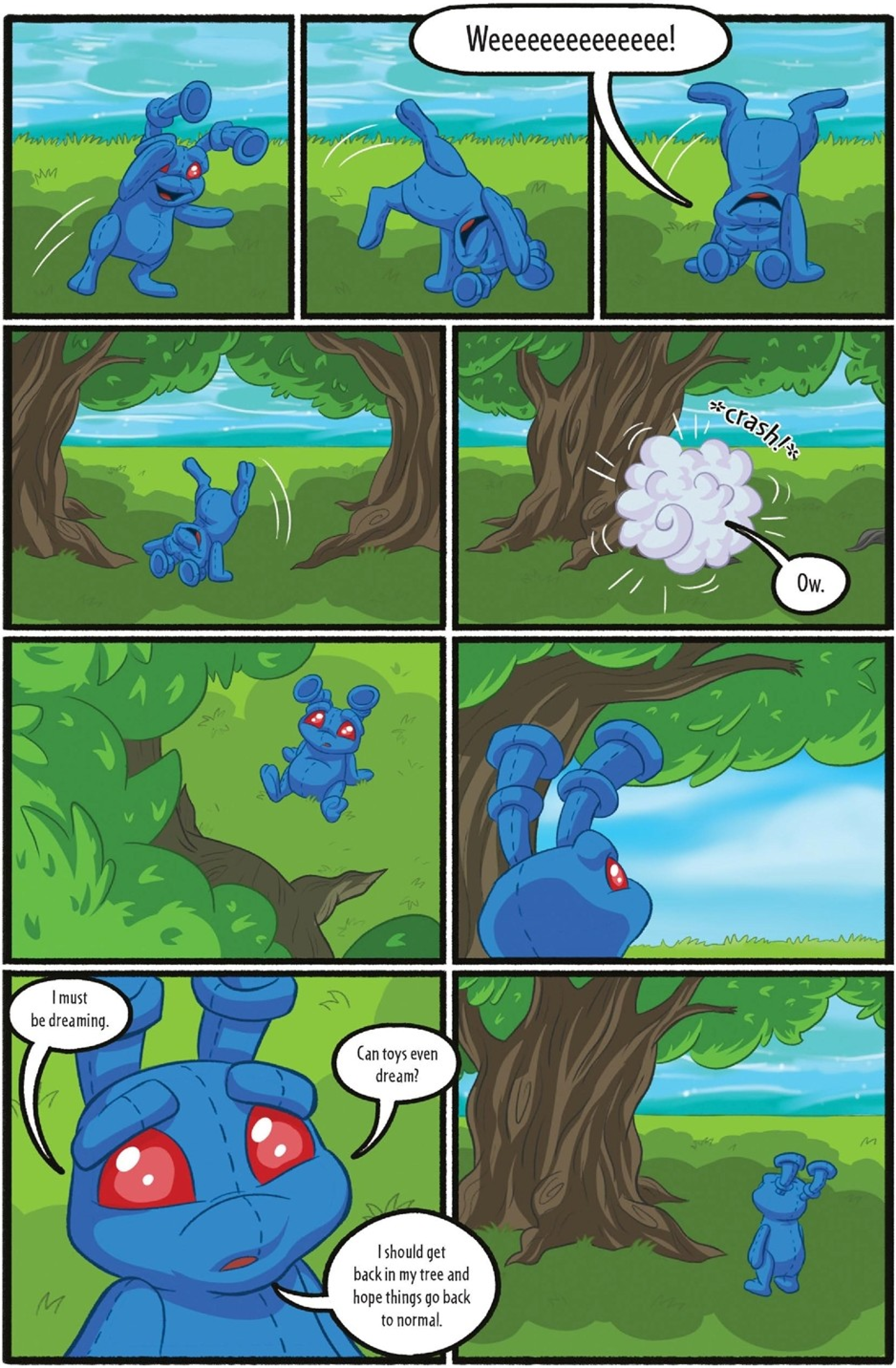

Guess everyone's sleeping in today.
Or . . . maybe Neopia has finally grown bored of me.

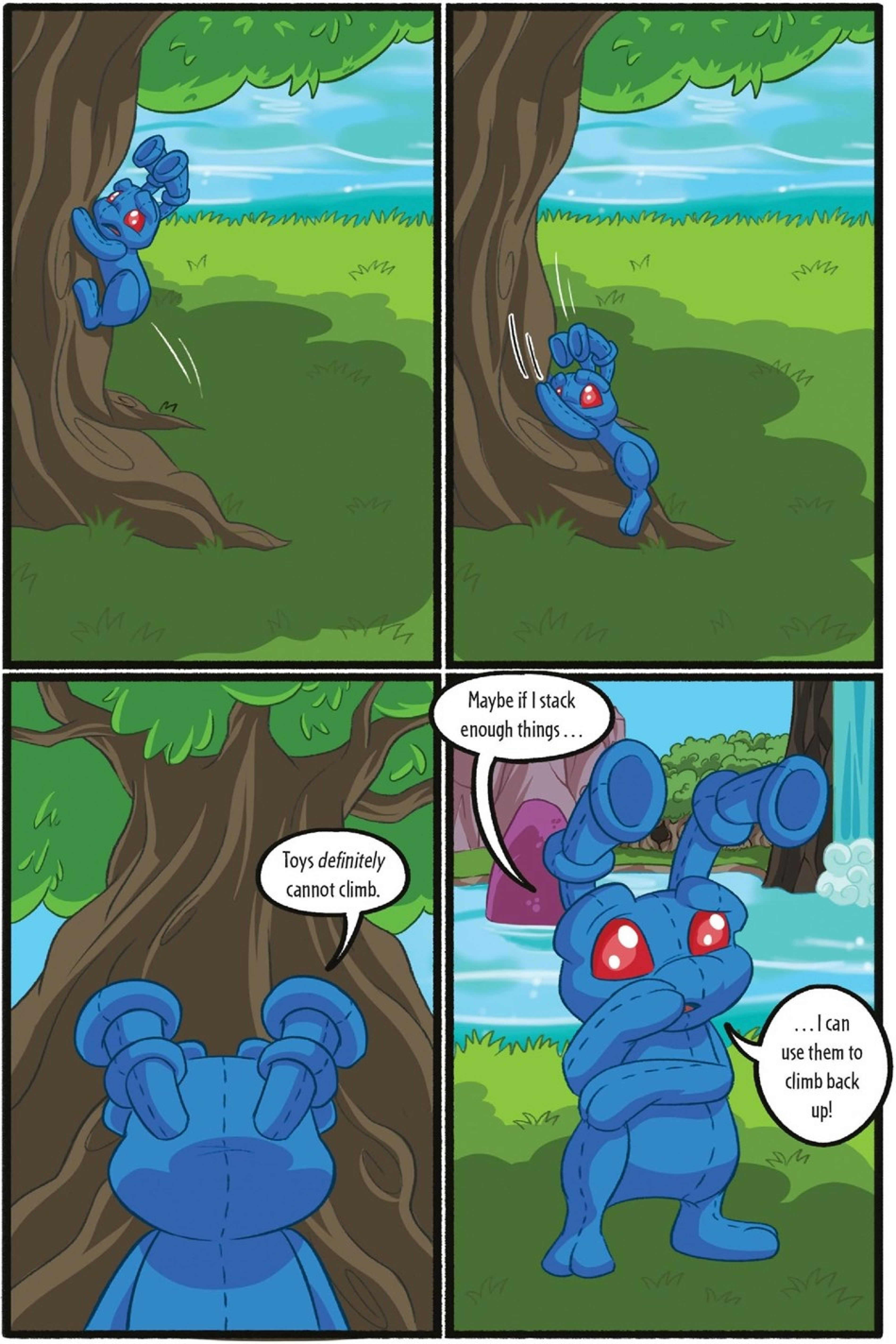

OK, surely *someone* will visit today.
scratch scratch

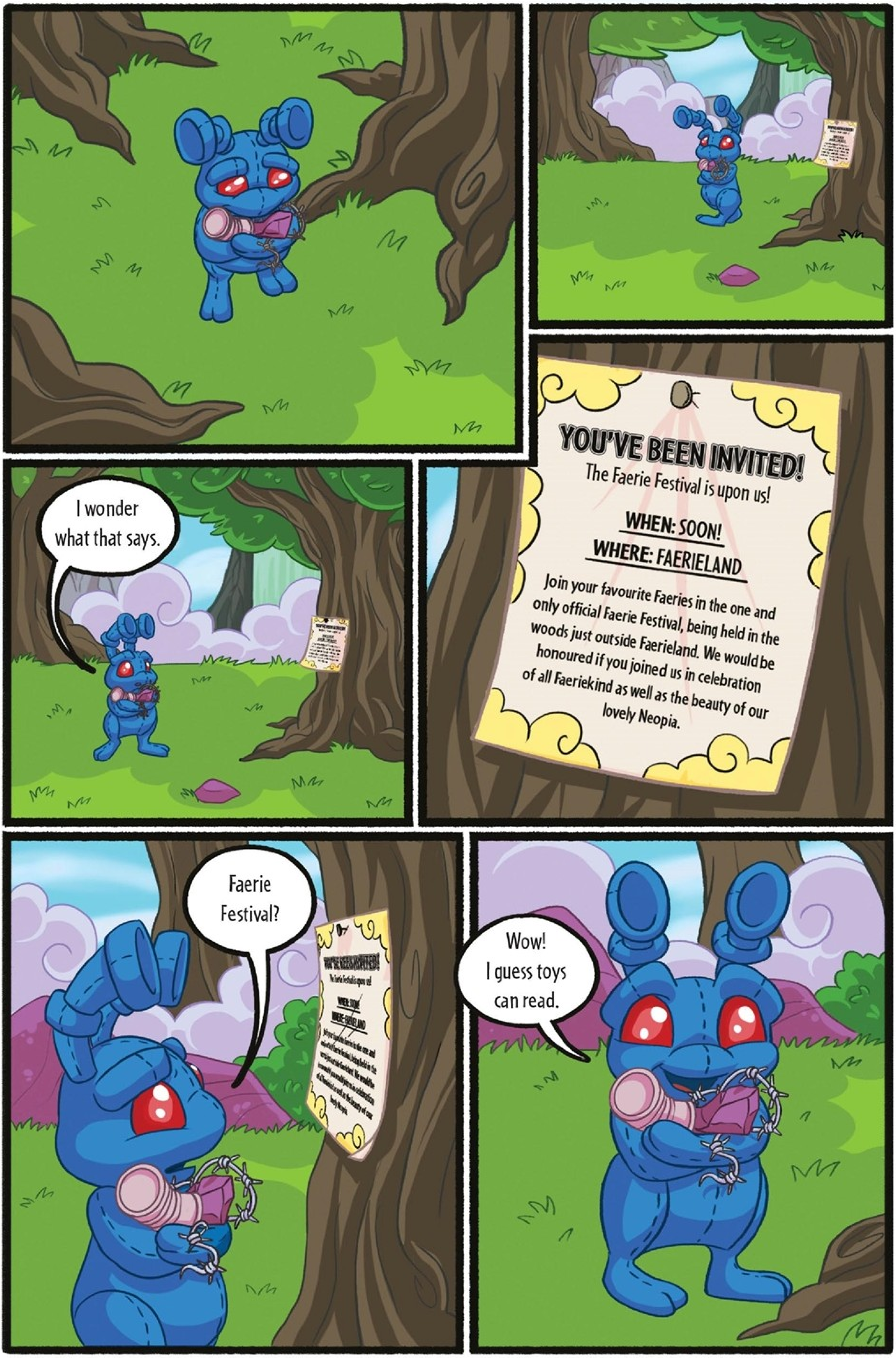

Wait.
Did I just . . . move?
Did I just . . .
TALK?
snap!

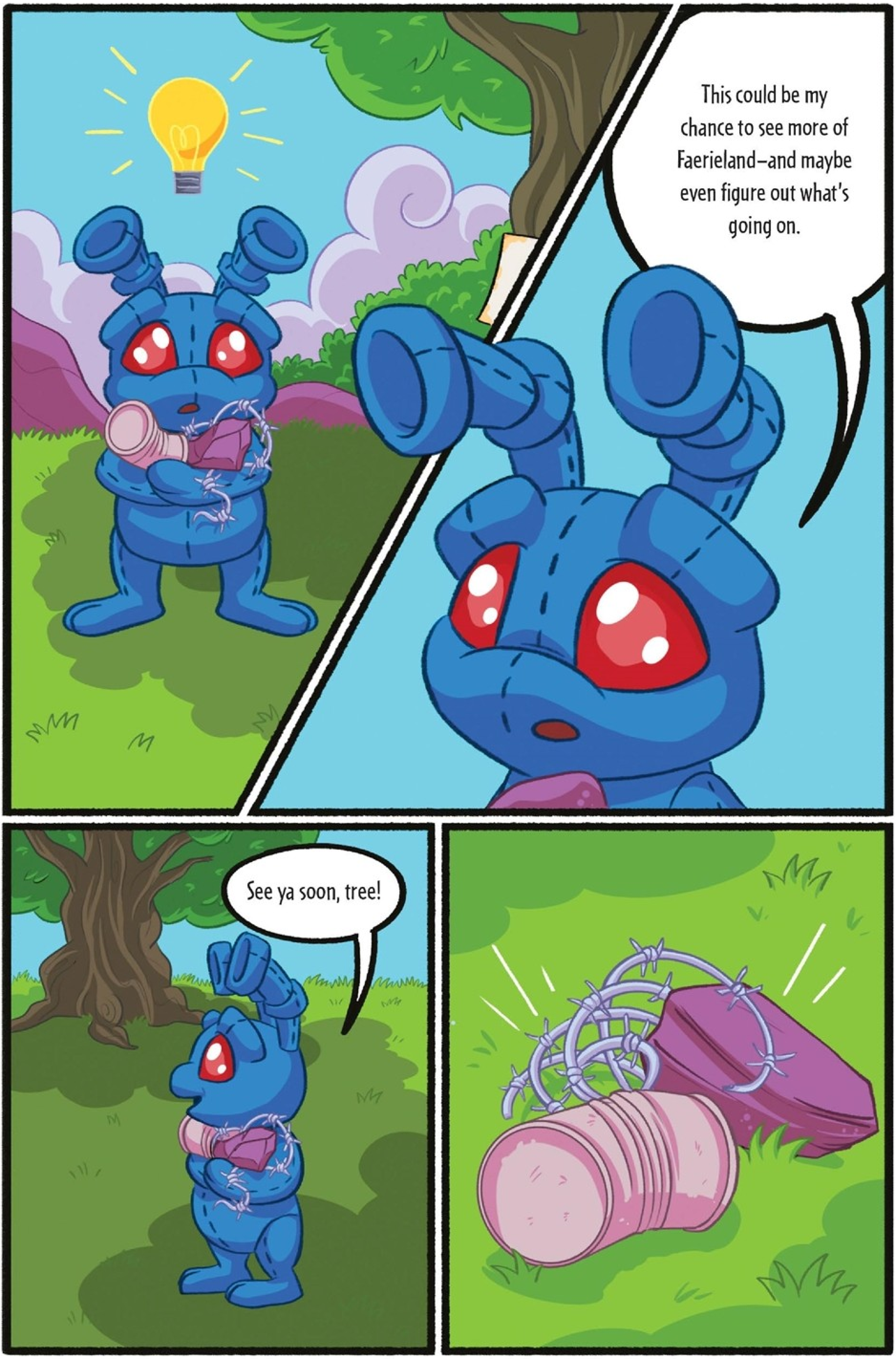

Ahhhh!
plop!

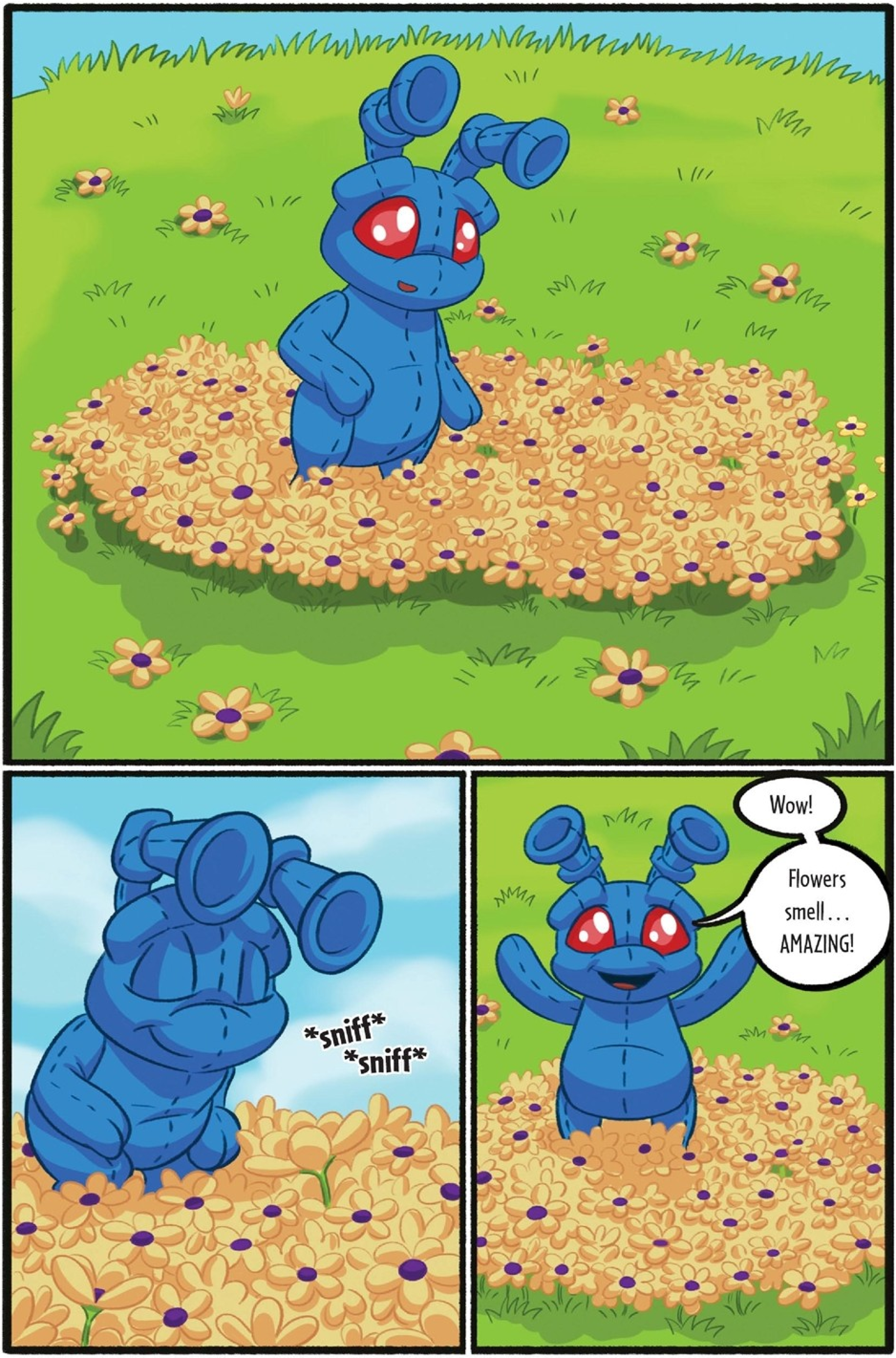

wiggle wiggle
Hi-yaaaah!

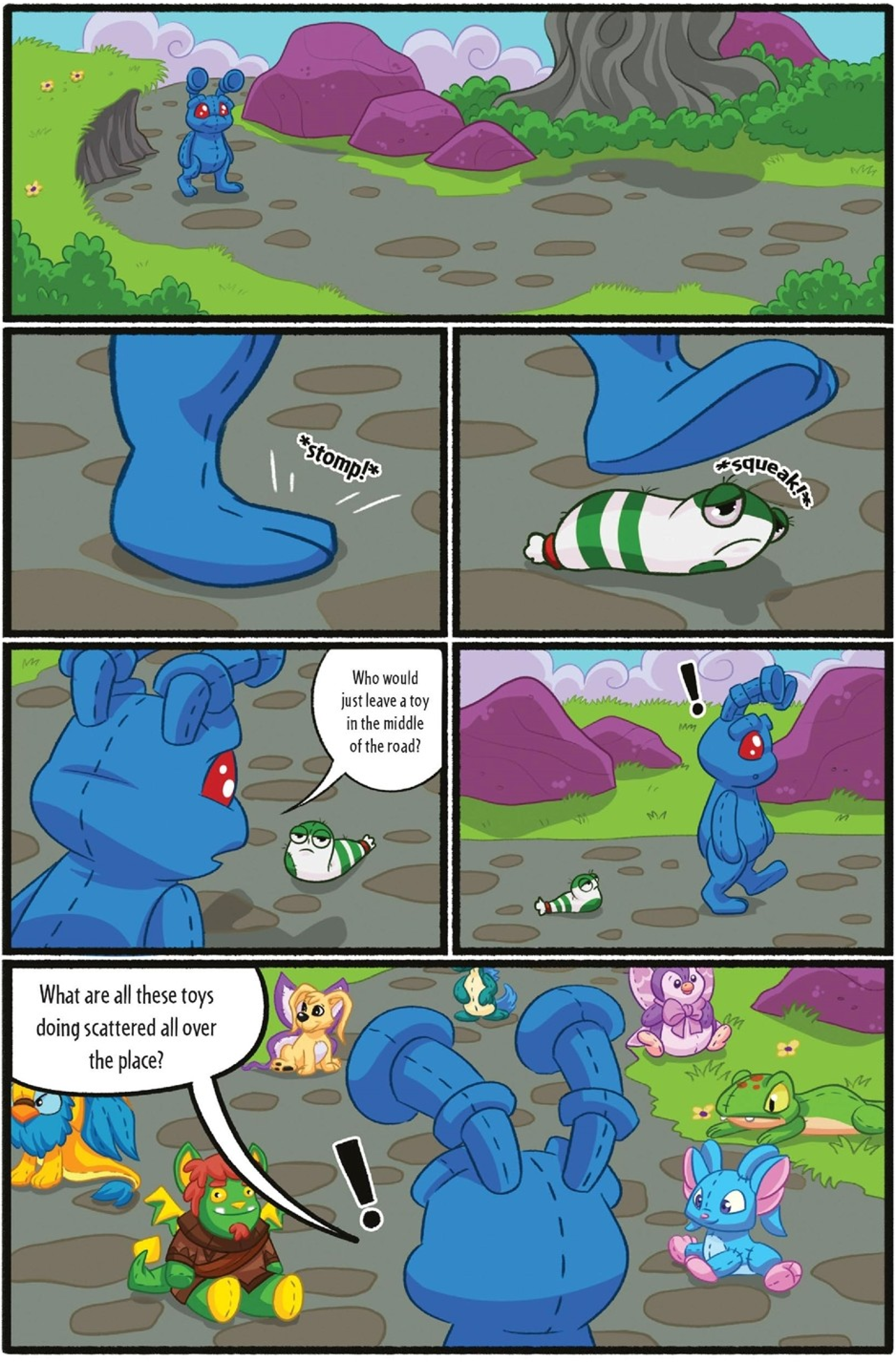

Weeeeeeeeeeeeee!
crash!
Ow.
I must be dreaming.
Can toys even dream?
I should get back in my tree and hope things go back to normal.

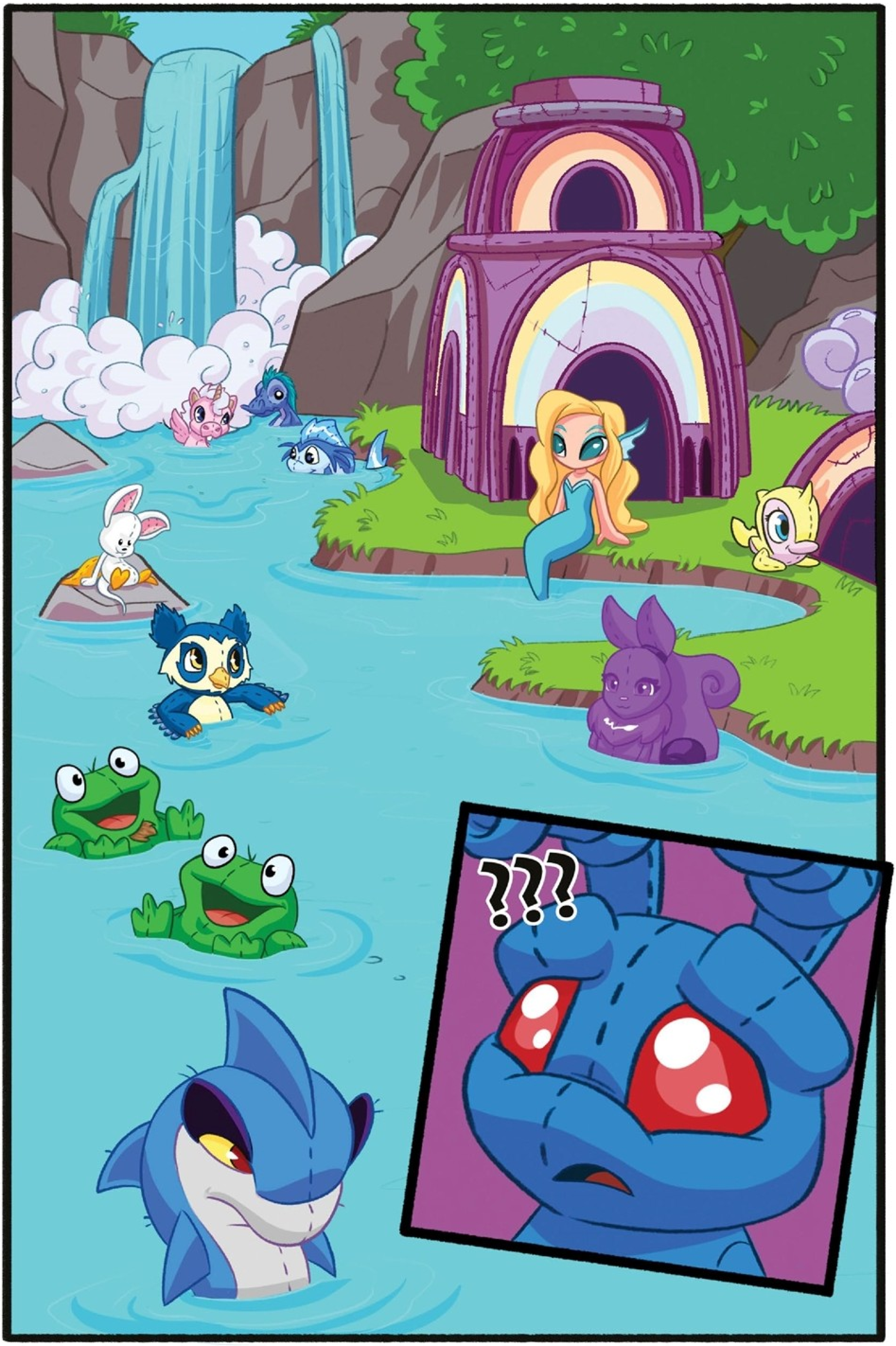

Toys *definitely* cannot climb.
Maybe if I stack enough things . . .
. . . I can use them to climb back up!

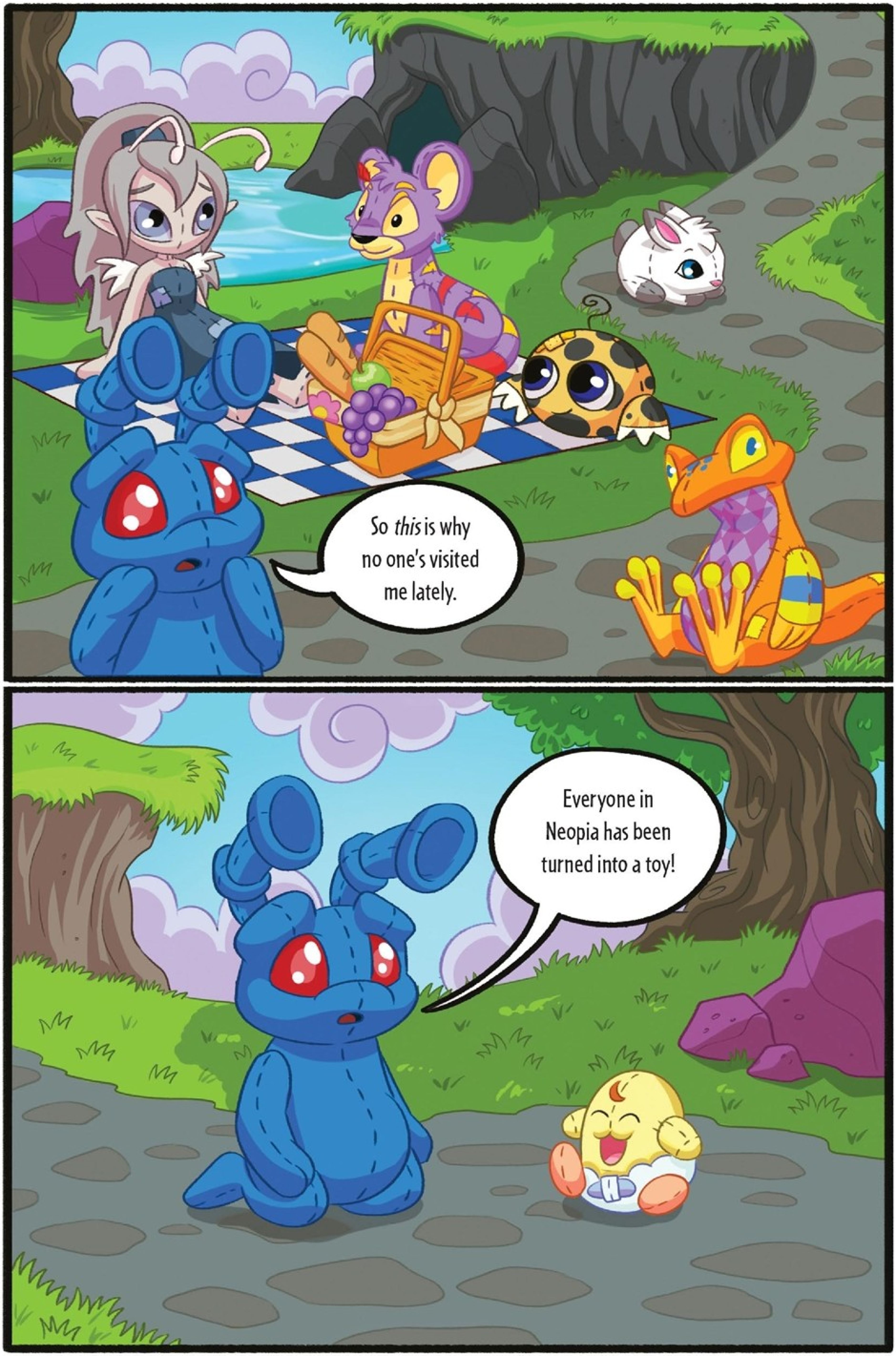

YOU'VE BEEN INVITED!
The Faerie Festival is upon us!
WHEN: SOON!
WHERE: FAERIELAND
Join your favourite Faeries in the one and only official Faerie Festival, being held in the woods just outside Faerieland. We would be honoured if you joined us in celebration of all Faeriekind as well as the beauty of our lovely Neopia.
I wonder what that says.
Faerie Festival?
Wow! I guess toys can read.

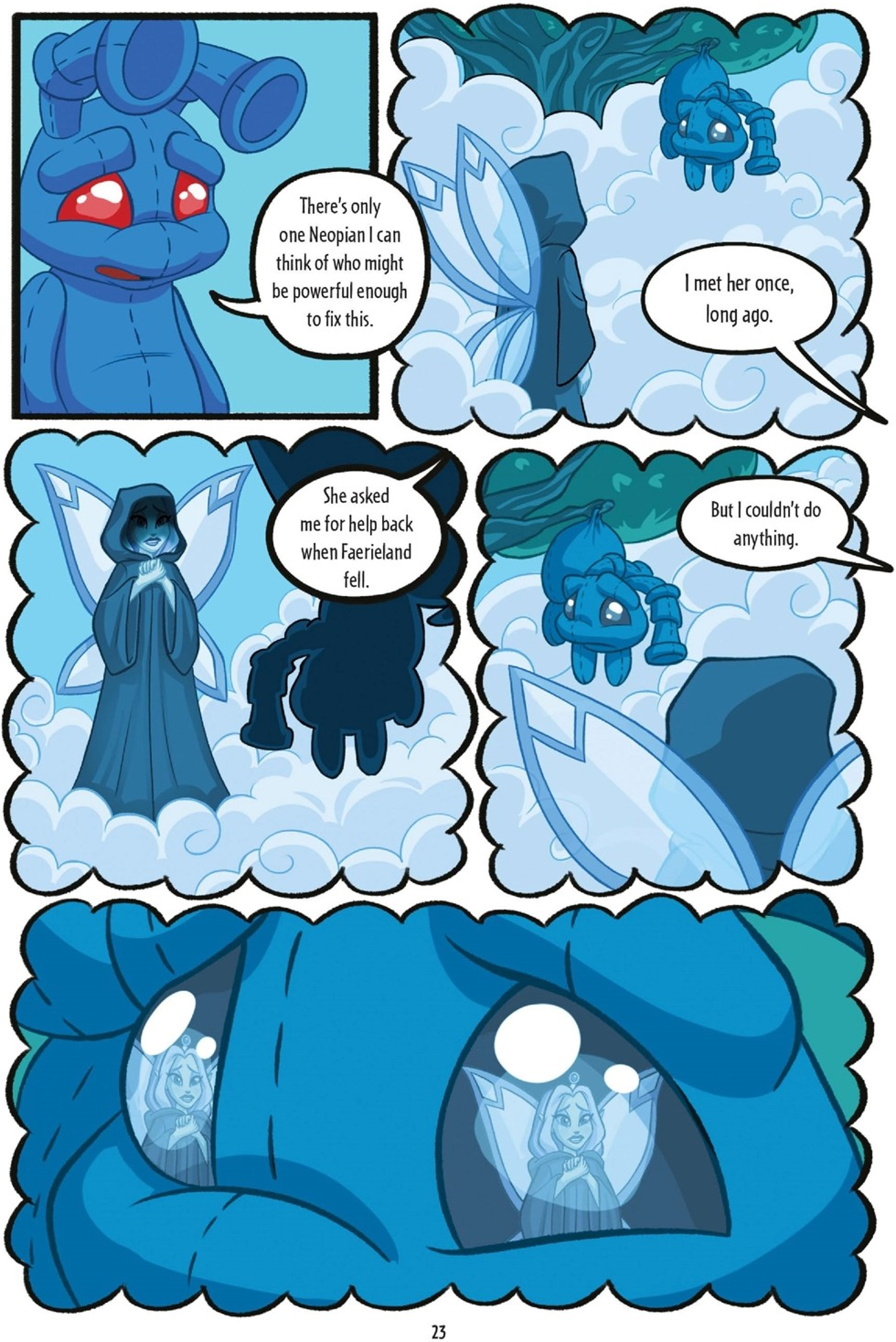

This could be my chance to see more of Faerieland—and maybe even figure out what's going on.
See ya soon, tree!

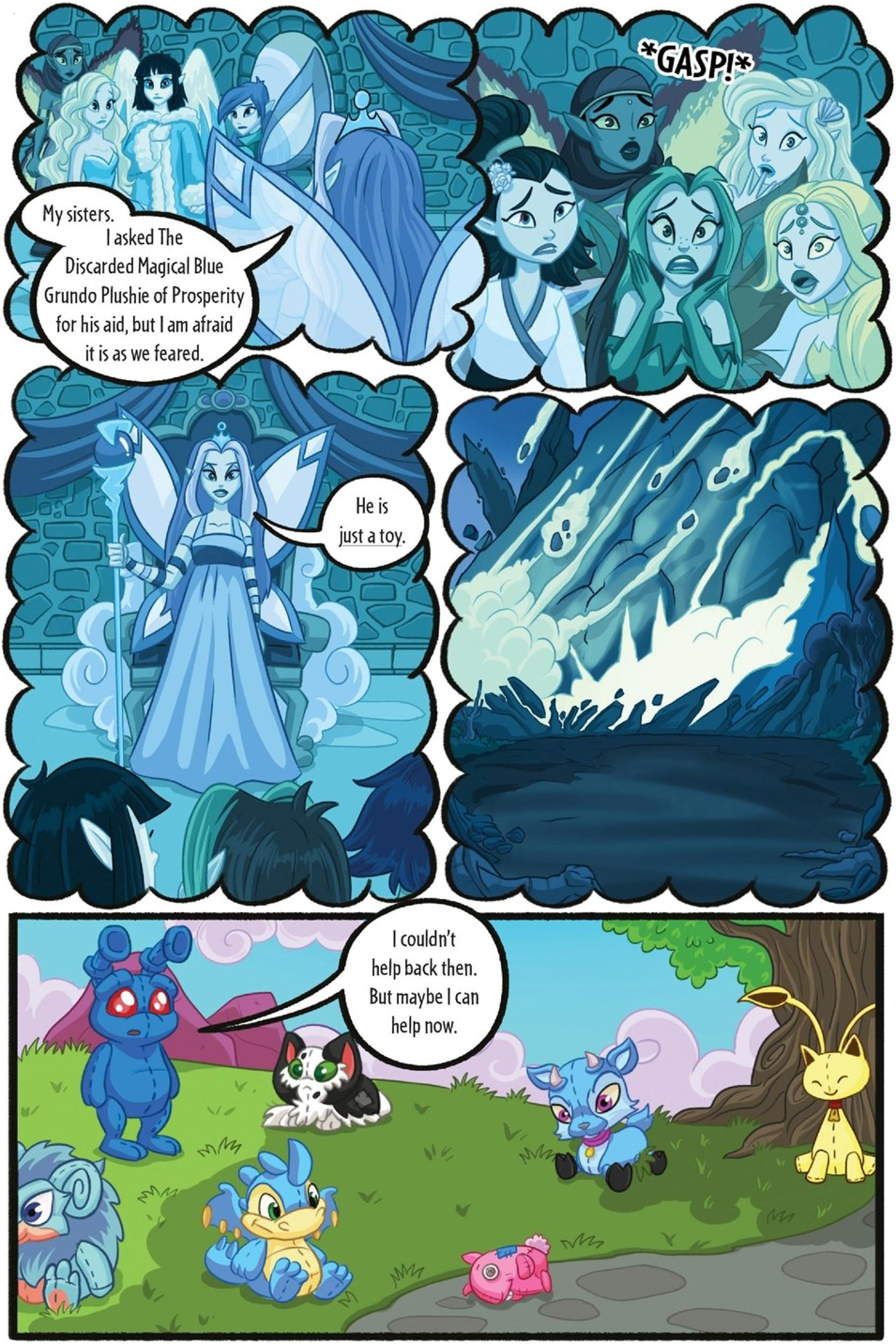

sniff
sniff
Wow!
Flowers smell . . . AMAZING!


stomp!
squeak!
Who would just leave a toy in the middle of the road?
!
What are all these toys doing scattered all over the place?
!

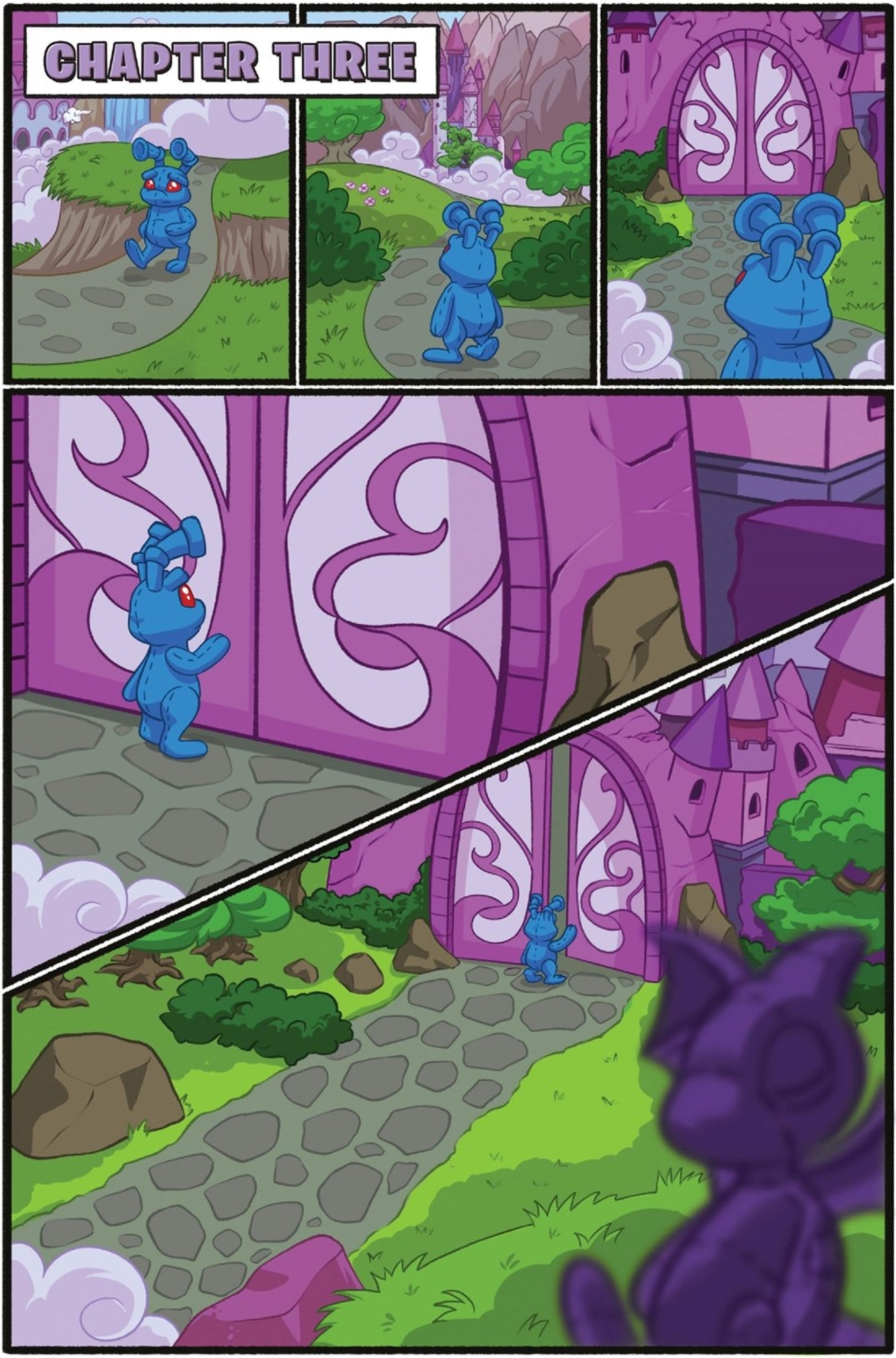


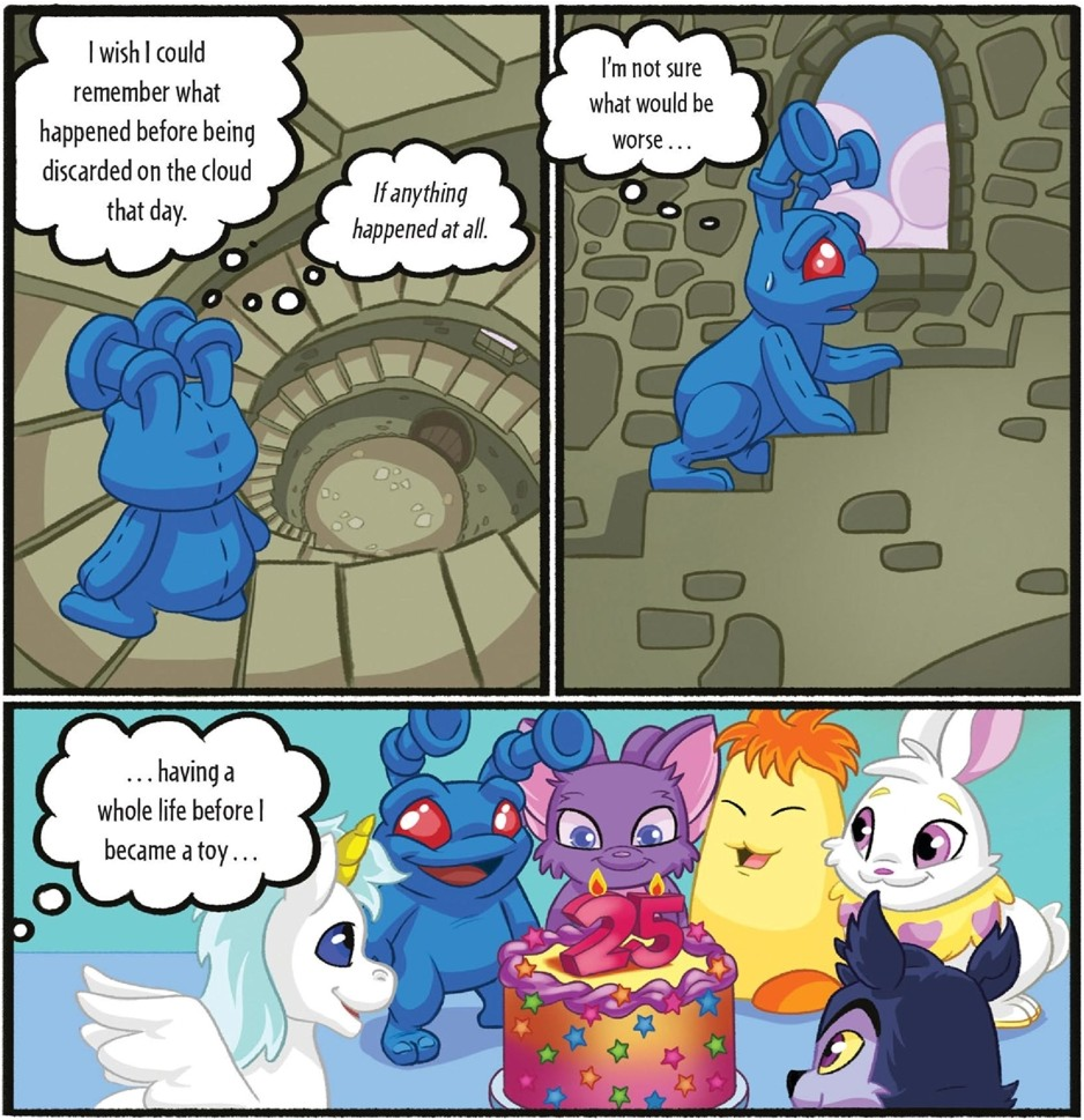

So *this* is why no one's visited me lately.
Everyone in Neopia has been turned into a toy!

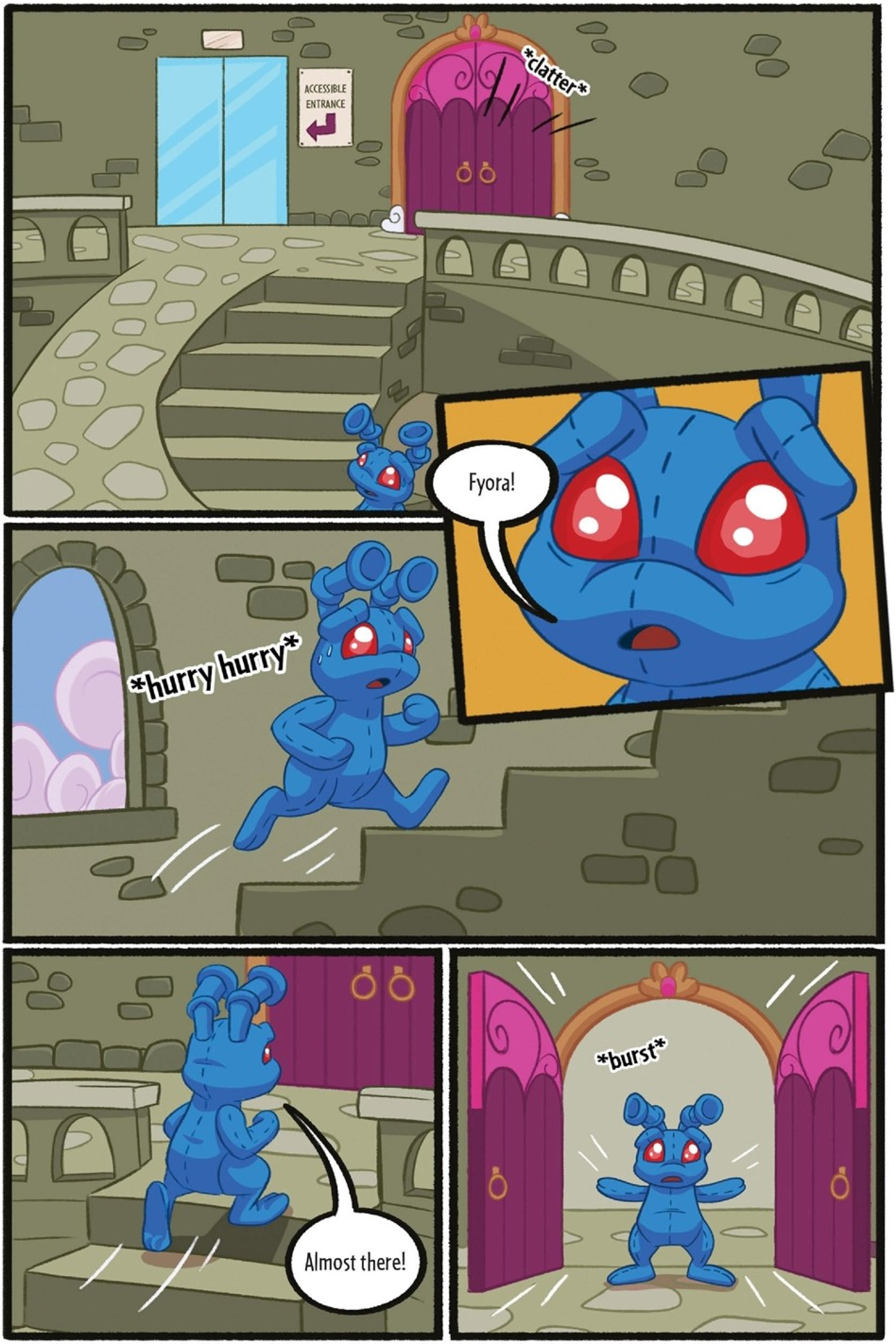

There's only one Neopian I can think of who might be powerful enough to fix this.
I met her once, long ago.
She asked me for help back when Faerieland fell.
But I couldn't do anything.

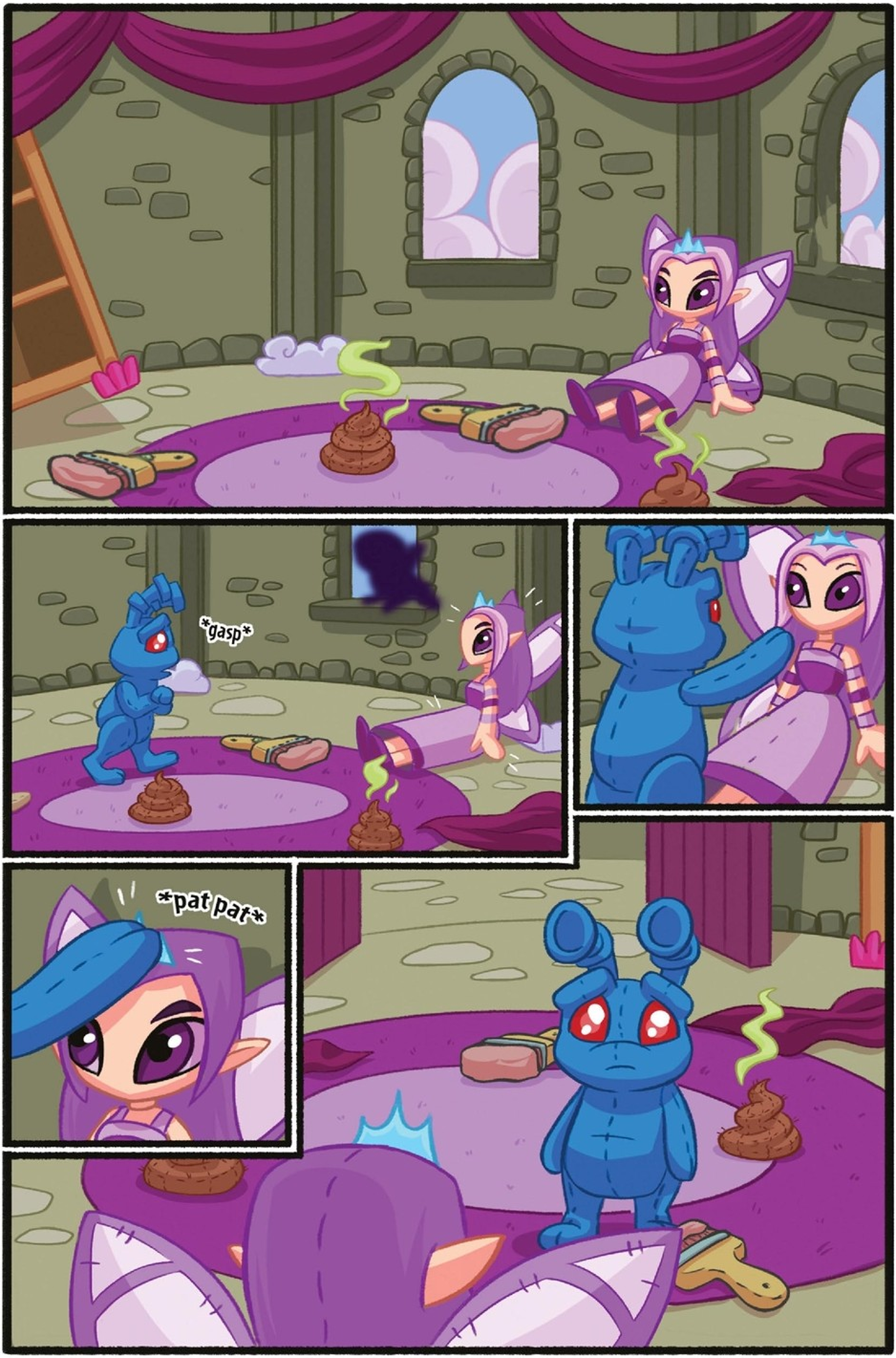

My sisters. I asked The Discarded Magical Blue Grundo Plushie of Prosperity for his aid, but I am afraid it is as we feared.
GASP!
He is just a toy.
I couldn't help back then. But maybe I can help now.

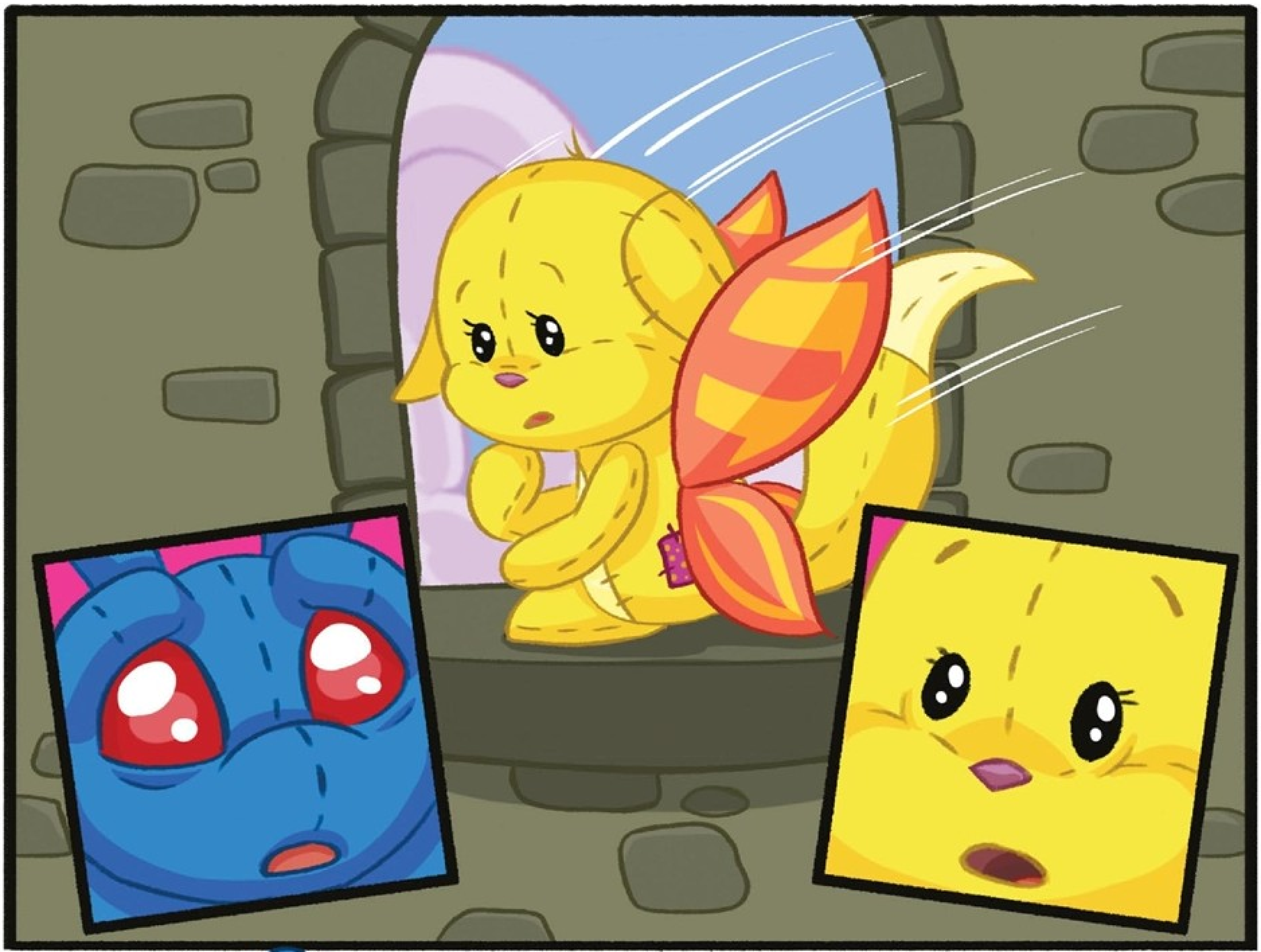
CHAPTER THREE

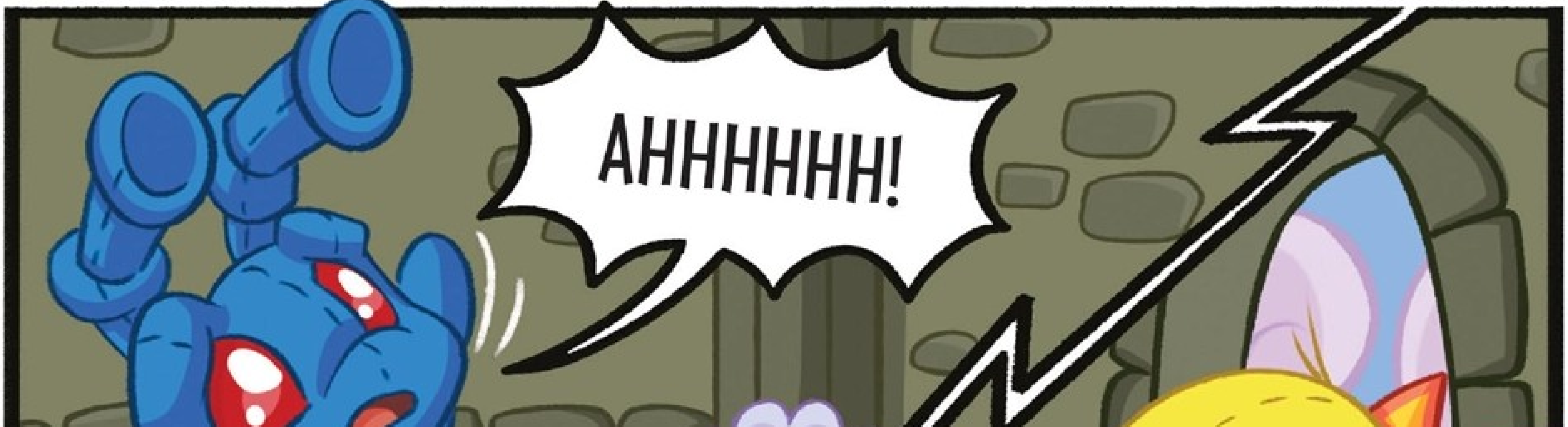


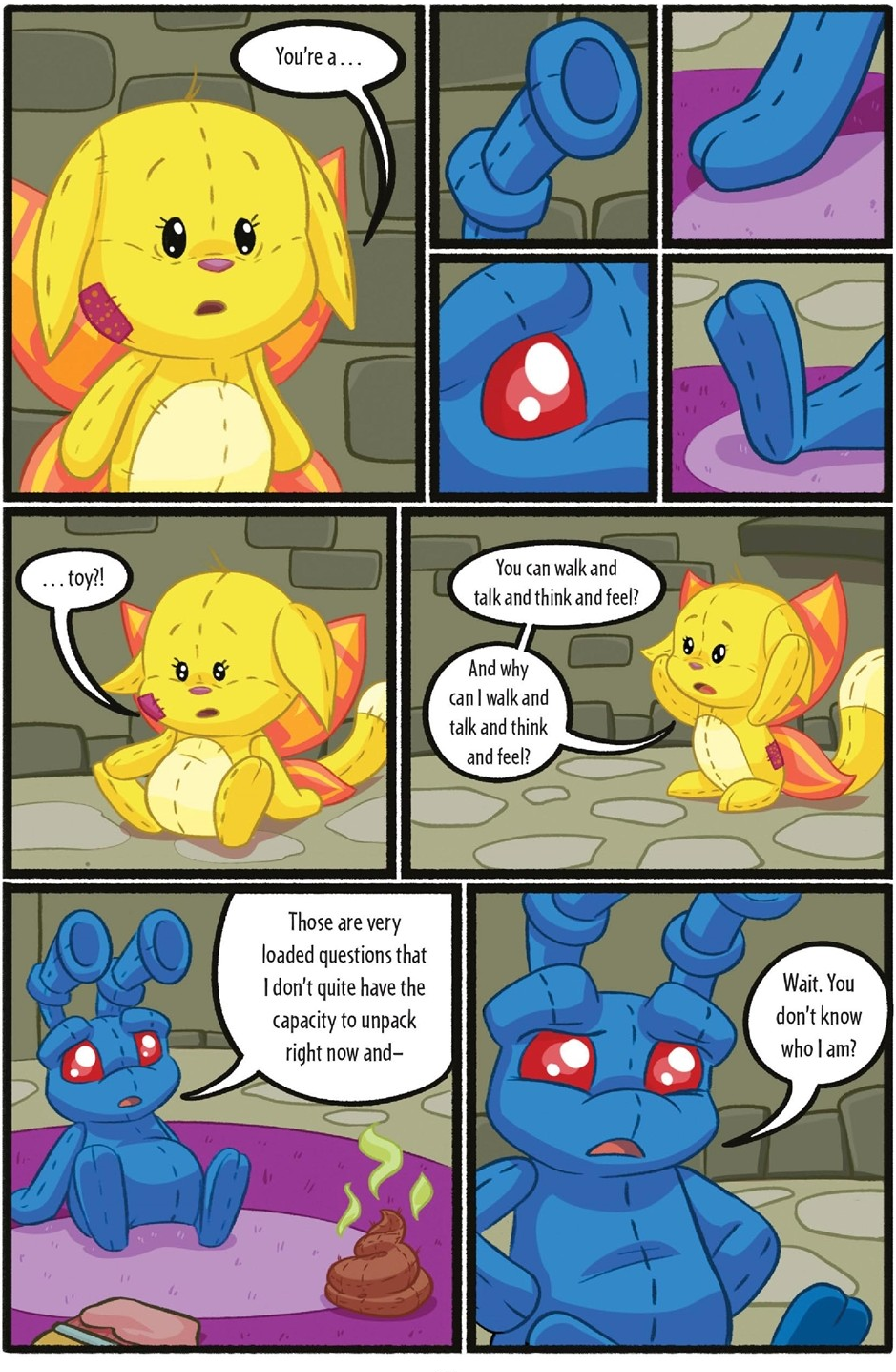

I wish I could remember what happened before being discarded on the cloud that day.
If anything happened at all.
I'm not sure what would be worse . . .
. . . having a whole life before I became a toy . . .
25
. . . or learning that a toy is all I've ever been.

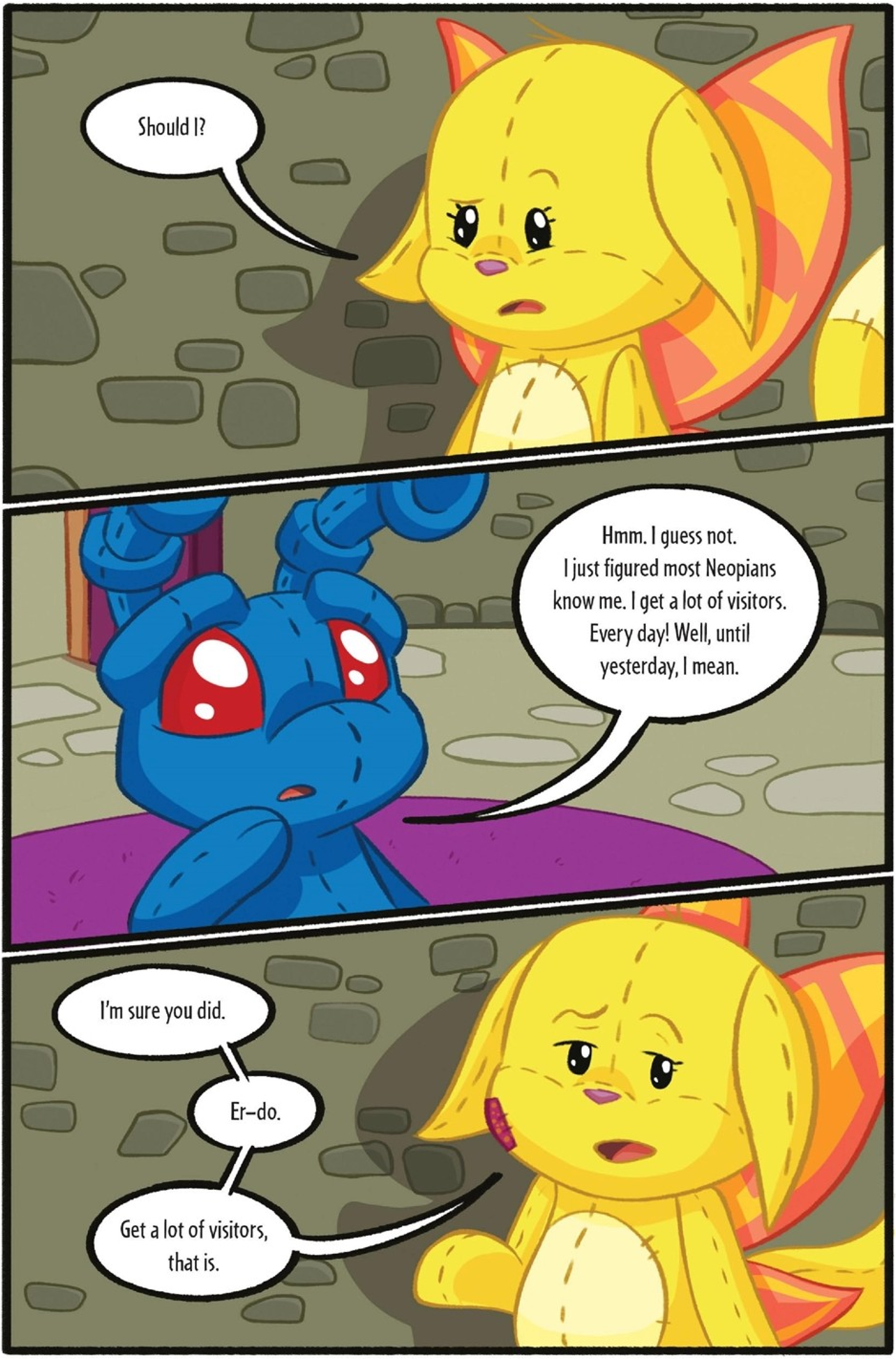

ACCESSIBLE ENTRANCE
clatter
Fyora!
hurry hurry
Almost there!
burst

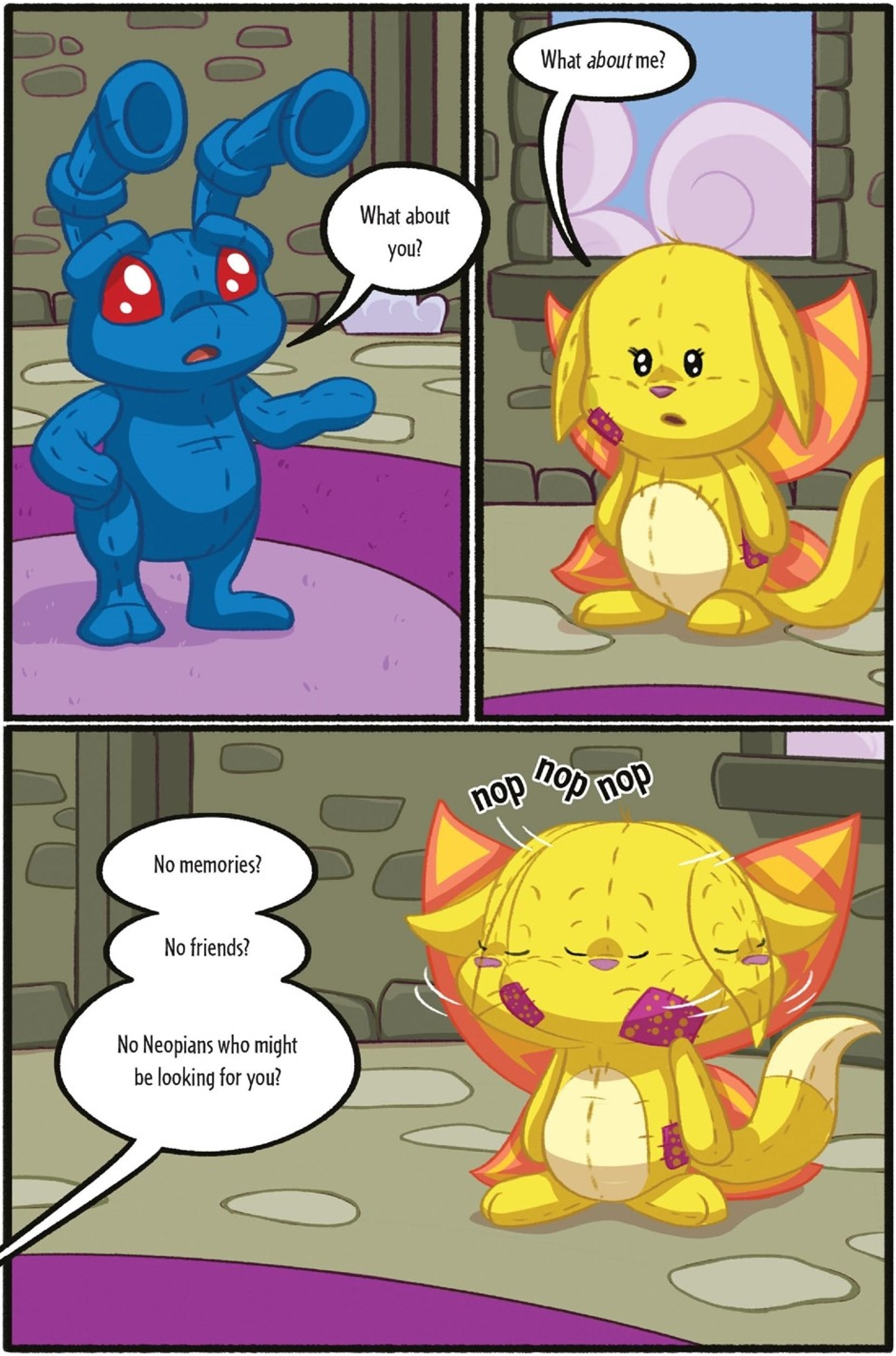

gasp
pat pat

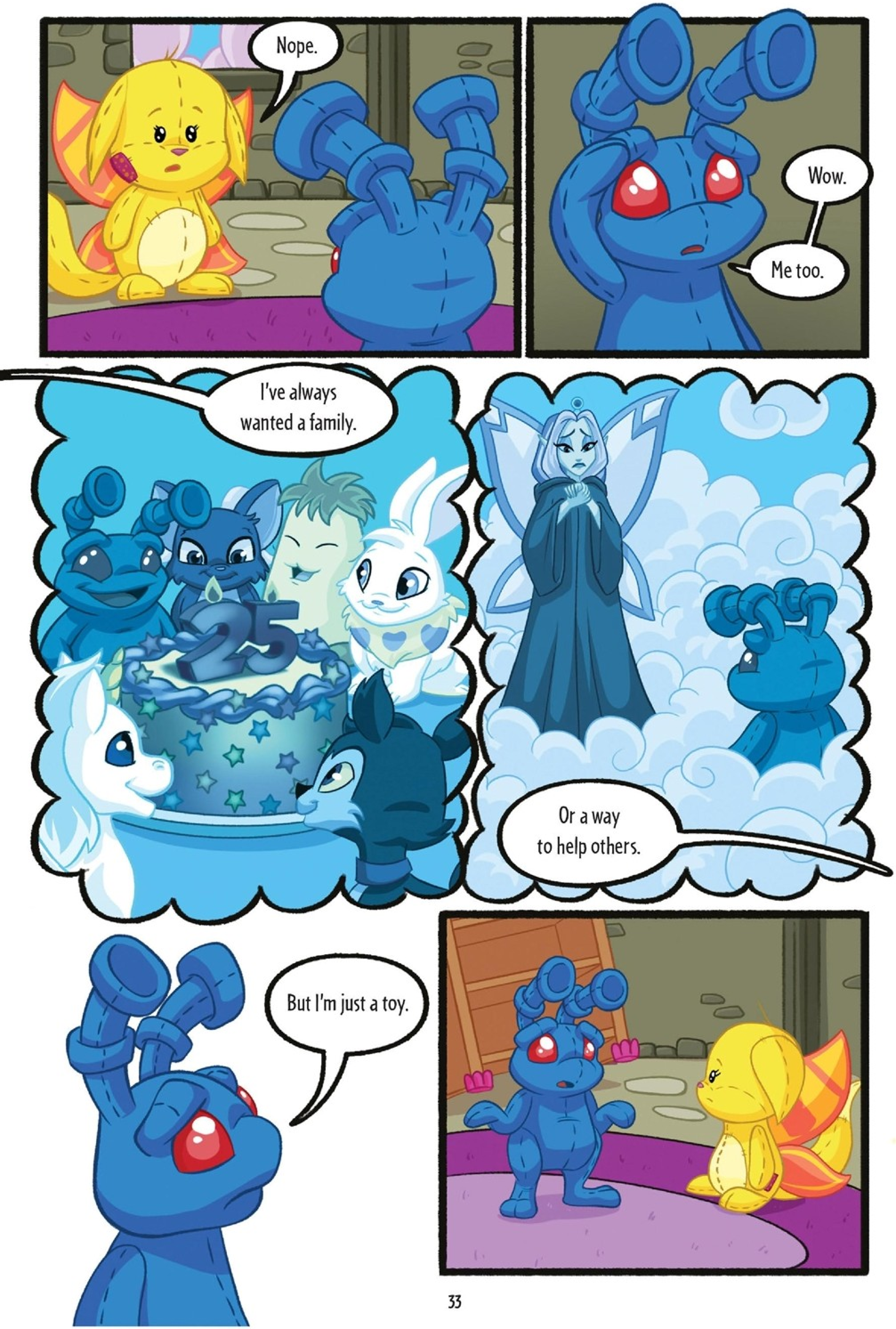


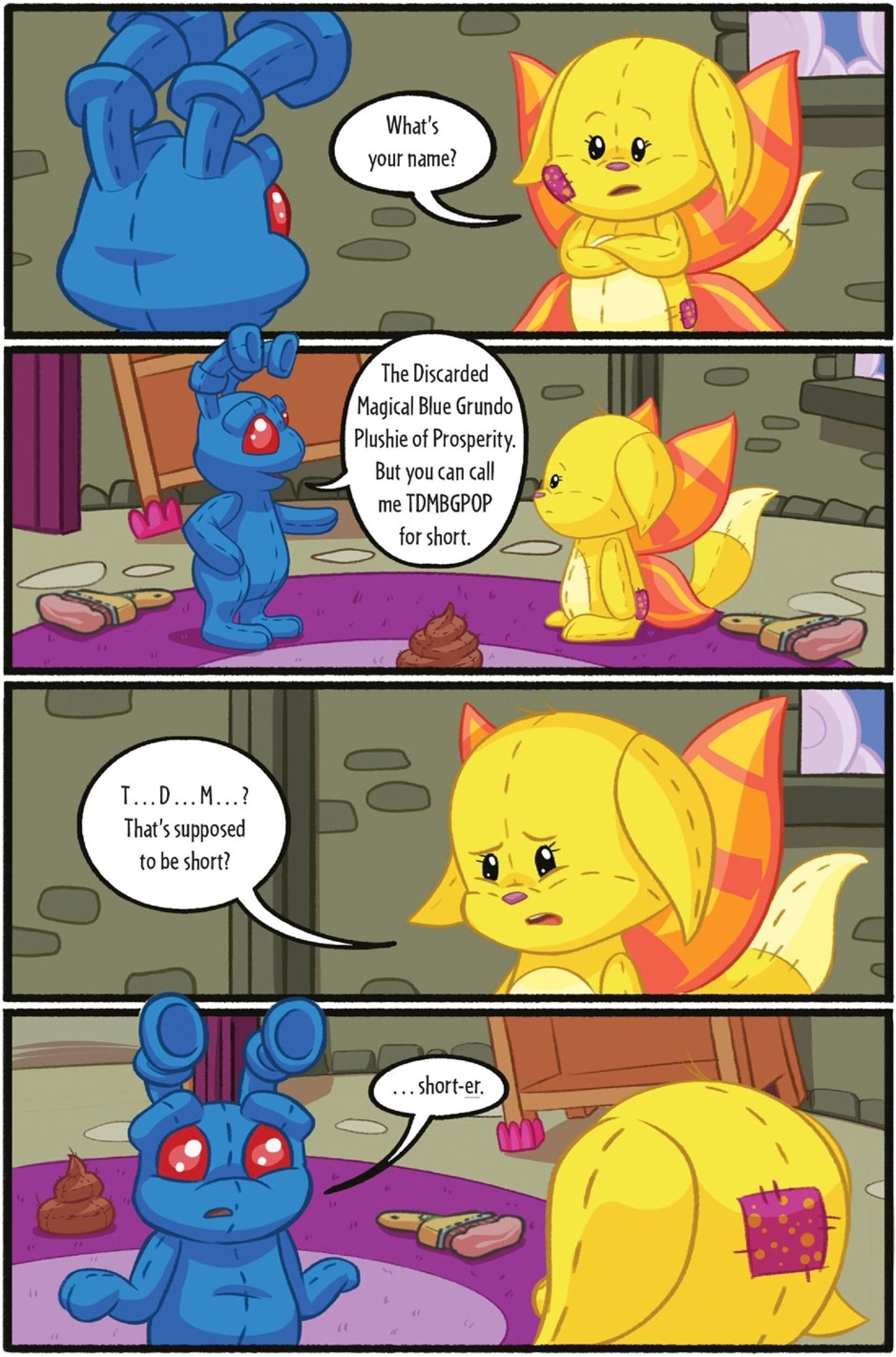

AHHHHHH!
AHHHHHH!

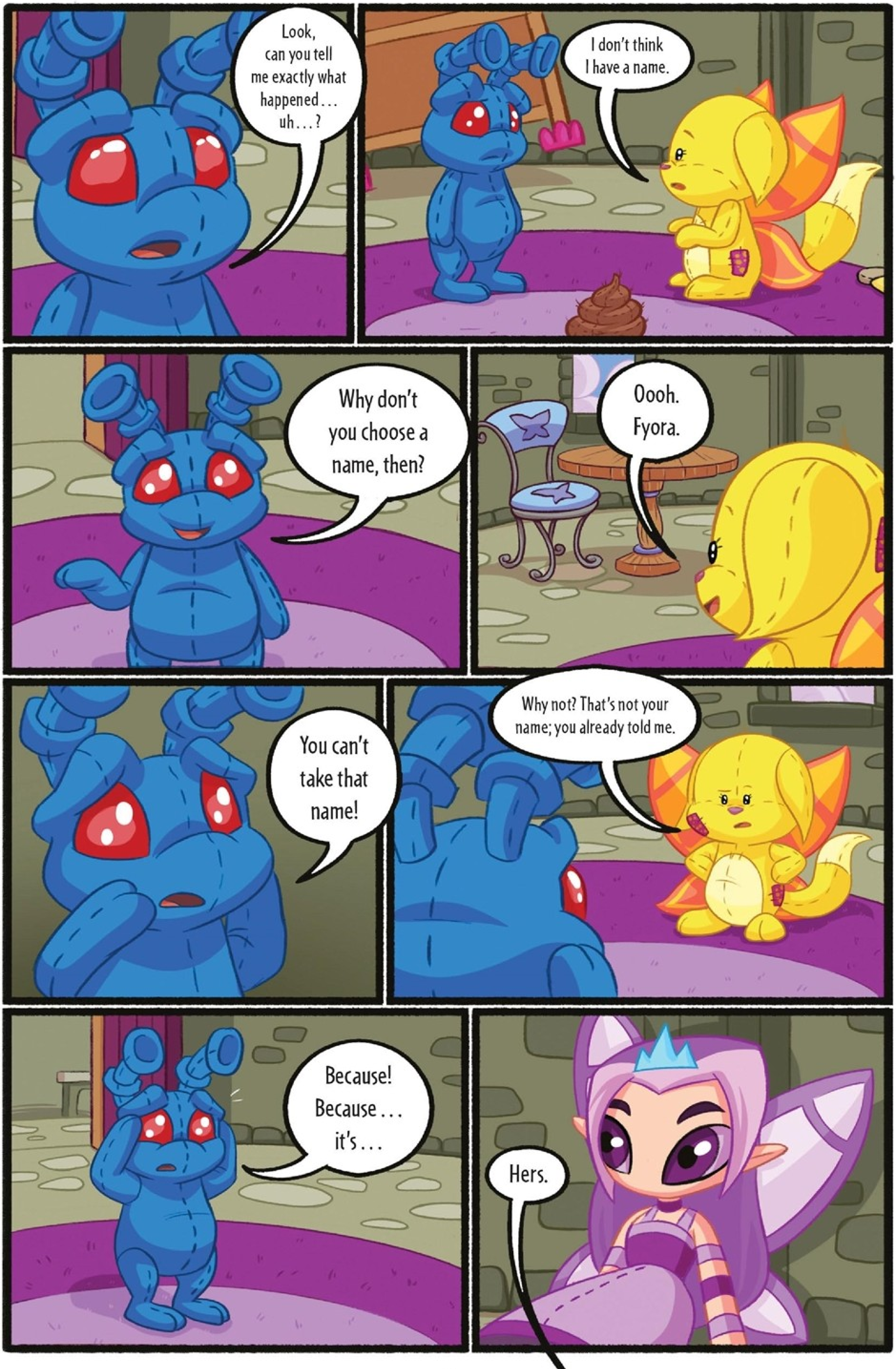

You're a . . .
. . . toy?!
You can walk and talk and think and feel?
And why can I walk and talk and think and feel?
Those are very loaded questions that I don't quite have the capacity to unpack right now and–
Wait. You don't know who I am?

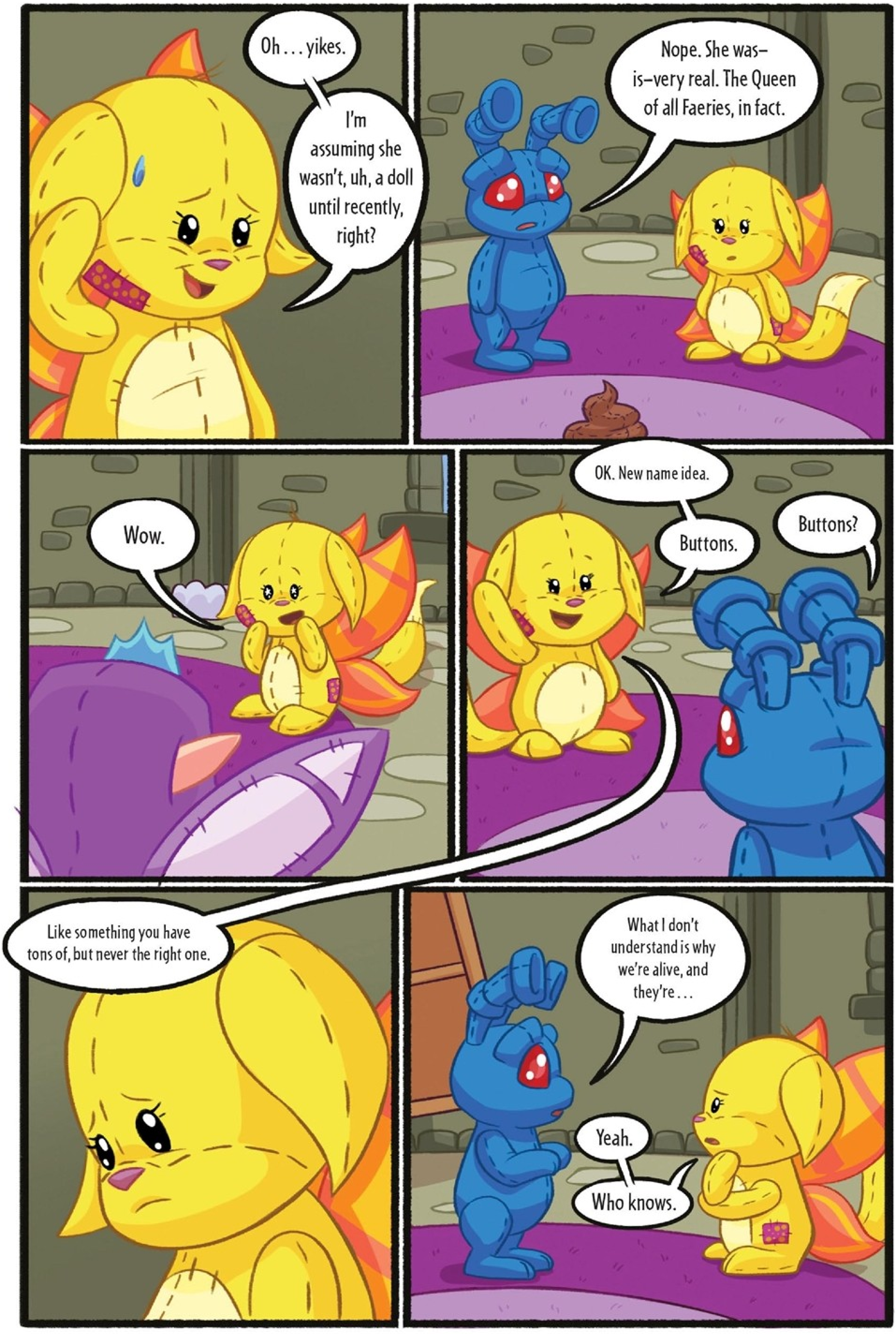

Should I?
Hmm. I guess not. I just figured most Neopians know me. I get a lot of visitors. Every day! Well, until yesterday, I mean.
I'm sure you did.
Er–do.
Get a lot of visitors, that is.

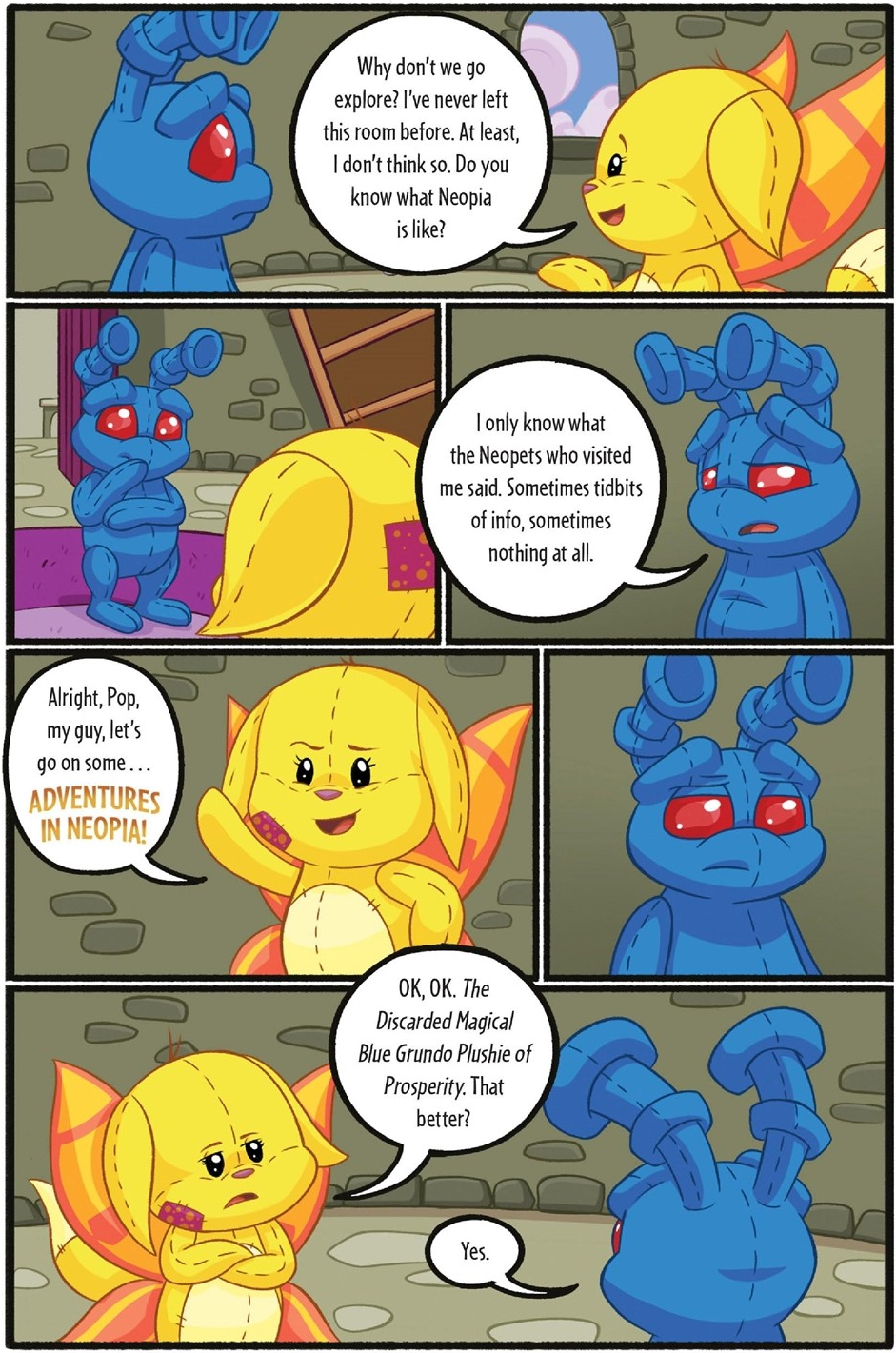

What about you?
What *about* me?
nop nop nop
No memories?
No friends?
No Neopians who might be looking for you?

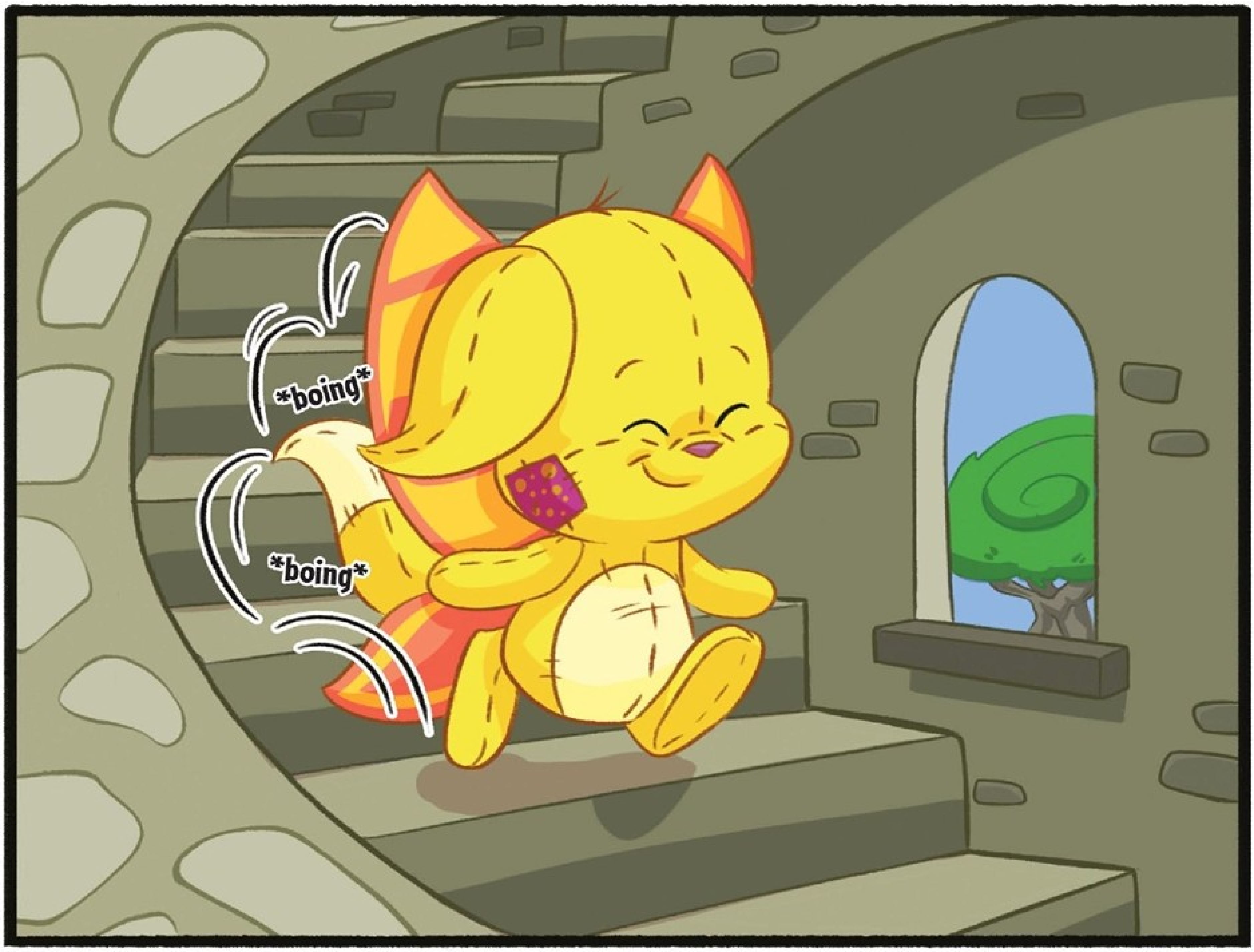

Nope.
Wow.
Me too.
I've always wanted a family.
Or a way to help others.
But I'm just a toy.

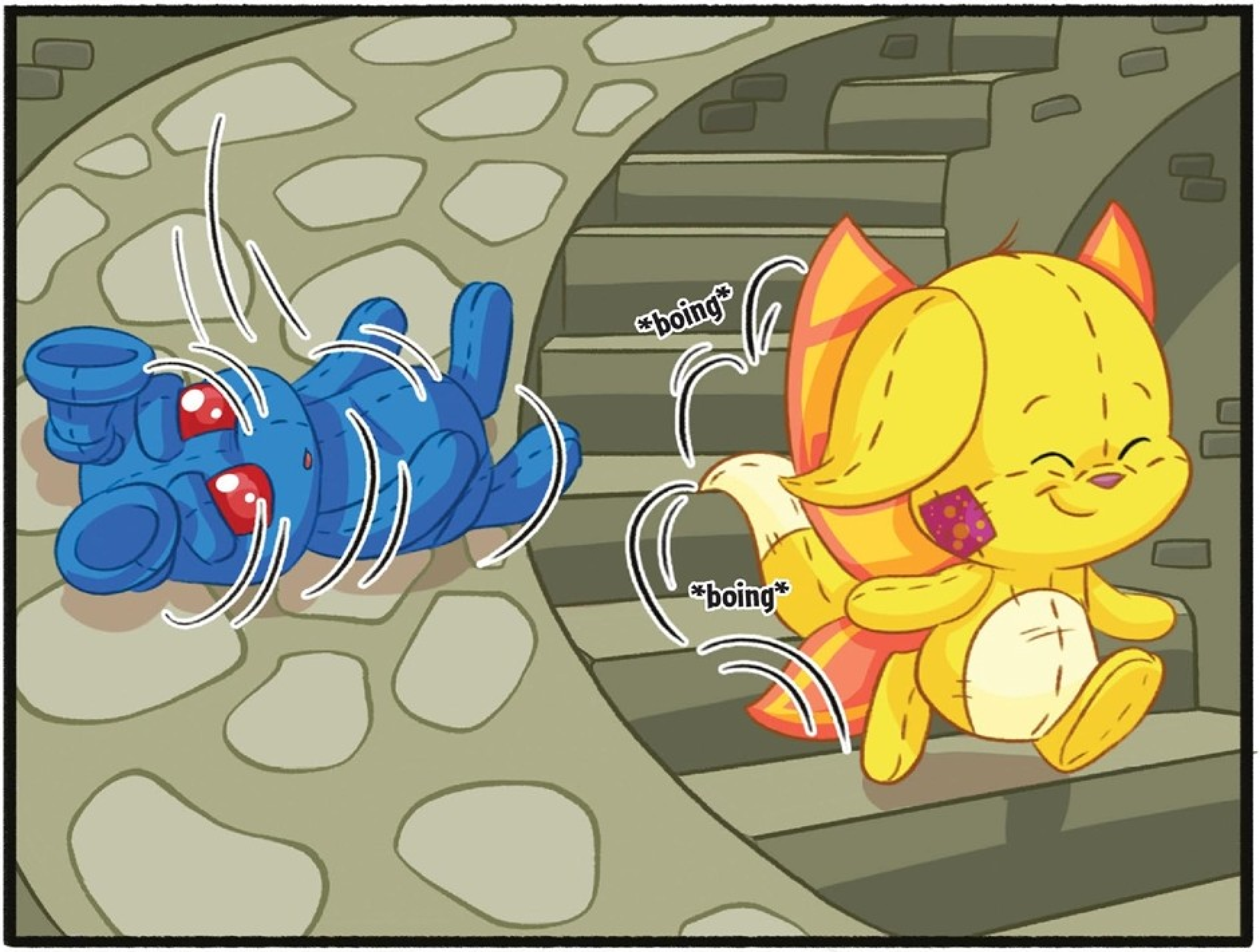

What's your name?
The Discarded Magical Blue Grundo Plushie of Prosperity. But you can call me TDMBGPOP for short.
T...D...M...? That's supposed to be short?
...short-er.


Look, can you tell me exactly what happened… uh…?
I don't think I have a name.
Why don't you choose a name, then?
Oooh. Fyora.
You can't take that name!
Why not? That's not your name; you already told me.
Because! Because… it's…
Hers.

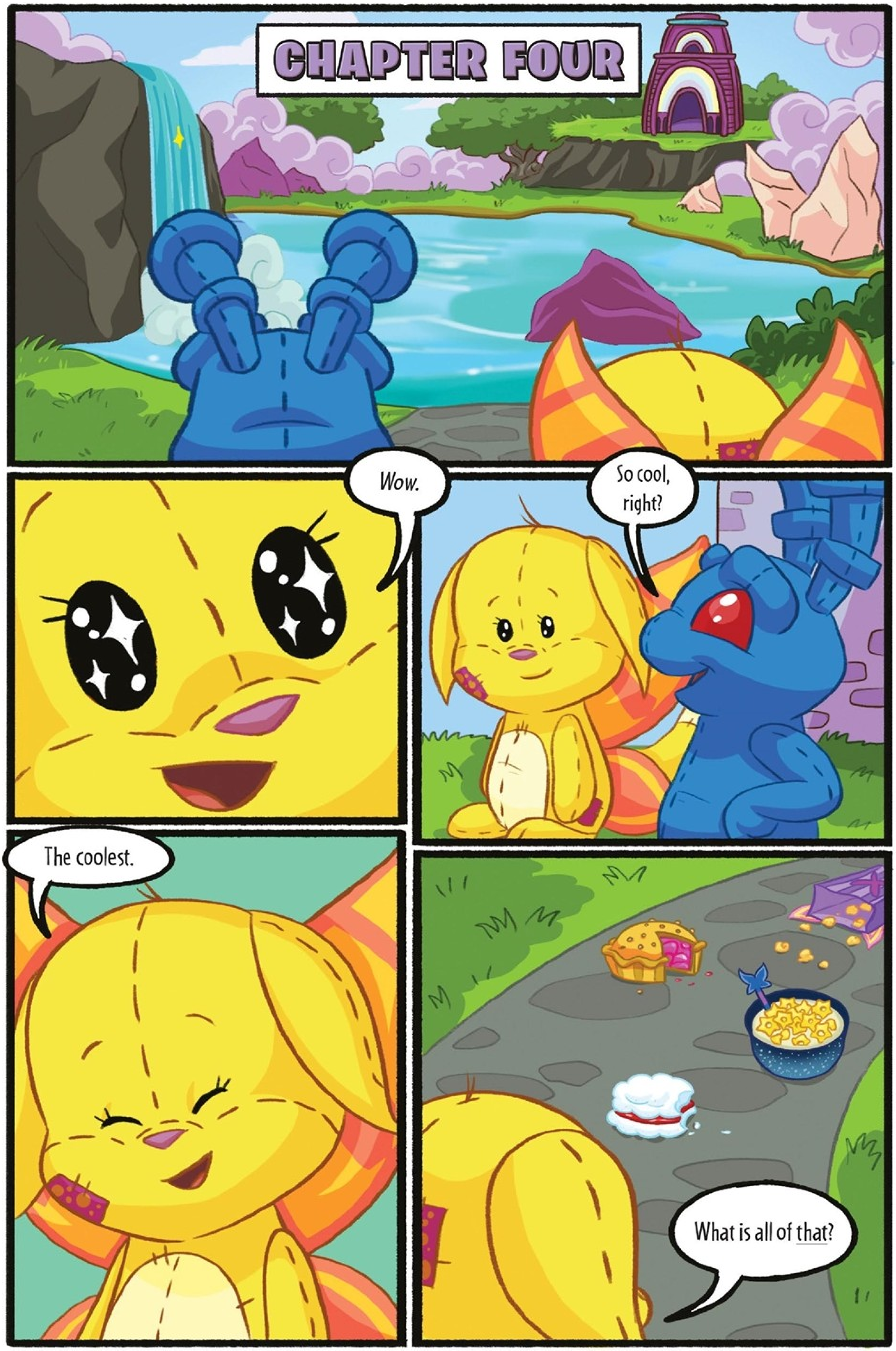

Oh . . . yikes.
I'm assuming she wasn't, uh, a doll until recently, right?
Nope. She was– is–very real. The Queen of all Faeries, in fact.
Wow.
OK. New name idea.
Buttons.
Buttons?
Like something you have tons of, but never the right one.
What I don't understand is why we're alive, and they're . . .
Yeah.
Who knows.

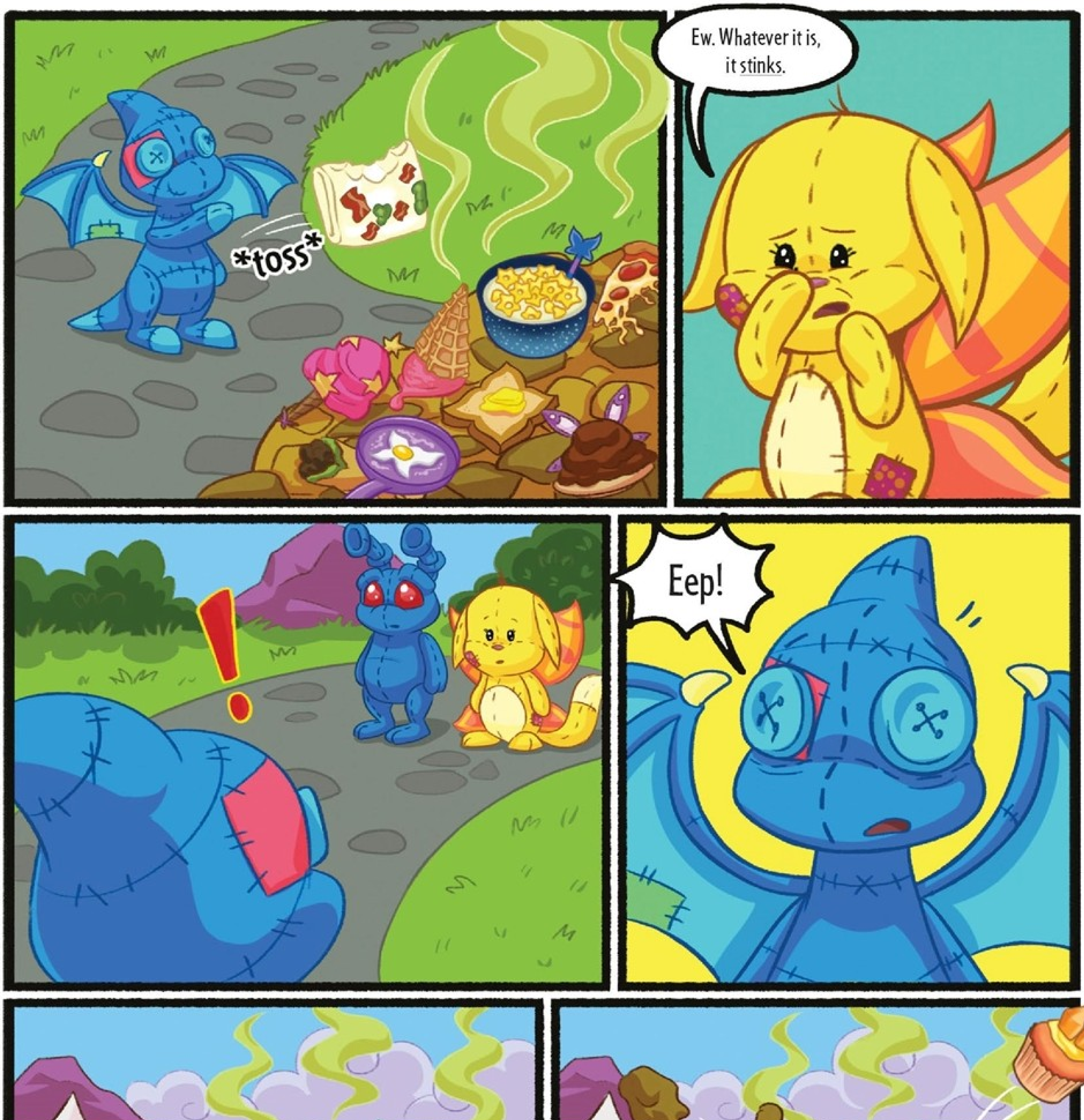

Why don't we go explore? I've never left this room before. At least, I don't think so. Do you know what Neopia is like?
I only know what the Neopets who visited me said. Sometimes tidbits of info, sometimes nothing at all.
Alright, Pop, my guy, let's go on some . . . ADVENTURES IN NEOPIA!
OK, OK. *The Discarded Magical Blue Grundo Plushie of Prosperity*. That better?
Yes.

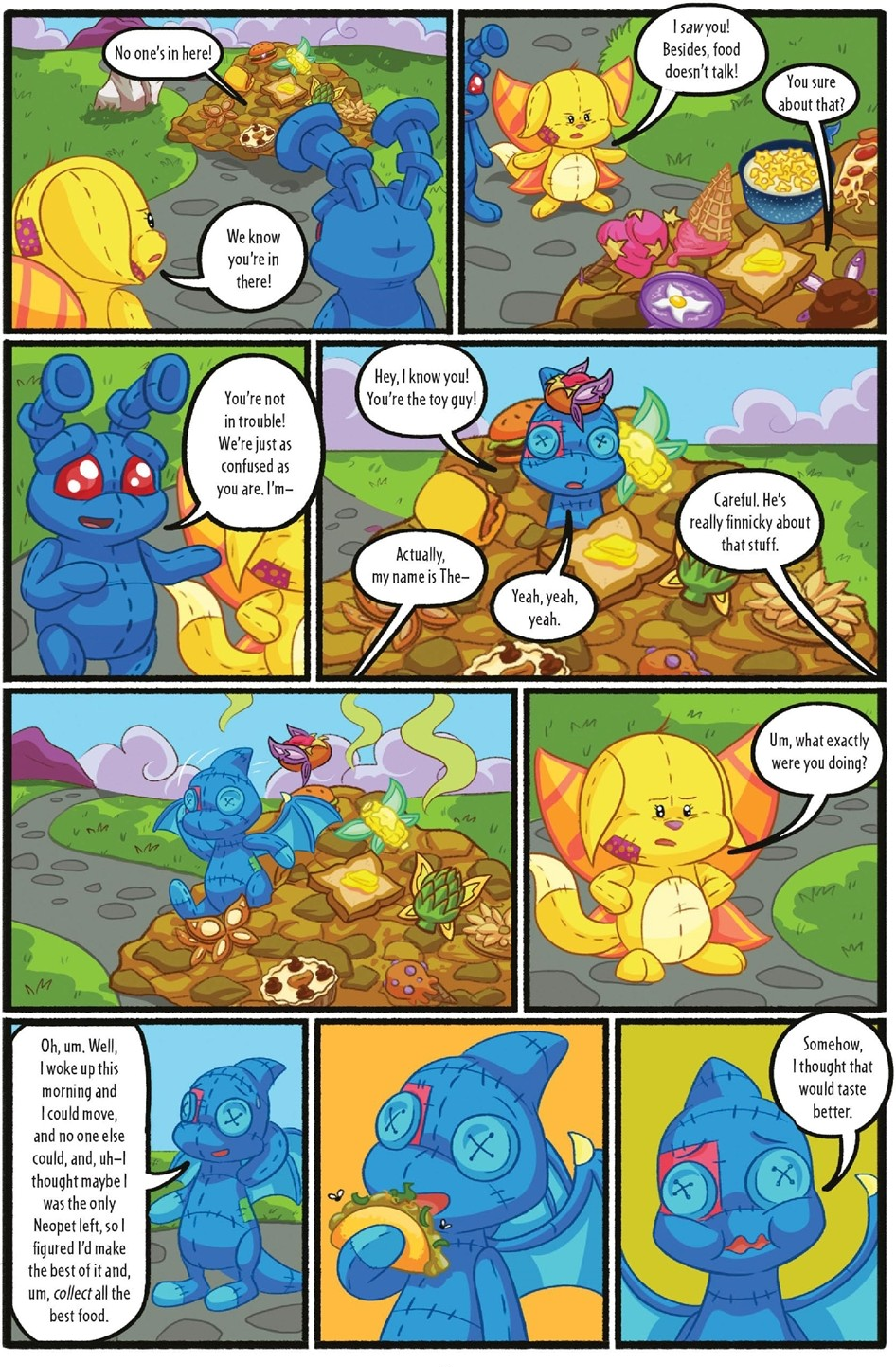

boing
boing

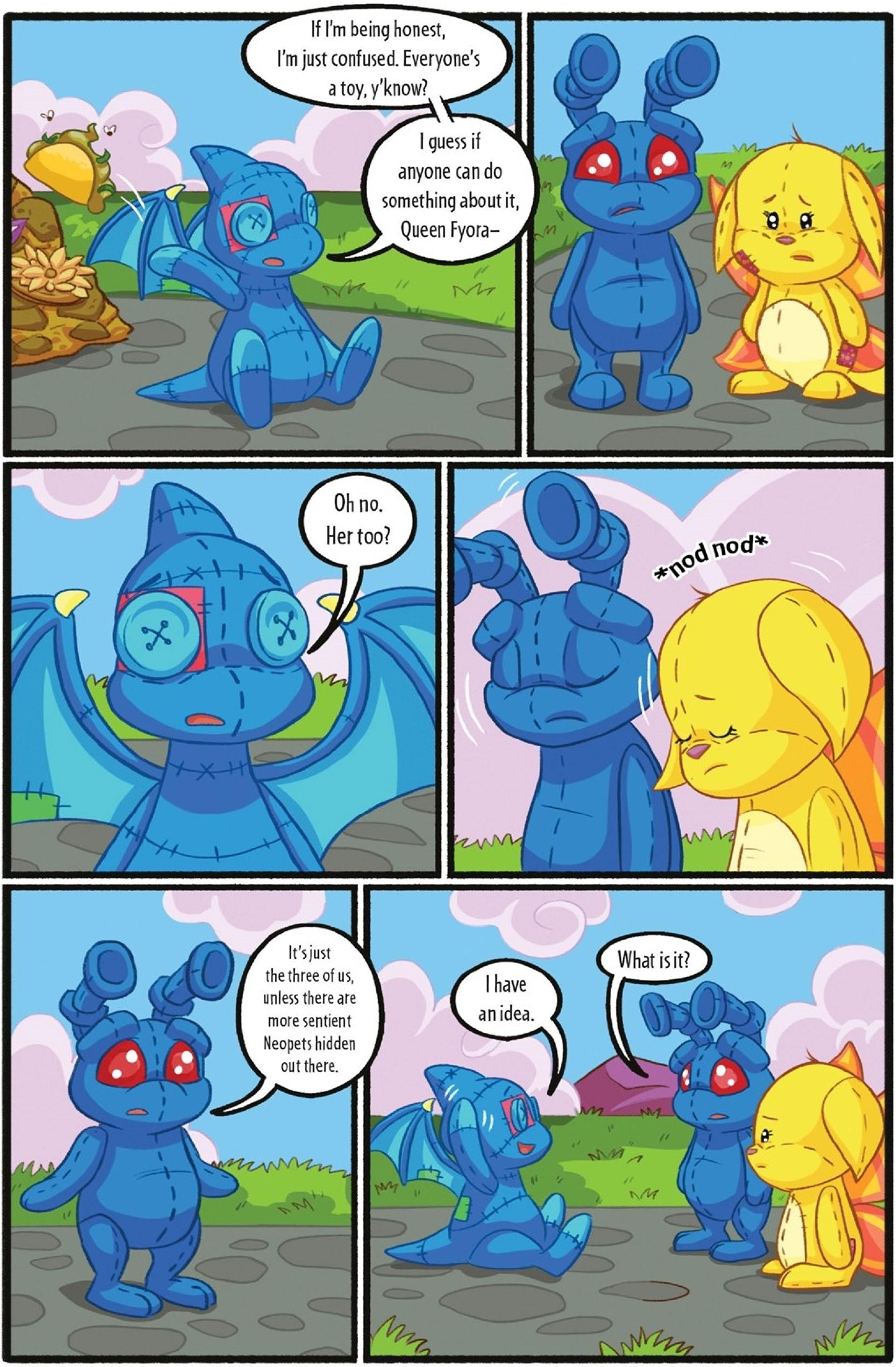

boing
boing

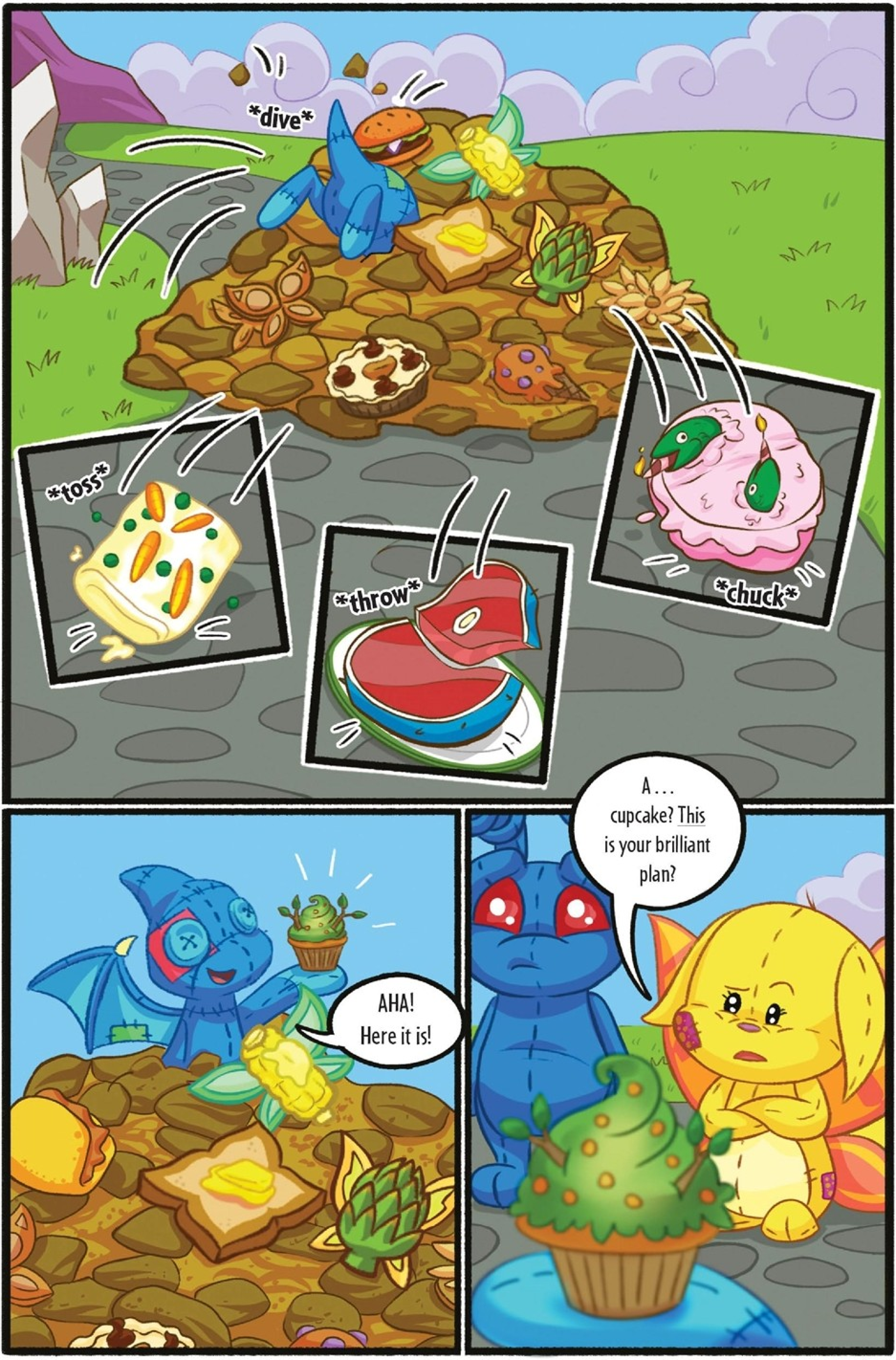
CHAPTER FOUR

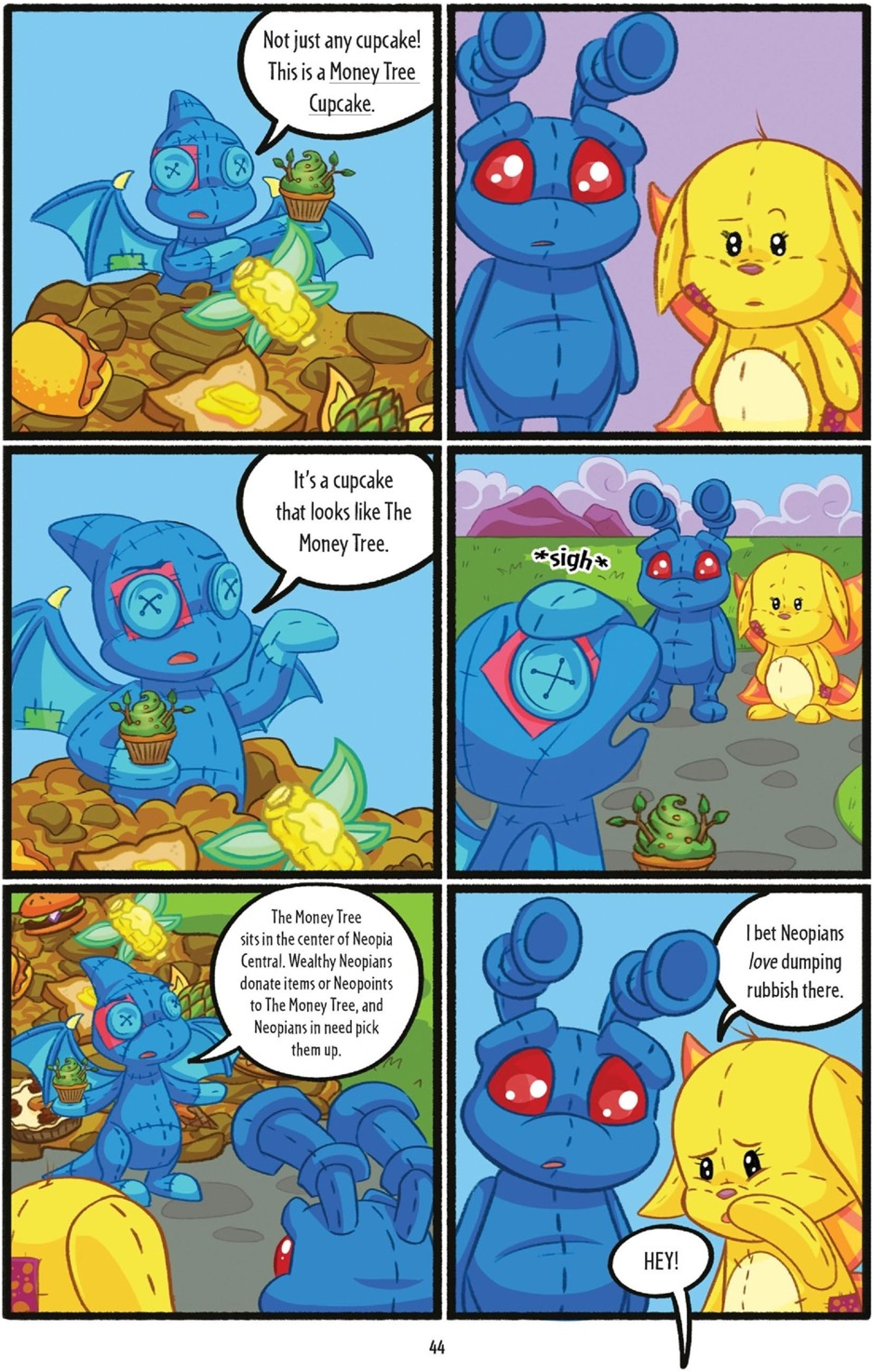

Wow.
So cool, right?
The coolest.
What is all of *that*?

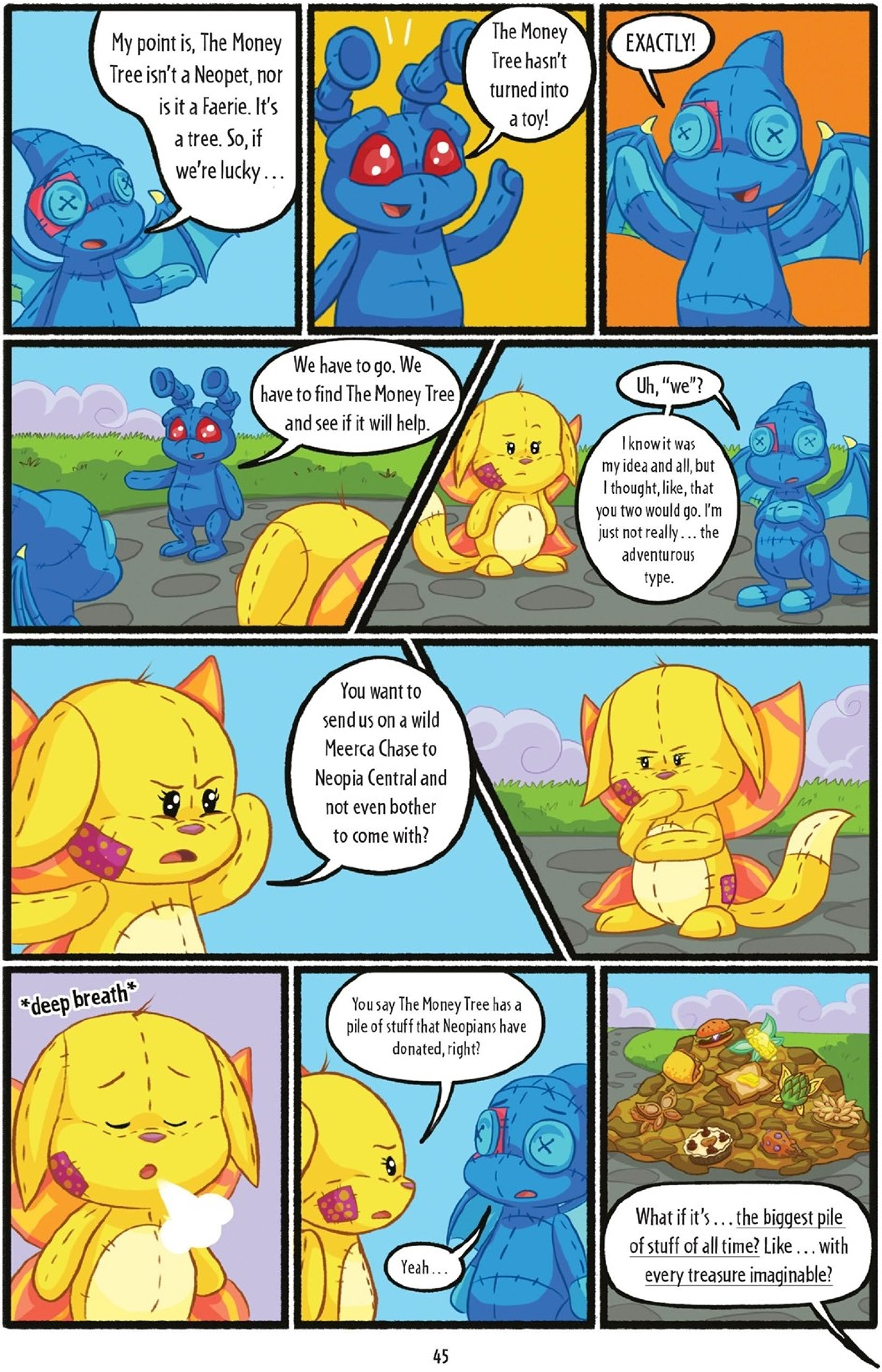

toss
Ew. Whatever it is, it stinks.
!
Eep!
dive!

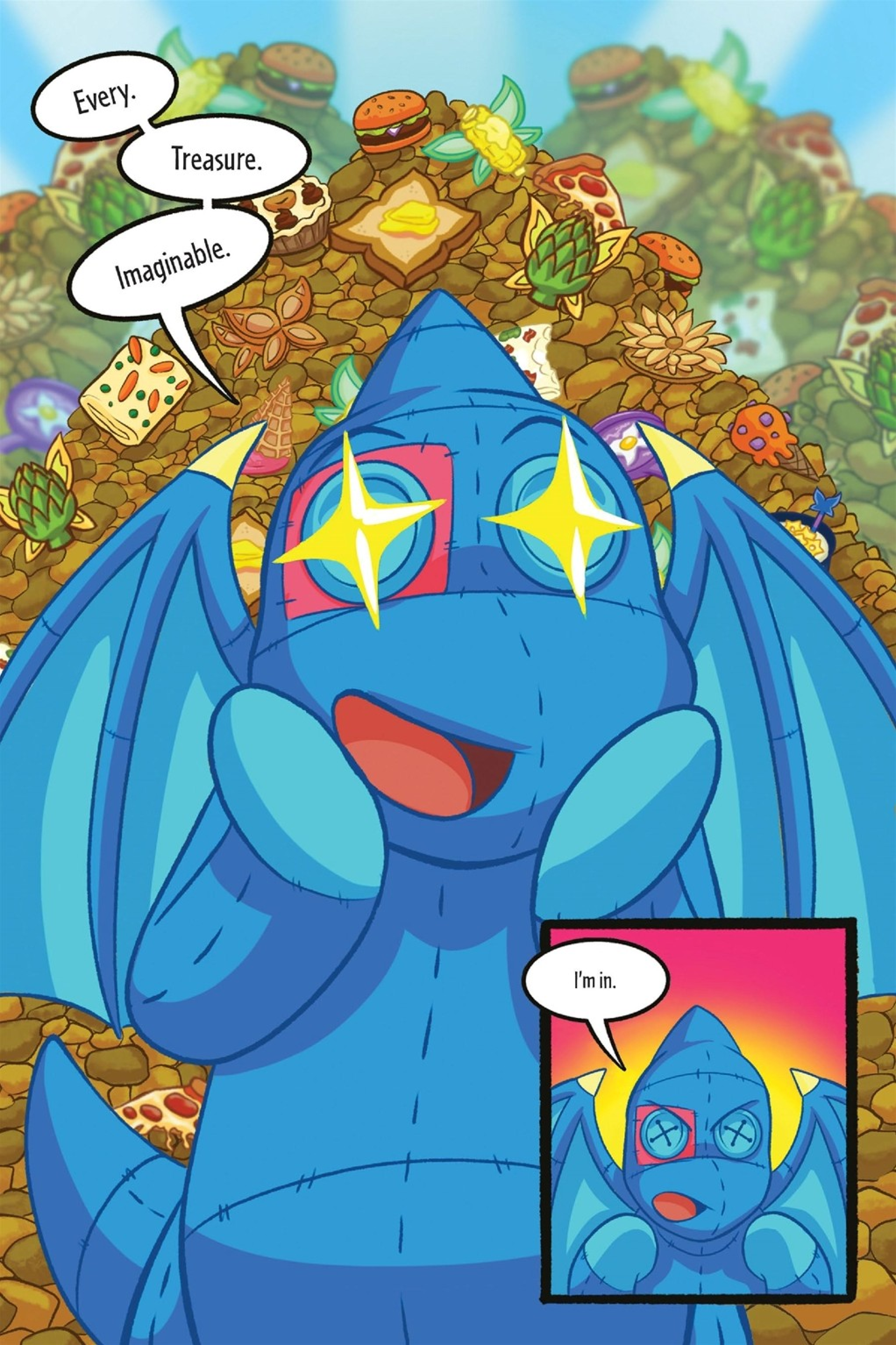

No one's in here!
We know you're in there!
I *saw* you! Besides, food doesn't talk!
You sure about that?
You're not in trouble! We're just as confused as you are. I'm–
Hey, I know you! You're the toy guy!
Actually, my name is The–
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Careful. He's really finnicky about that stuff.
Um, what exactly were you doing?
Oh, um. Well, I woke up this morning and I could move, and no one else could, and, uh–I thought maybe I was the only Neopet left, so I figured I'd make the best of it and, um, *collect* all the best food.
Somehow, I thought that would taste better.

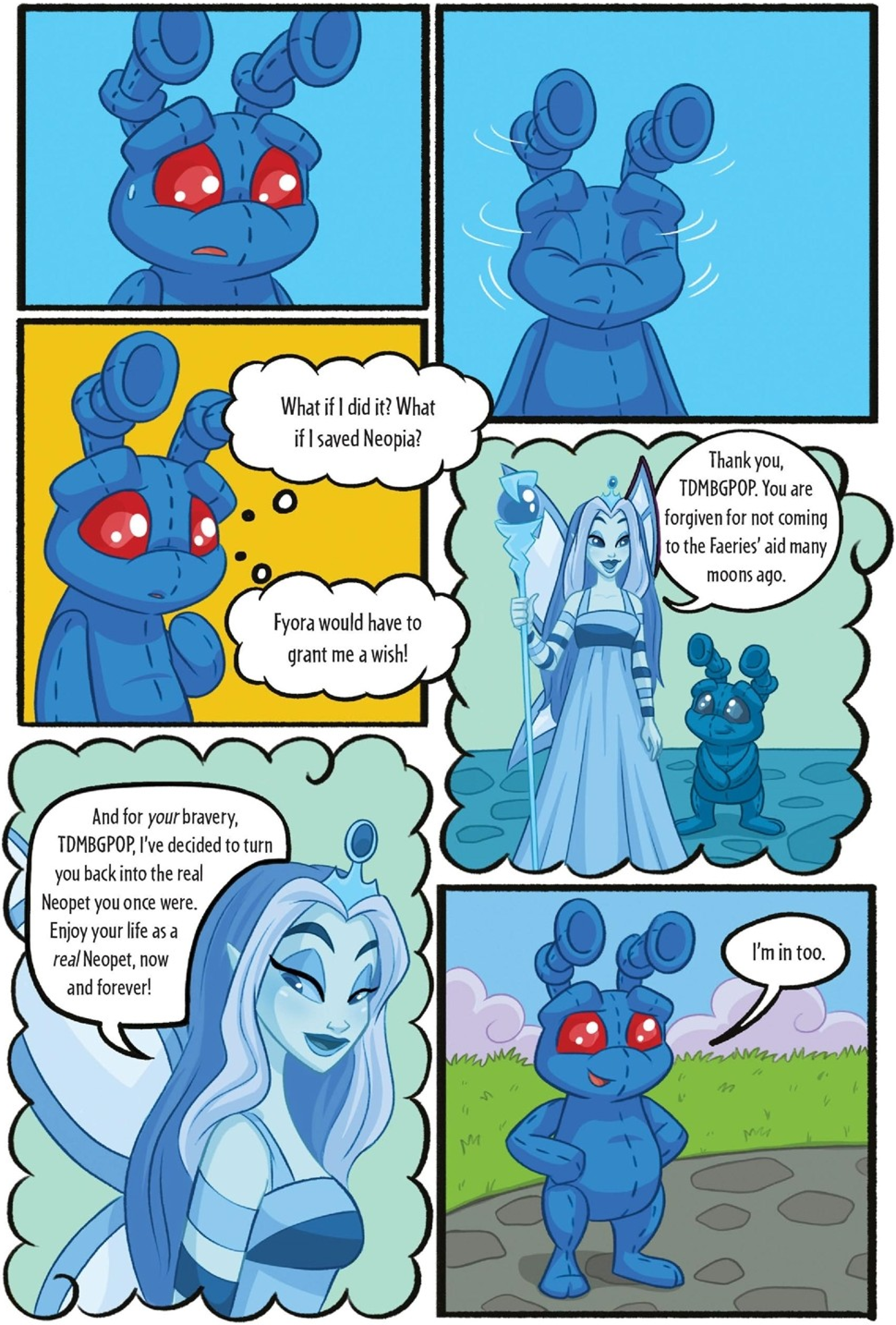

If I'm being honest, I'm just confused. Everyone's a toy, y'know?
I guess if anyone can do something about it, Queen Fyora–
Oh no. Her too?
nod nod
It's just the three of us, unless there are more sentient Neopets hidden out there.
I have an idea.
What is it?

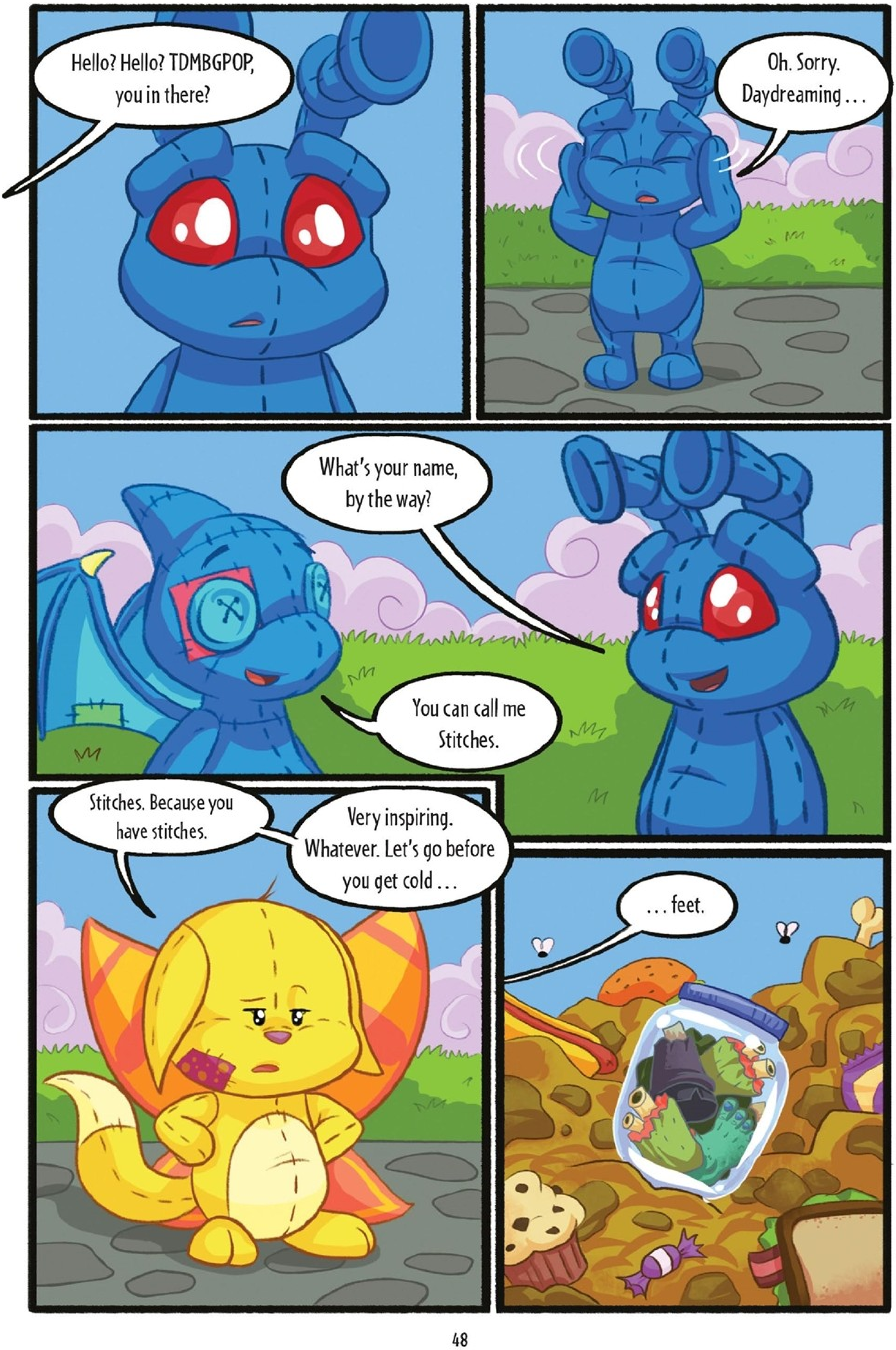

dive
toss
throw
chuck
AHA! Here it is!
A . . . cupcake? This is your brilliant plan?


Not just any cupcake! This is a Money Tree Cupcake.
It's a cupcake that looks like The Money Tree.
sigh
The Money Tree sits in the center of Neopia Central. Wealthy Neopians donate items or Neopoints to The Money Tree, and Neopians in need pick them up.
I bet Neopians *love* dumping rubbish there.
HEY!

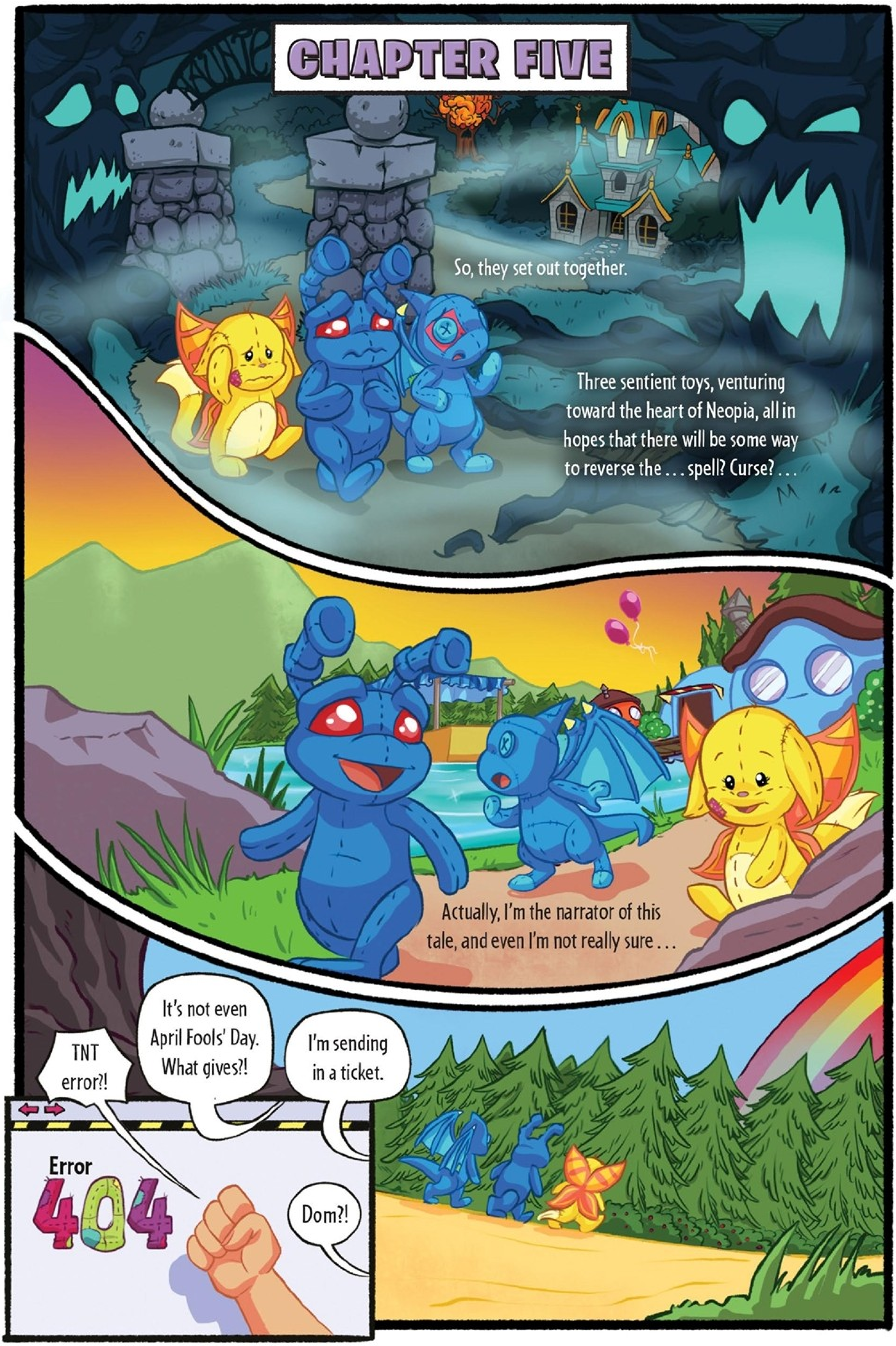

My point is, The Money Tree isn't a Neopet, nor is it a Faerie. It's a tree. So, if we're lucky . . .
The Money Tree hasn't turned into a toy!
EXACTLY!
We have to go. We have to find The Money Tree and see if it will help.
Uh, "we"?
I know it was my idea and all, but I thought, like, that you two would go. I'm just not really . . . the adventurous type.
You want to send us on a wild Meerca Chase to Neopia Central and not even bother to come with?
deep breath
You say The Money Tree has a pile of stuff that Neopians have donated, right?
Yeah . . .
What if it's . . . the biggest pile of stuff of all time? Like . . . with every treasure imaginable?

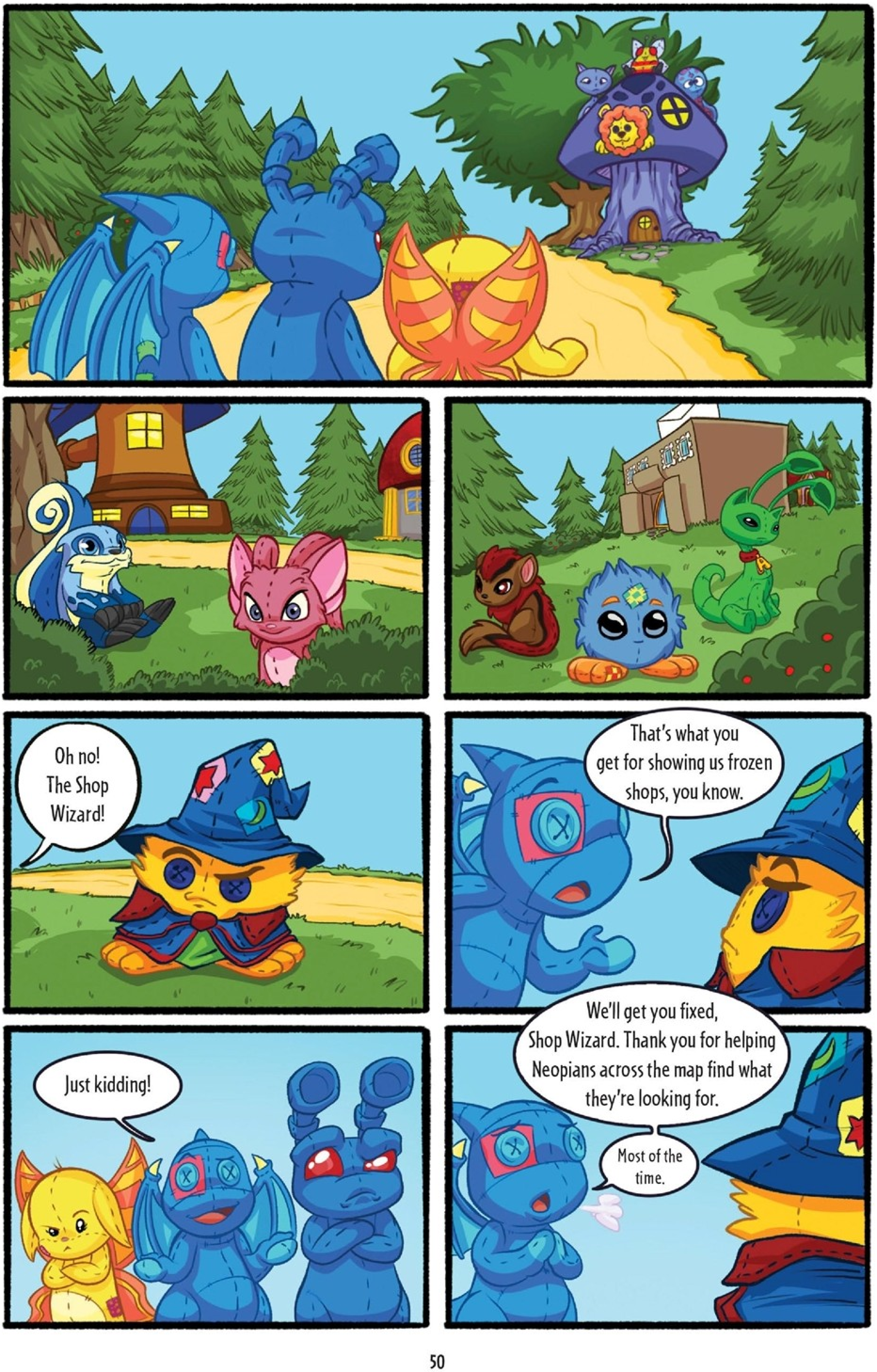

Every.
Treasure.
Imaginable.
I'm in.

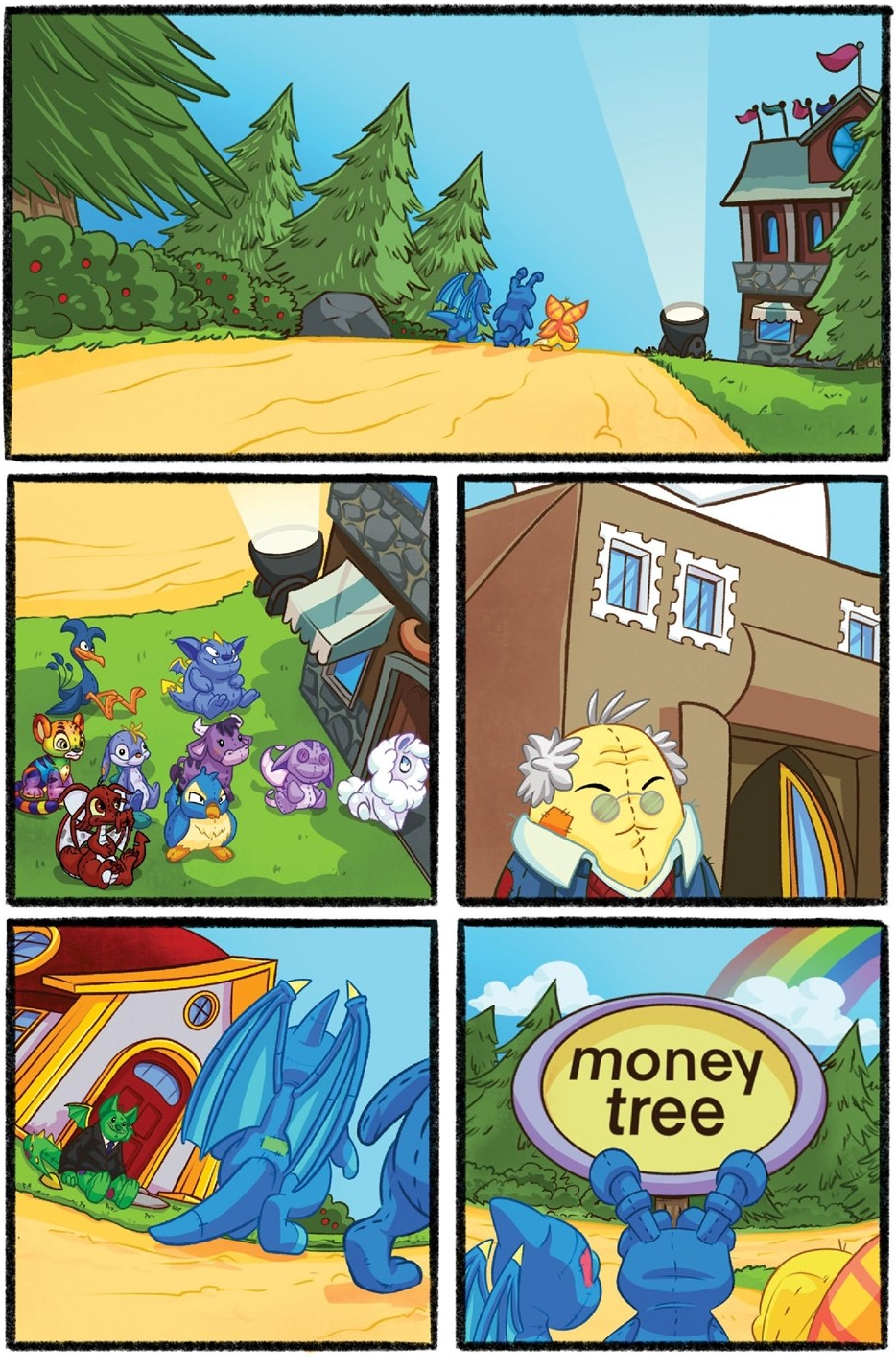

What if I did it? What if I saved Neopia?
Fyora would have to grant me a wish!
Thank you, TDMBGPOP. You are forgiven for not coming to the Faeries' aid many moons ago.
And for *your* bravery, TDMBGPOP, I've decided to turn you back into the real Neopet you once were. Enjoy your life as a *real* Neopet, now and forever!
I'm in too.

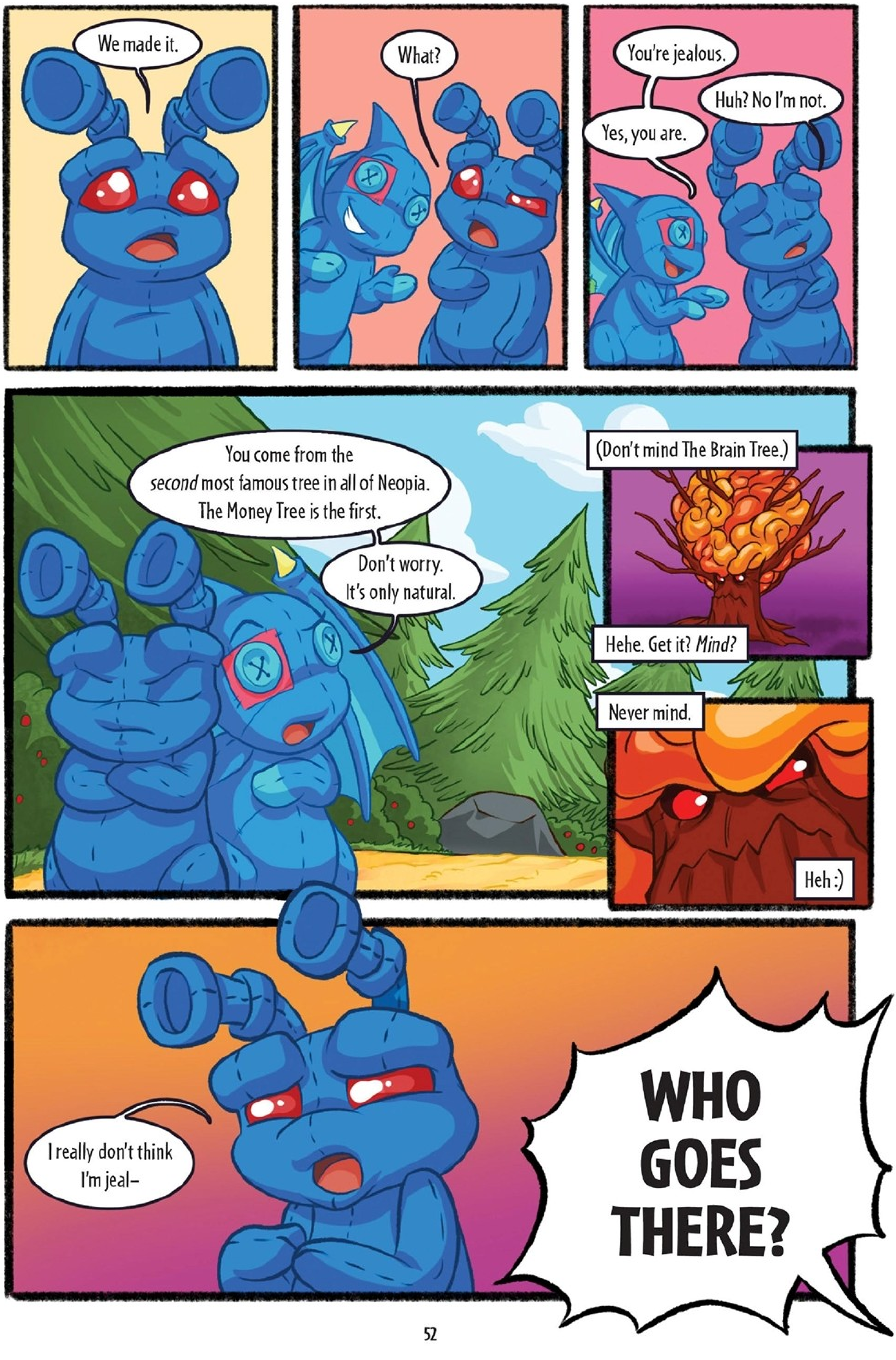

Hello? Hello? TDMBGPOP, you in there?
Oh. Sorry. Daydreaming . . .
What's your name, by the way?
You can call me Stitches.
Stitches. Because you have stitches.
Very inspiring. Whatever. Let's go before you get cold . . .
. . . feet.

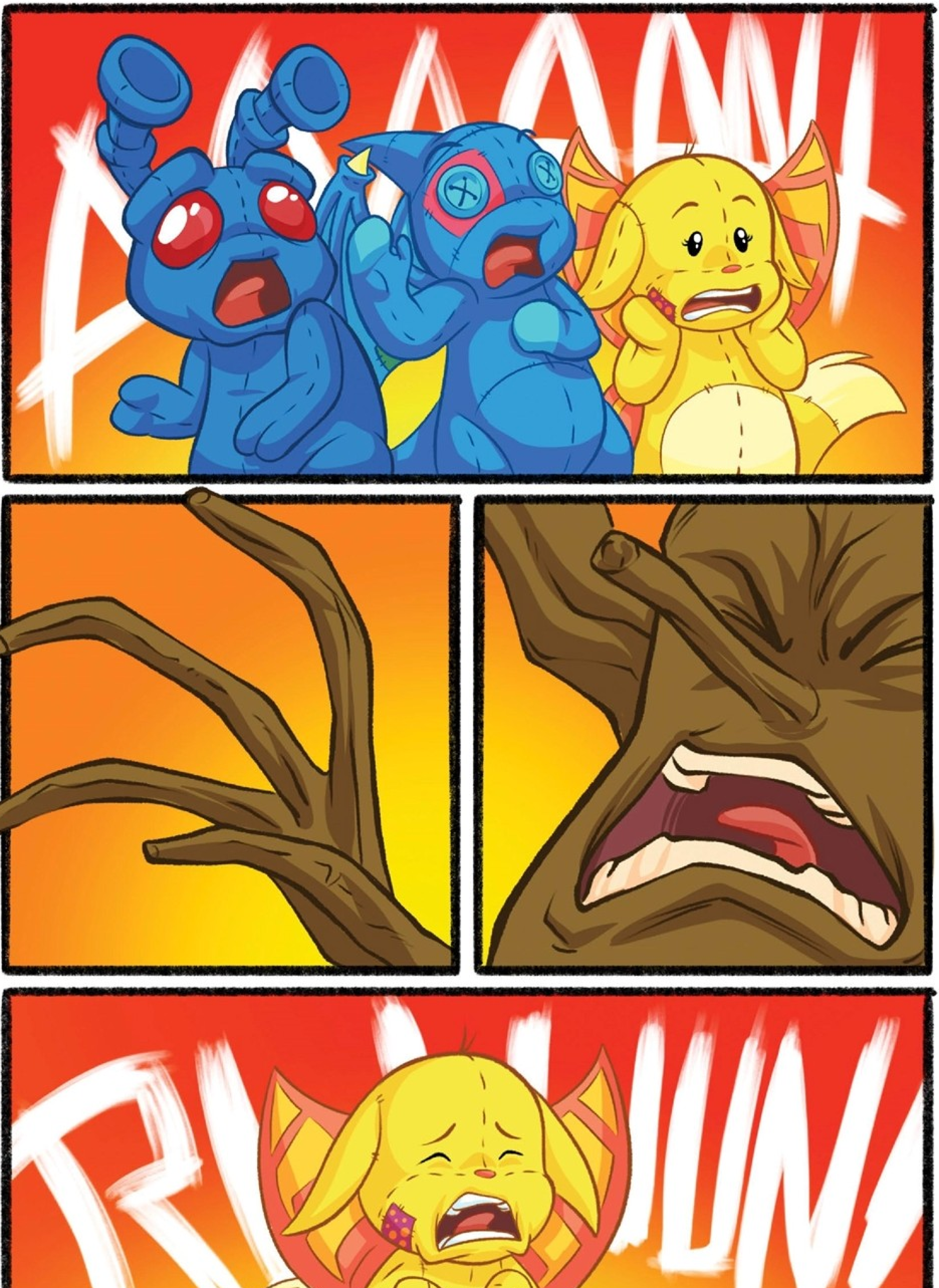
CHAPTER FIVE

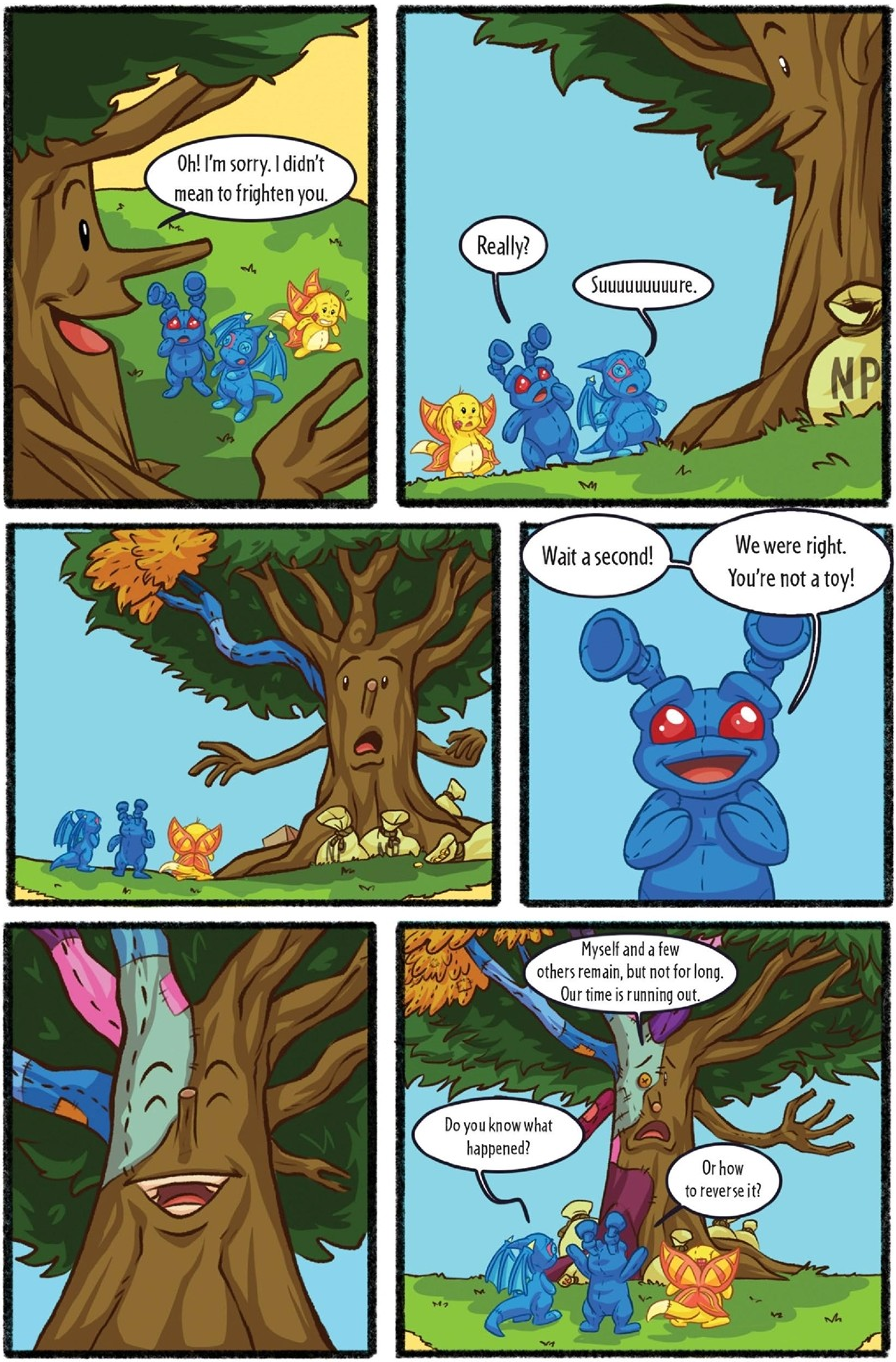

So, they set out together.
Three sentient toys, venturing toward the heart of Neopia, all in hopes that there will be some way to reverse the . . . spell? Curse? . . .
Actually, I'm the narrator of this tale, and even I'm not really sure . . .
TNT error?!
It's not even April Fools' Day. What gives?!
I'm sending in a ticket.
Error 404
Dom?!

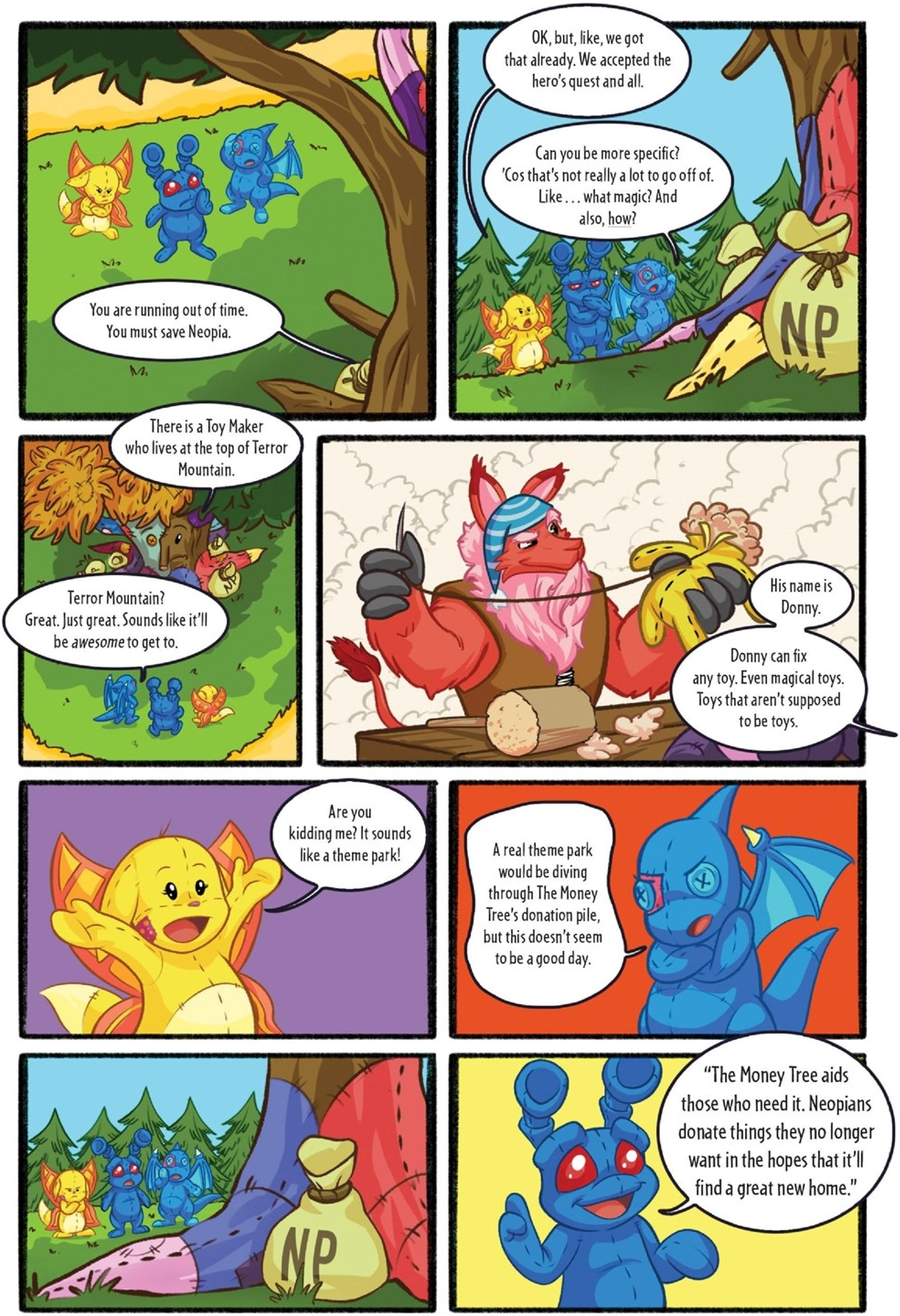

Oh no! The Shop Wizard!
That's what you get for showing us frozen shops, you know.
Just kidding!
We'll get you fixed, Shop Wizard. Thank you for helping Neopians across the map find what they're looking for.
Most of the time.

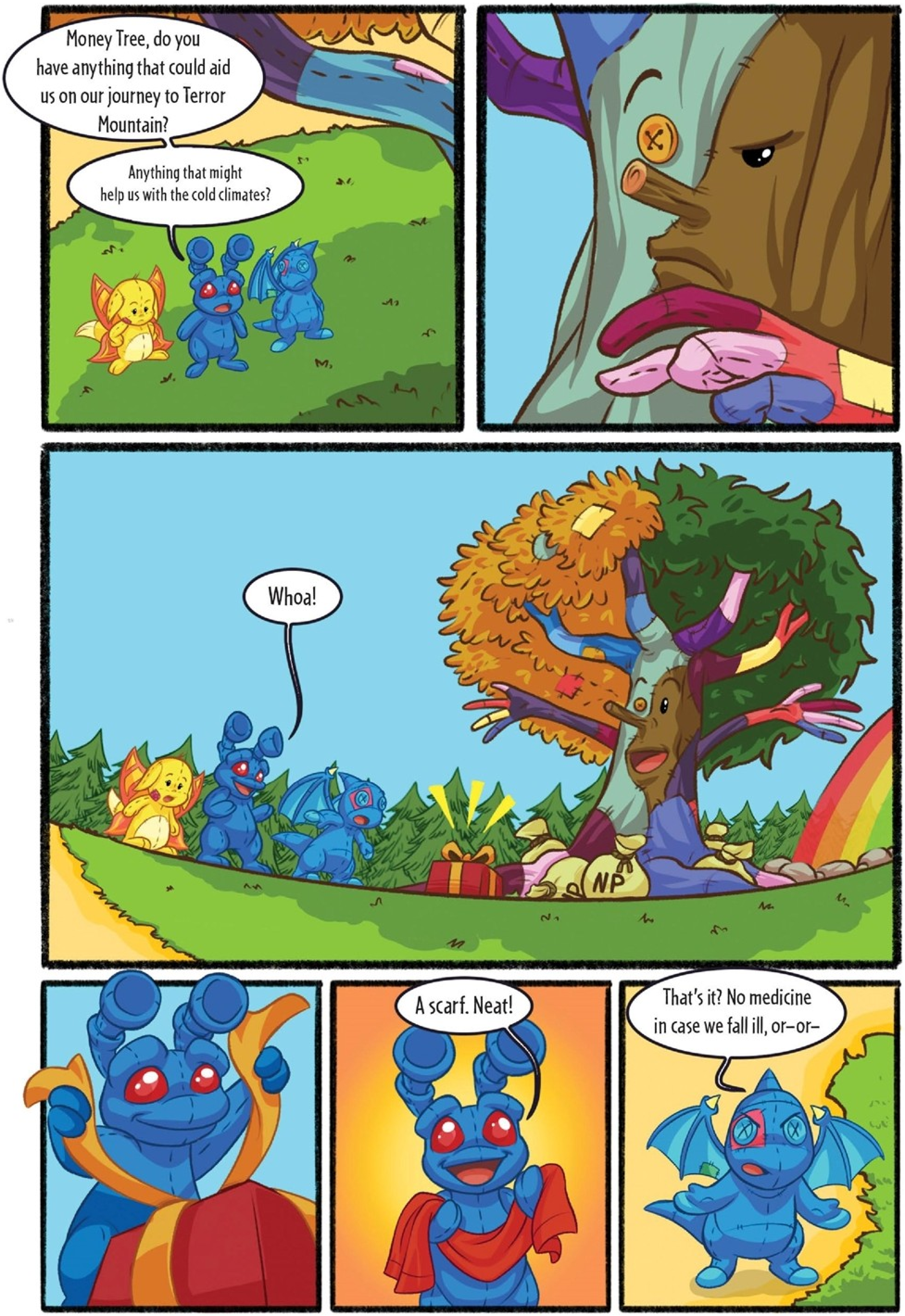

money tree

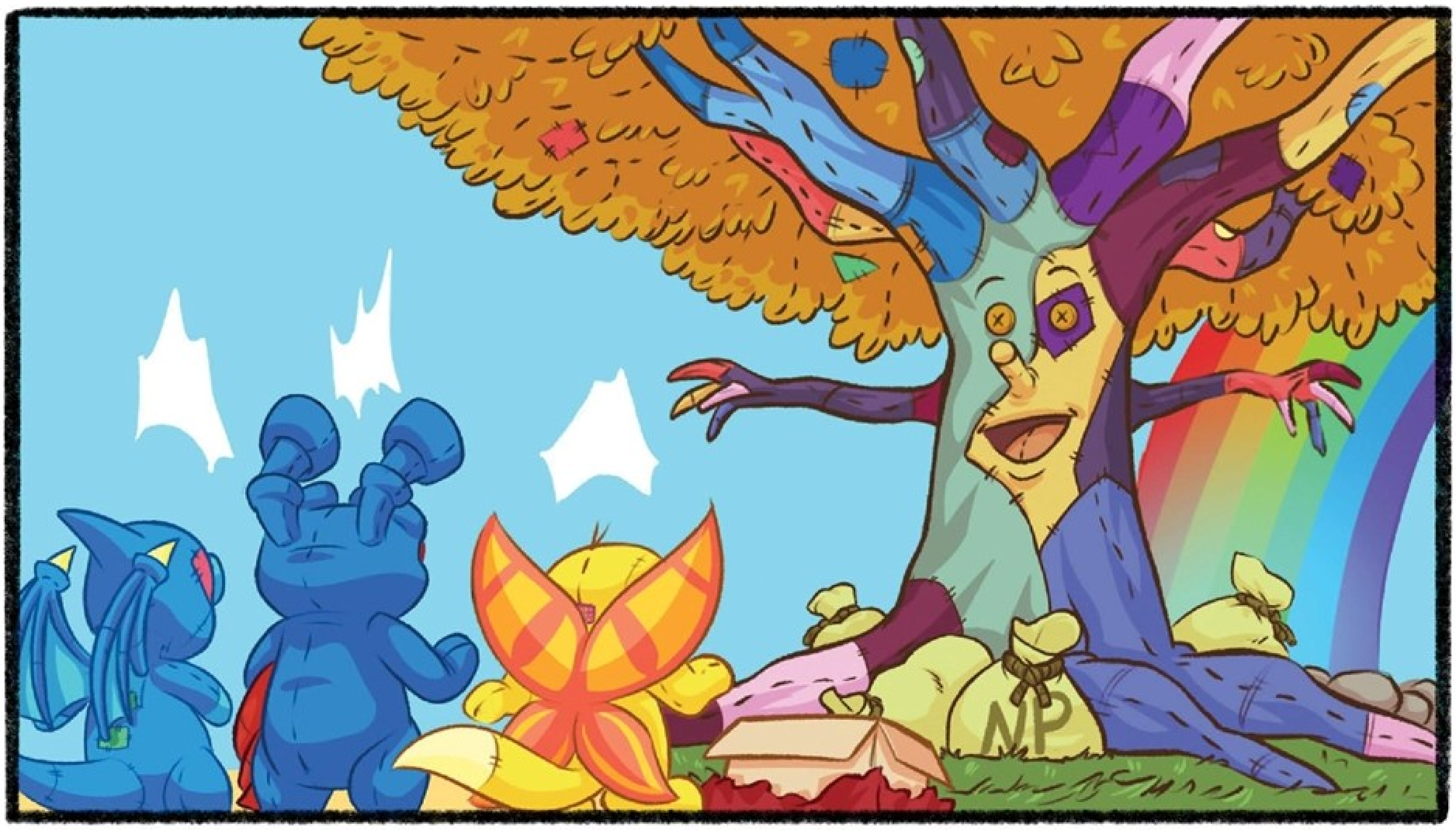

We made it.
What?
You're jealous.
Huh? No I'm not.
Yes, you are.
You come from the *second* most famous tree in all of Neopia. The Money Tree is the first.
Don't worry. It's only natural.
(Don't mind The Brain Tree.)
Hehe. Get it? *Mind?*
Never mind.
Heh :)
I really don't think I'm jeal–
WHO GOES THERE?

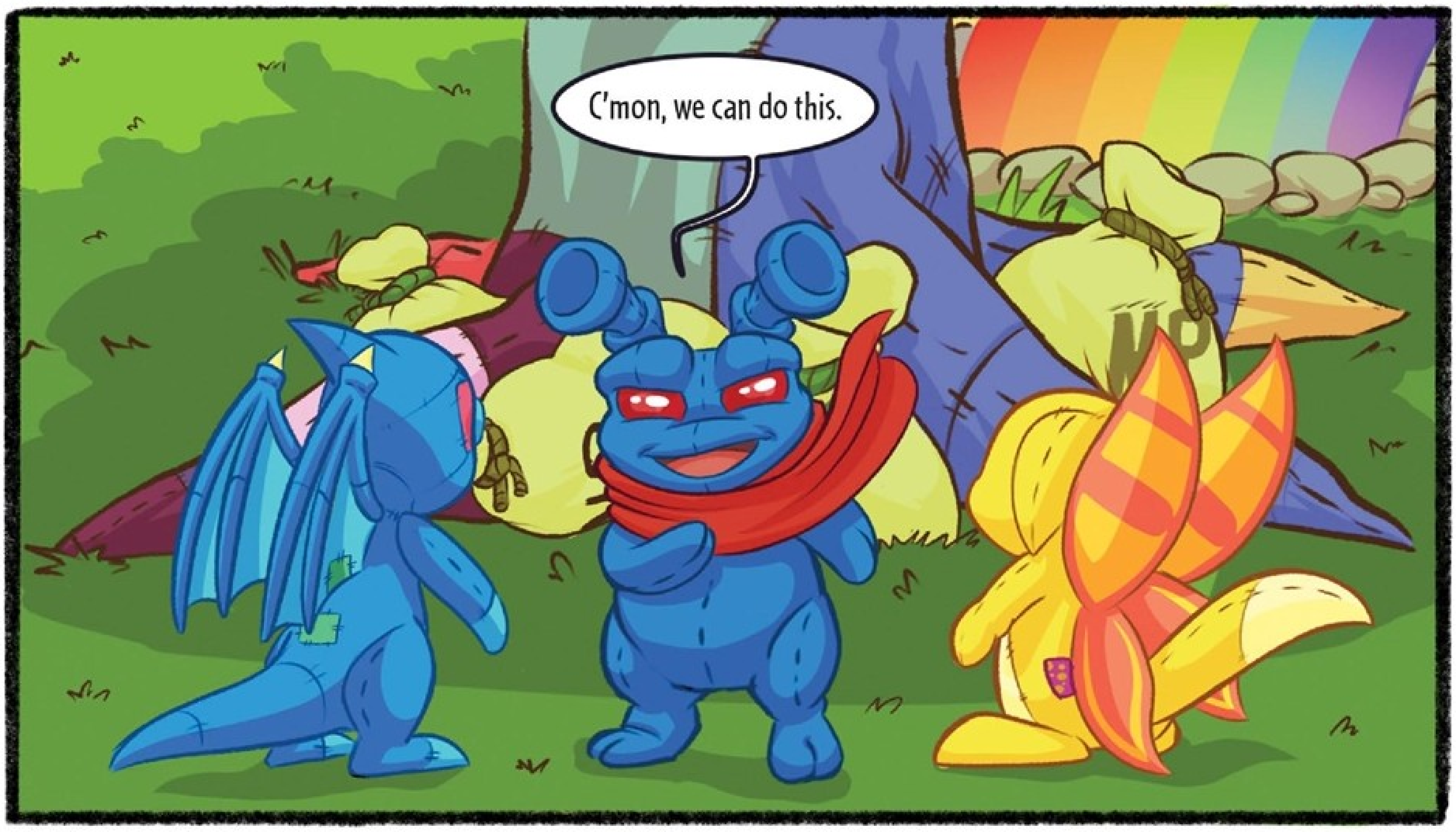

AAAAAH!
TRUUUN!

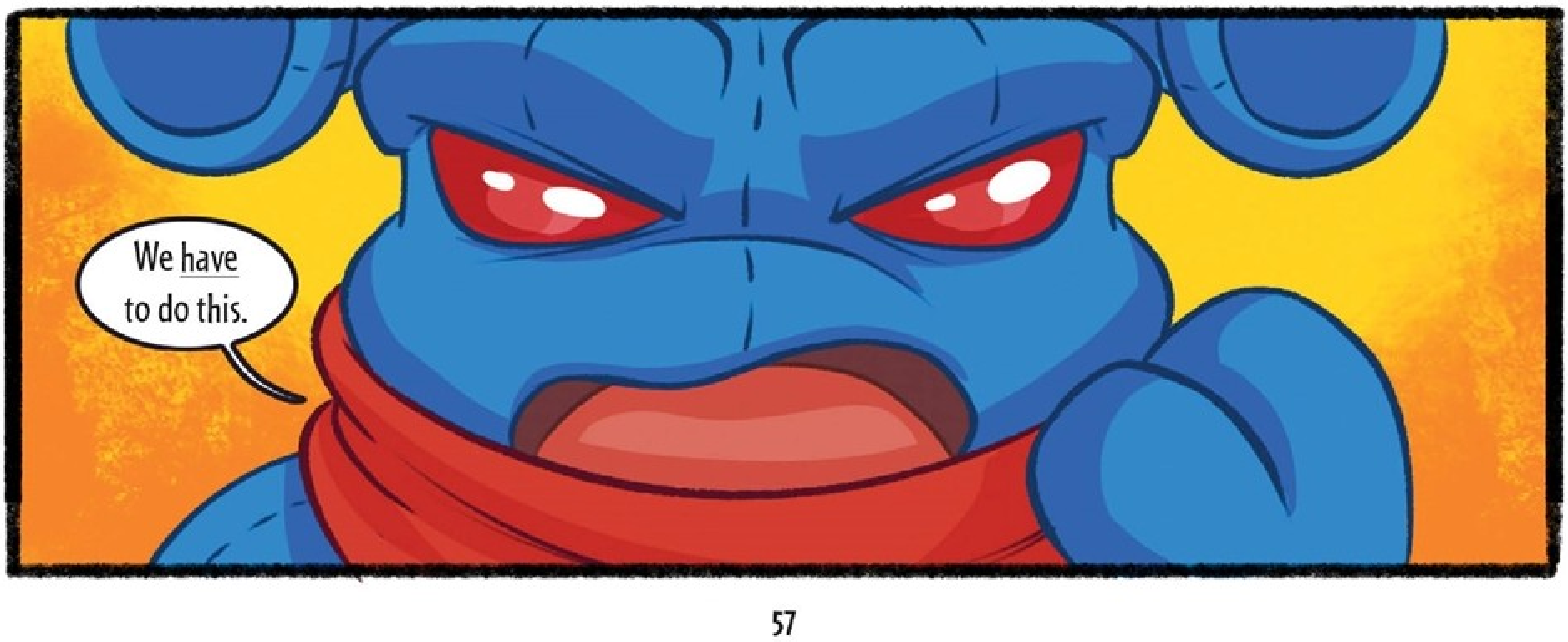

Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to frighten you.
Really?
Suuuuuuuure.
NP
Wait a second!
We were right. You're not a toy!
Myself and a few others remain, but not for long. Our time is running out.
Do you know what happened?
Or how to reverse it?

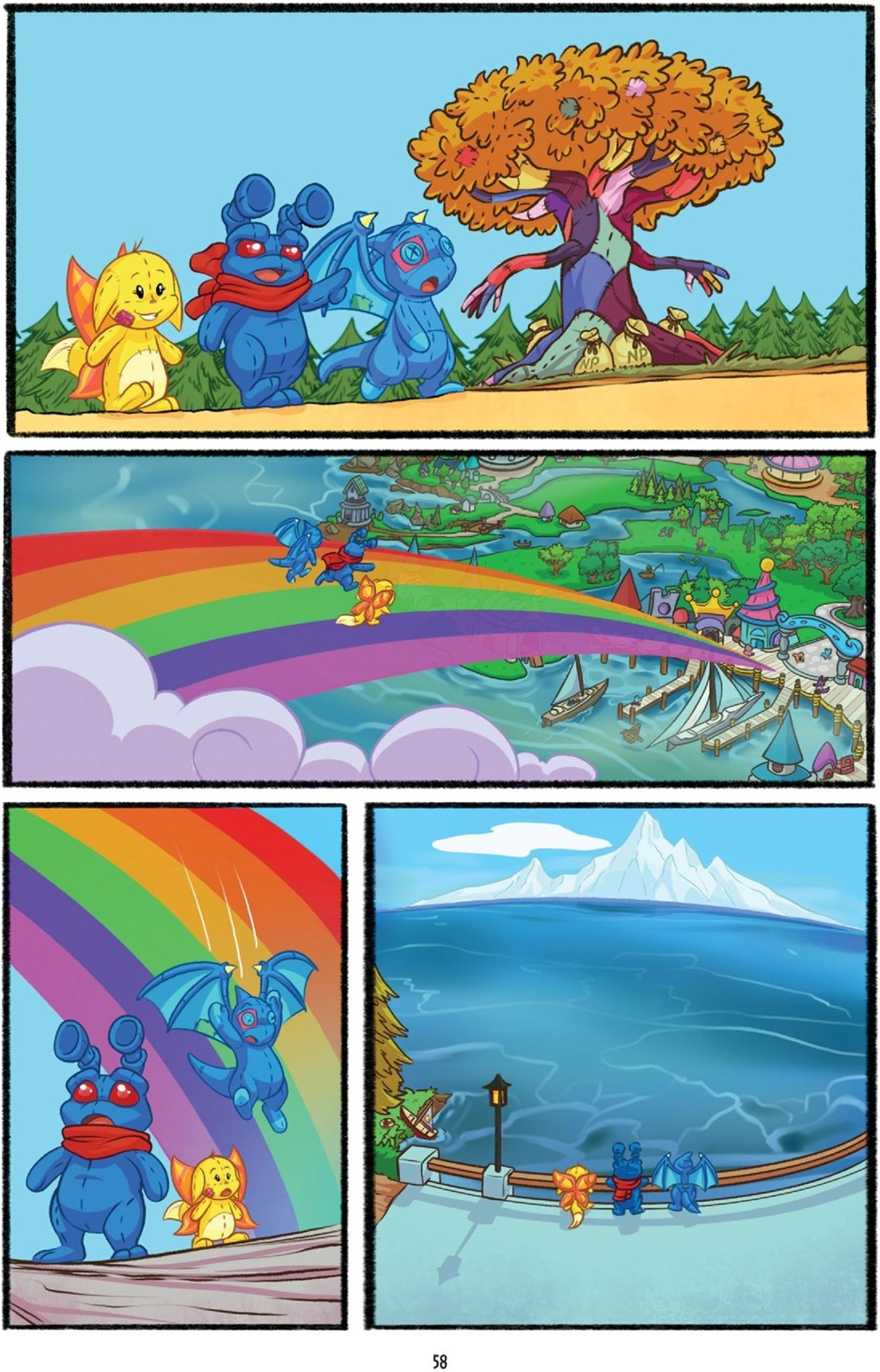

You are running out of time. You must save Neopia.
OK, but, like, we got that already. We accepted the hero's quest and all.
Can you be more specific? 'Cos that's not really a lot to go off of. Like . . . what magic? And also, how?
NP
There is a Toy Maker who lives at the top of Terror Mountain.
Terror Mountain? Great. Just great. Sounds like it'll be *awesome* to get to.
His name is Donny.
Donny can fix any toy. Even magical toys. Toys that aren't supposed to be toys.
Are you kidding me? It sounds like a theme park!
A real theme park would be diving through The Money Tree's donation pile, but this doesn't seem to be a good day.
NP
"The Money Tree aids those who need it. Neopians donate things they no longer want in the hopes that it'll find a great new home."

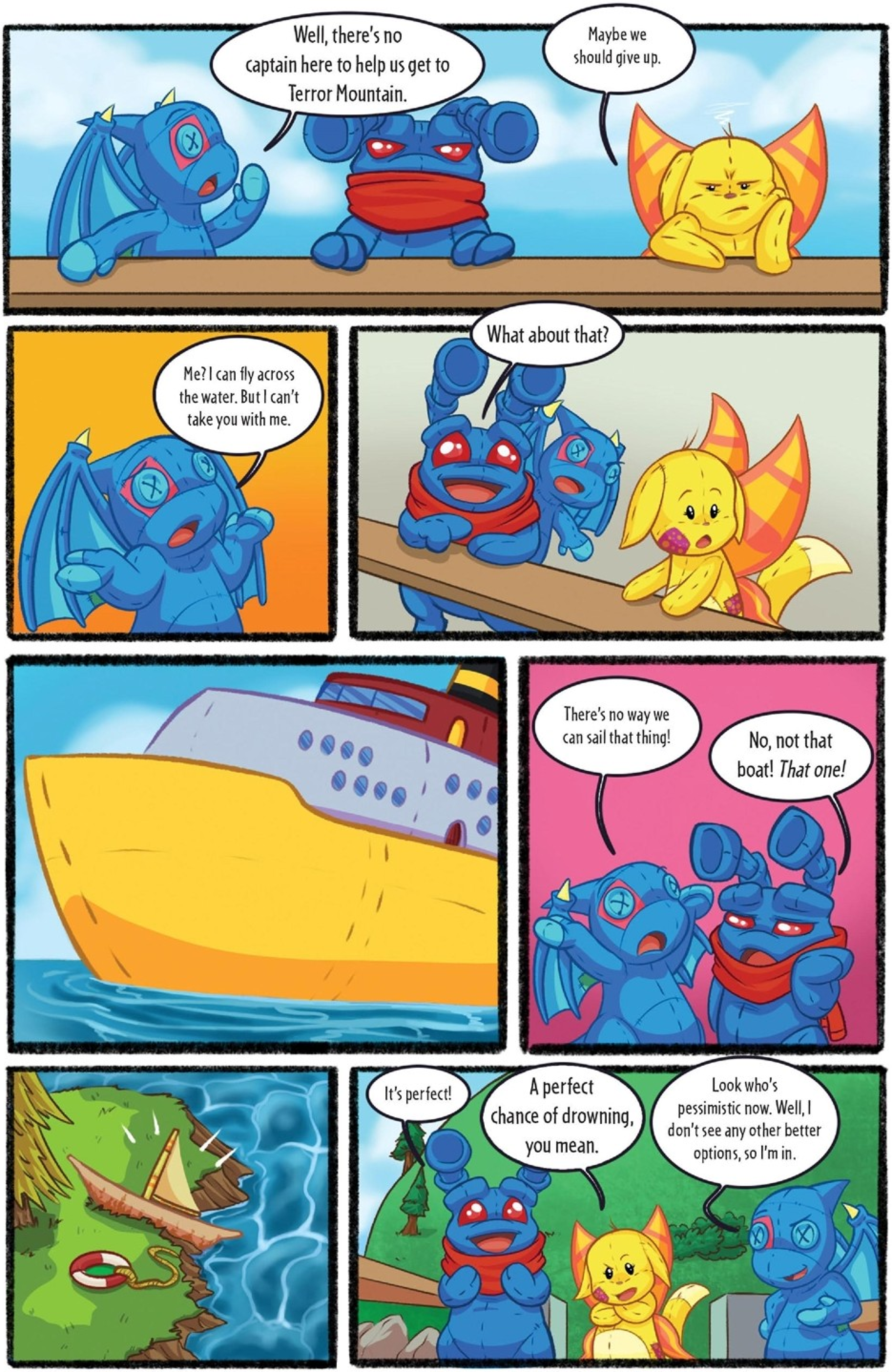

Money Tree, do you have anything that could aid us on our journey to Terror Mountain?
Anything that might help us with the cold climates?
Whoa!
NP
A scarf. Neat!
That's it? No medicine in case we fall ill, or–or–

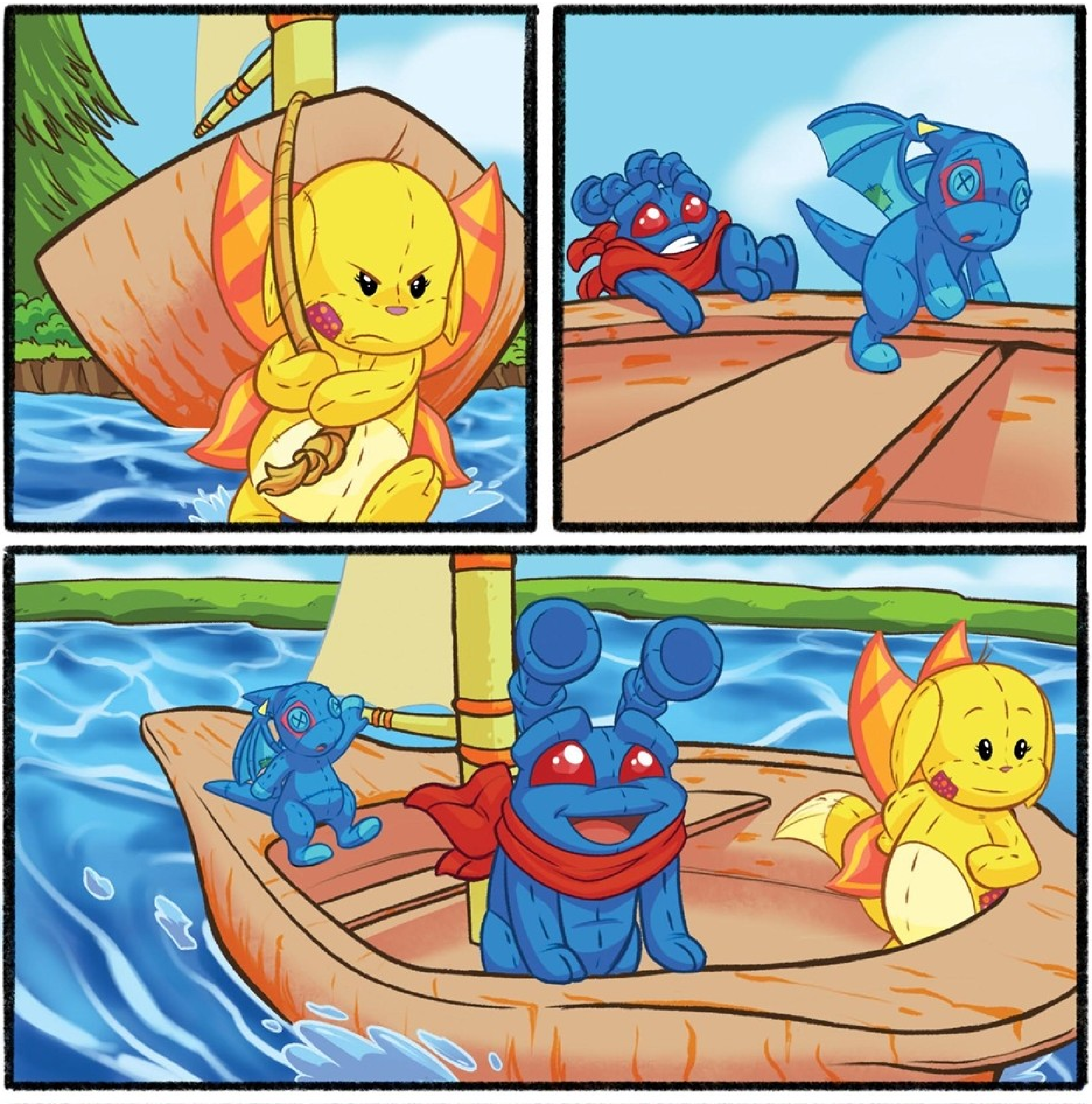

NP

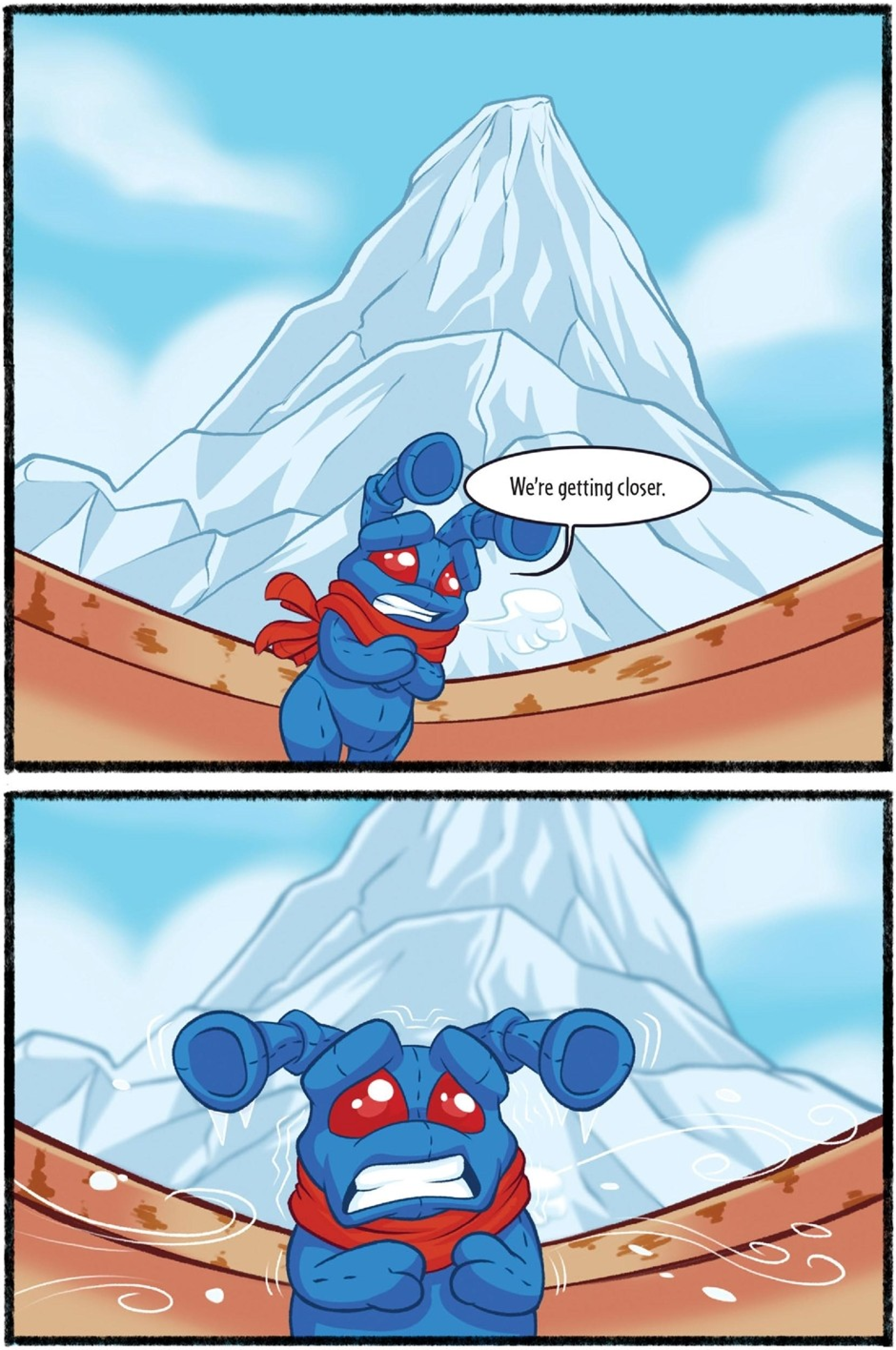

C'mon, we can do this.
NP


We have to do this.

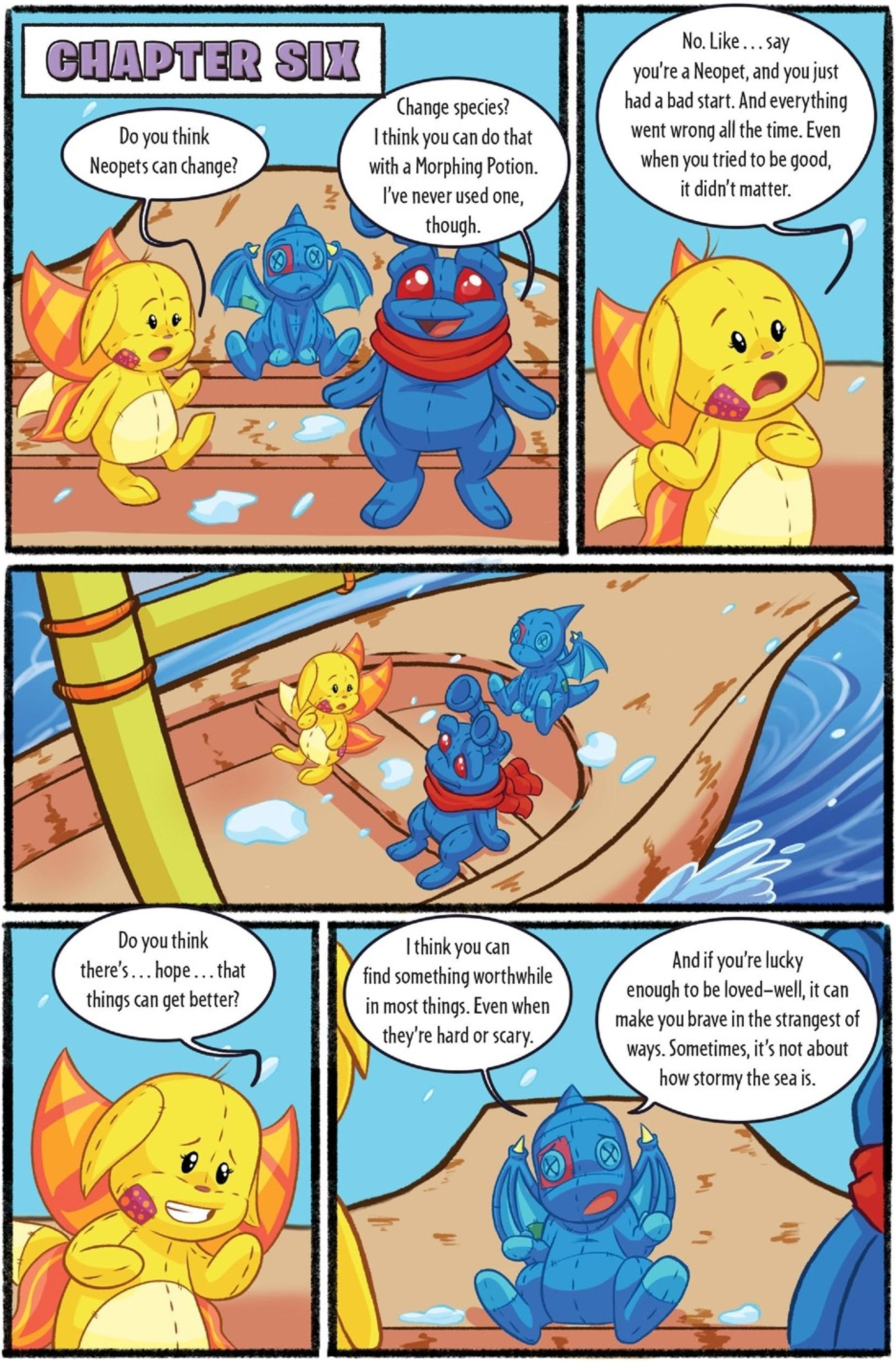

NP
NP

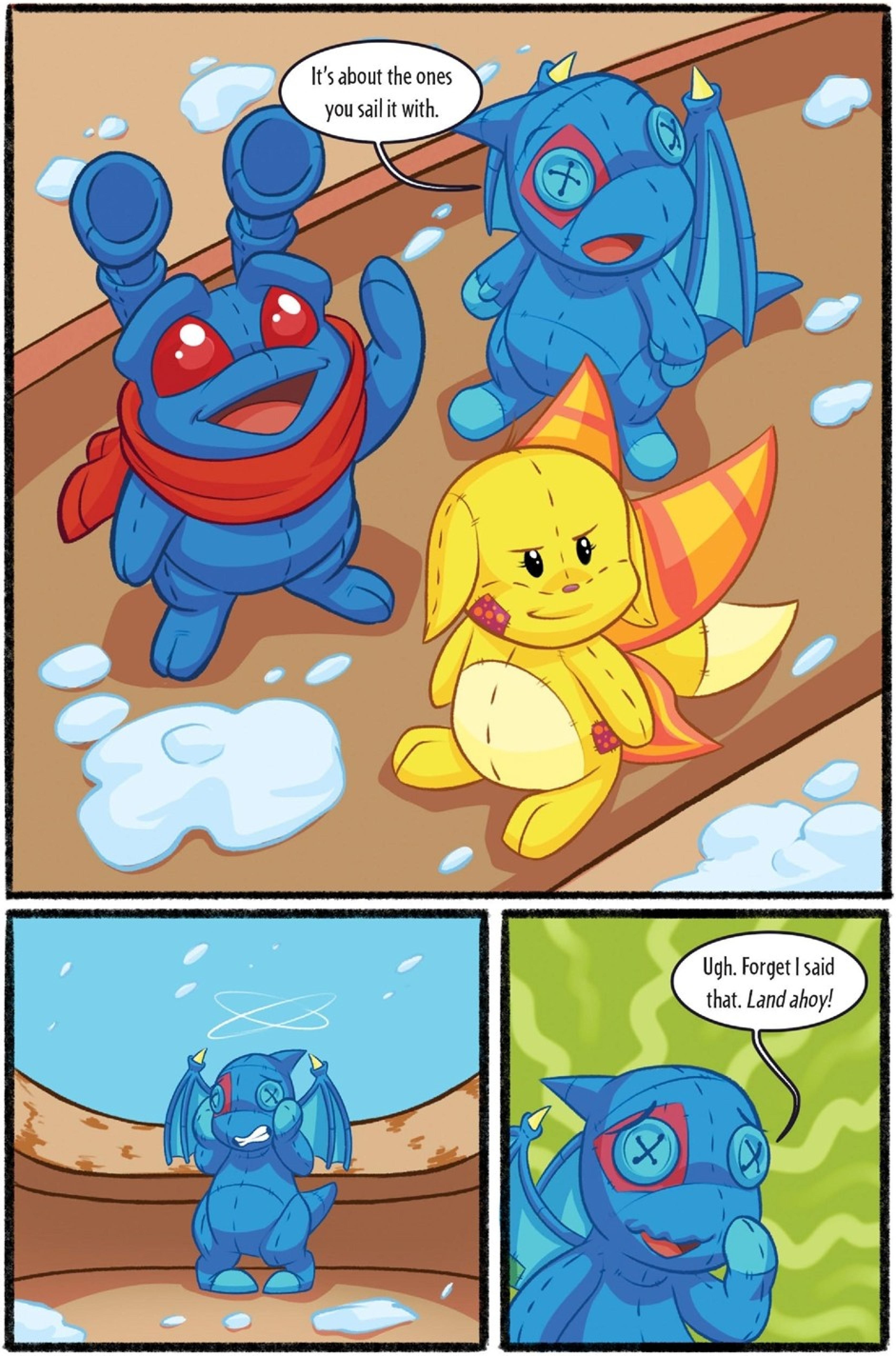

Well, there's no captain here to help us get to Terror Mountain.
Maybe we should give up.
Me? I can fly across the water. But I can't take you with me.
What about that?
There's no way we can sail that thing!
No, not that boat! *That one!*
It's perfect!
A perfect chance of drowning, you mean.
Look who's pessimistic now. Well, I don't see any other better options, so I'm in.

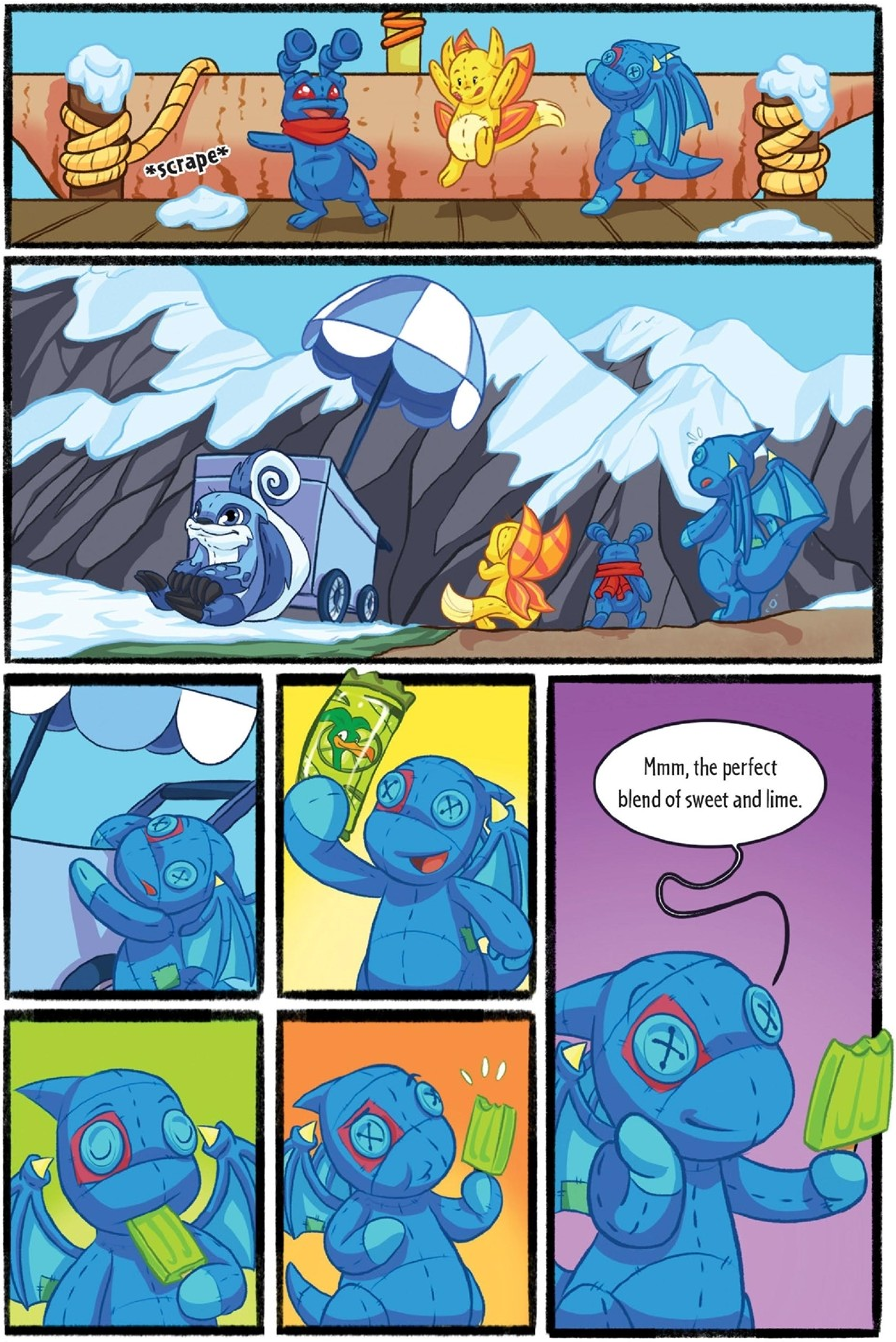


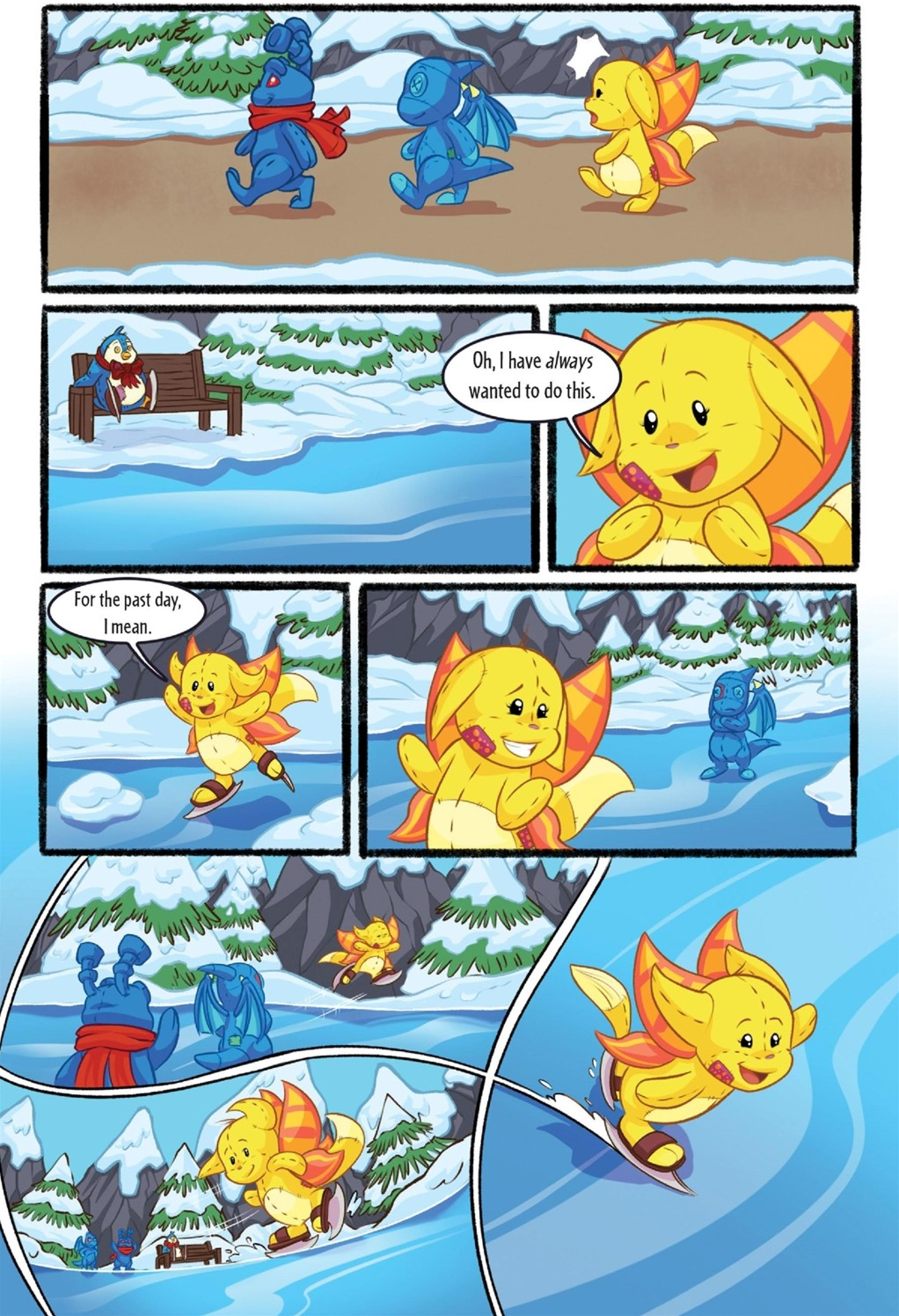

We're getting closer.

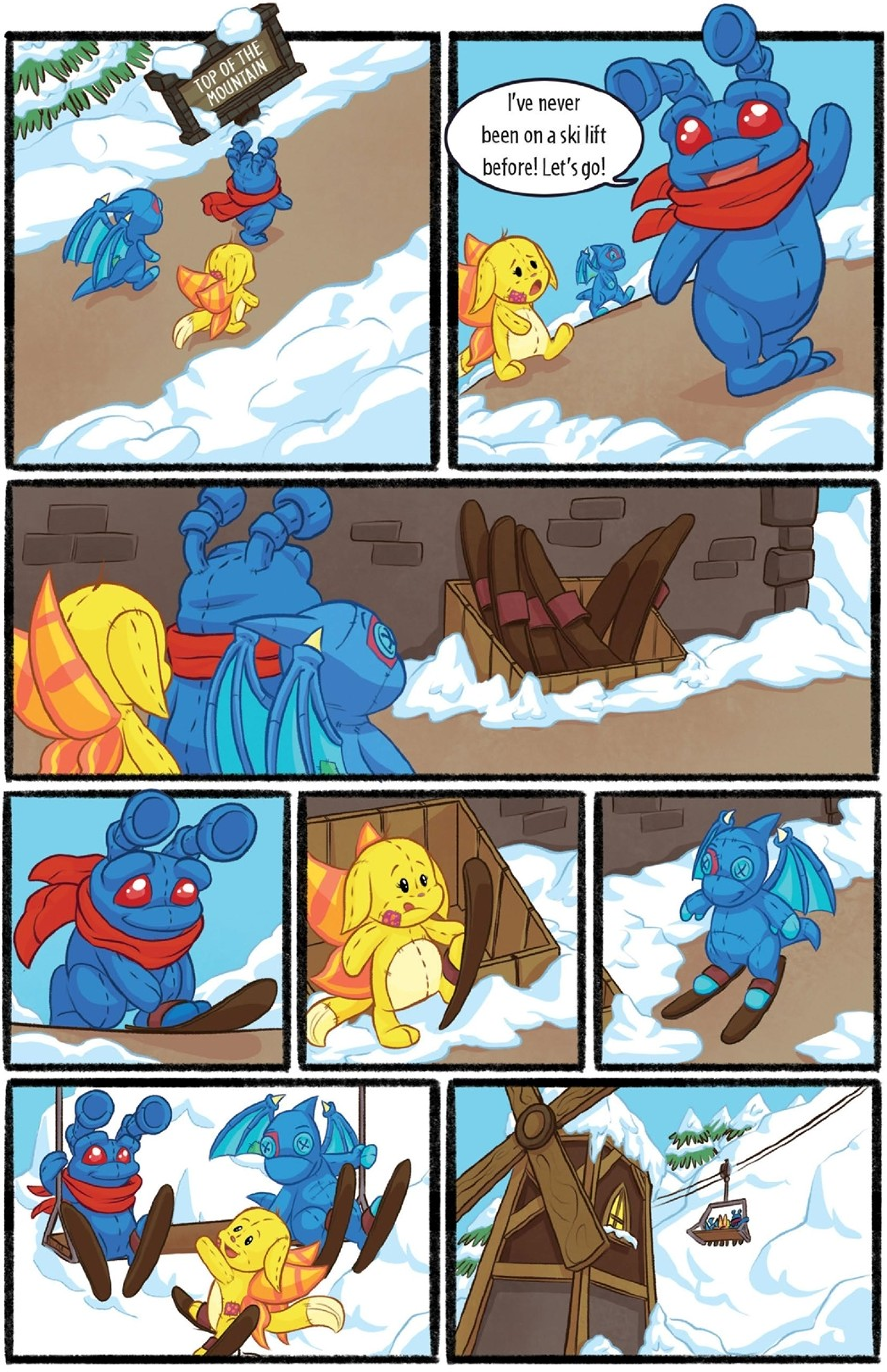
CHAPTER SIX

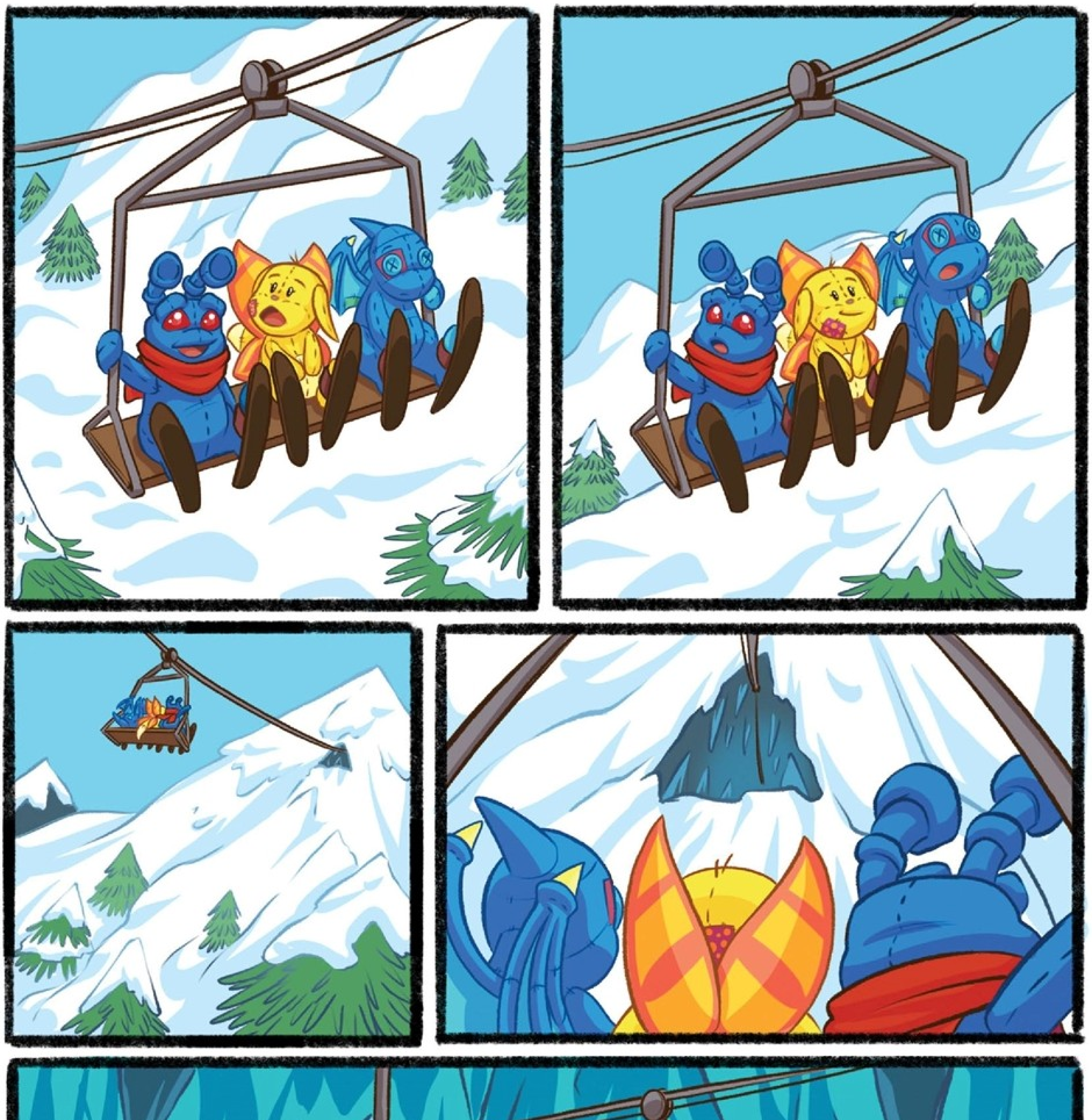

Do you think Neopets can change?
Change species? I think you can do that with a Morphing Potion. I've never used one, though.
No. Like . . . say you're a Neopet, and you just had a bad start. And everything went wrong all the time. Even when you tried to be good, it didn't matter.
Do you think there's . . . hope . . . that things can get better?
I think you can find something worthwhile in most things. Even when they're hard or scary.
And if you're lucky enough to be loved—well, it can make you brave in the strangest of ways. Sometimes, it's not about how stormy the sea is.

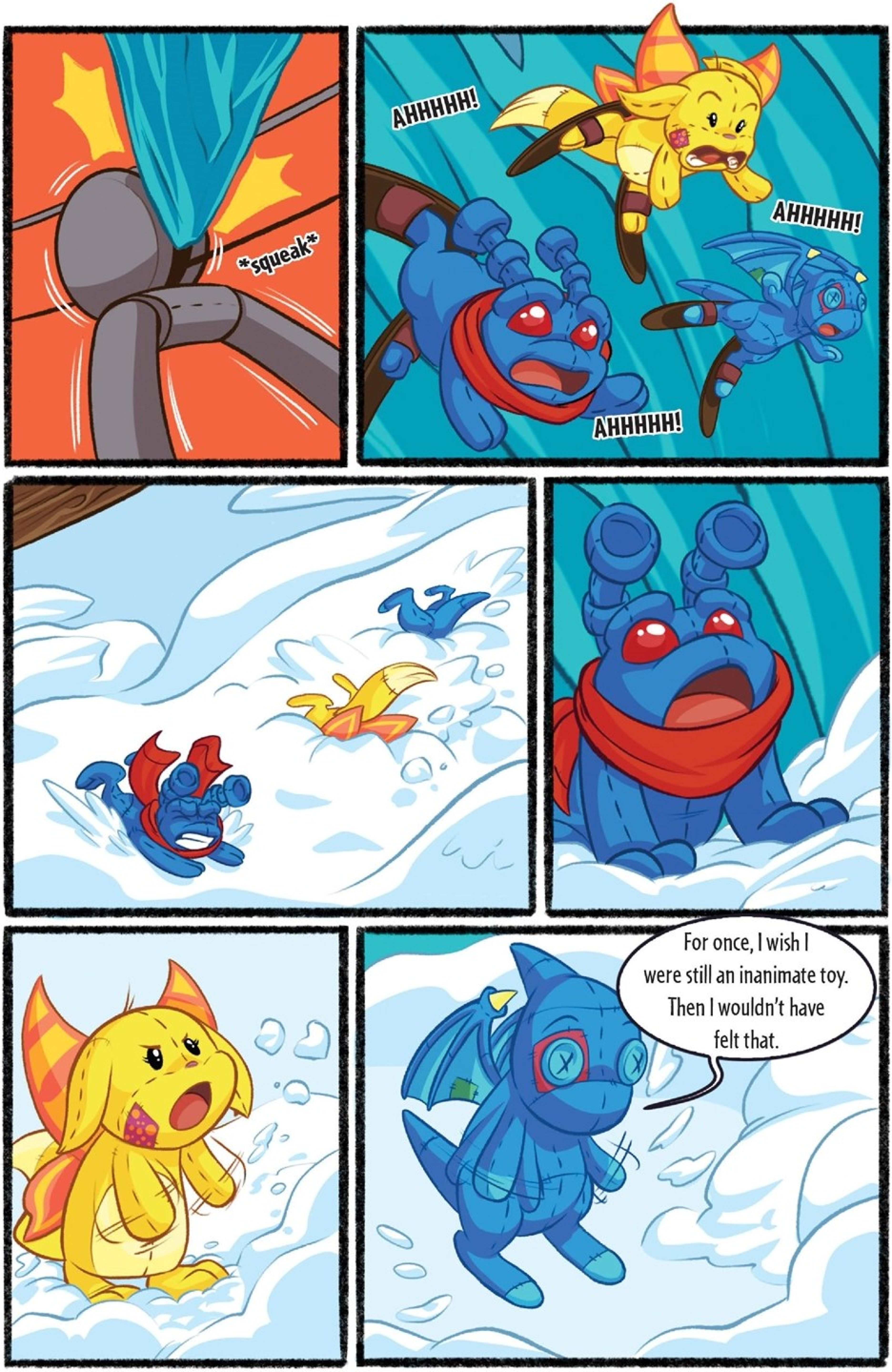

It's about the ones you sail it with.
Ugh. Forget I said that. *Land ahoy!*

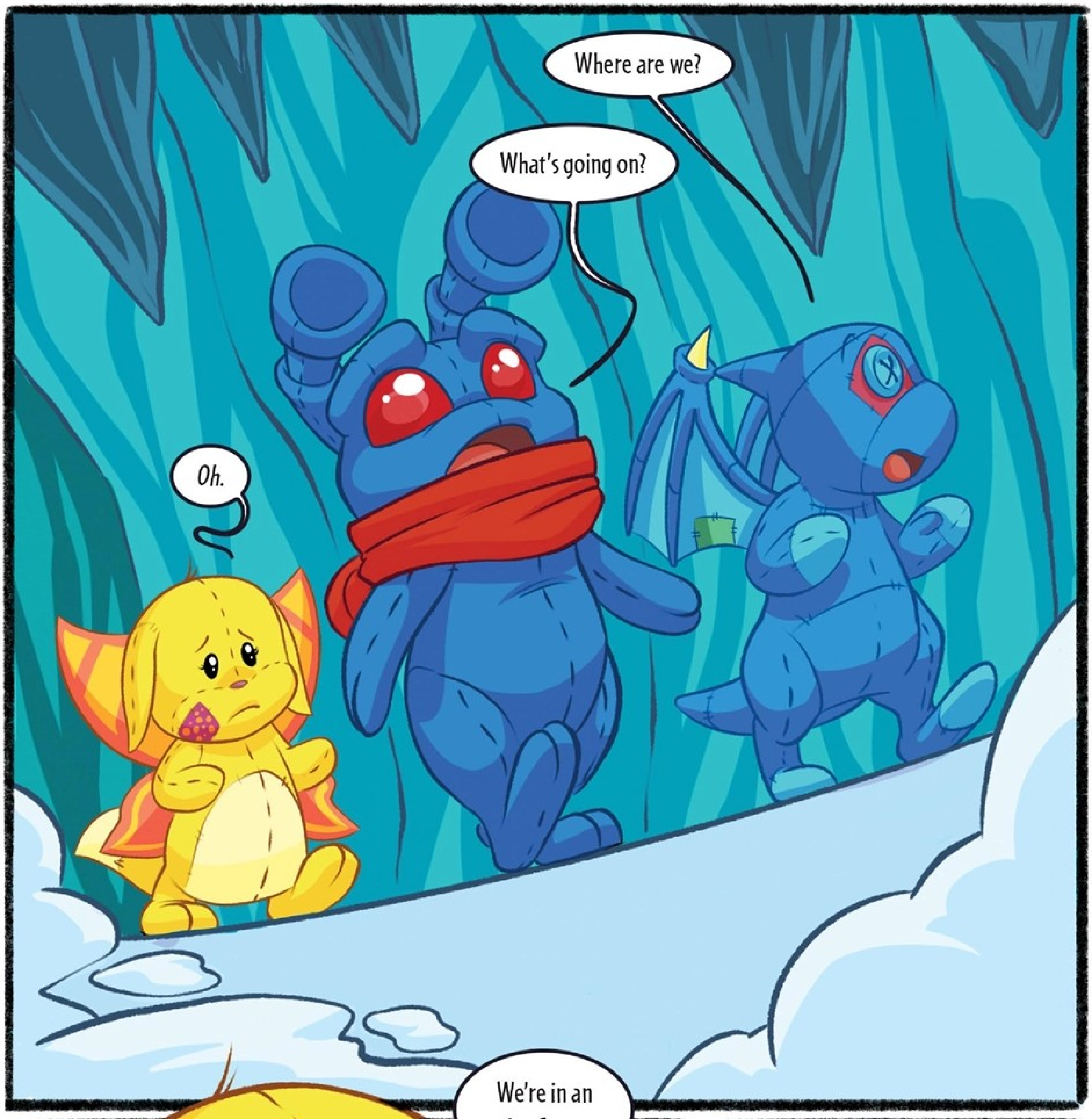

scrape
Mmm, the perfect blend of sweet and lime.

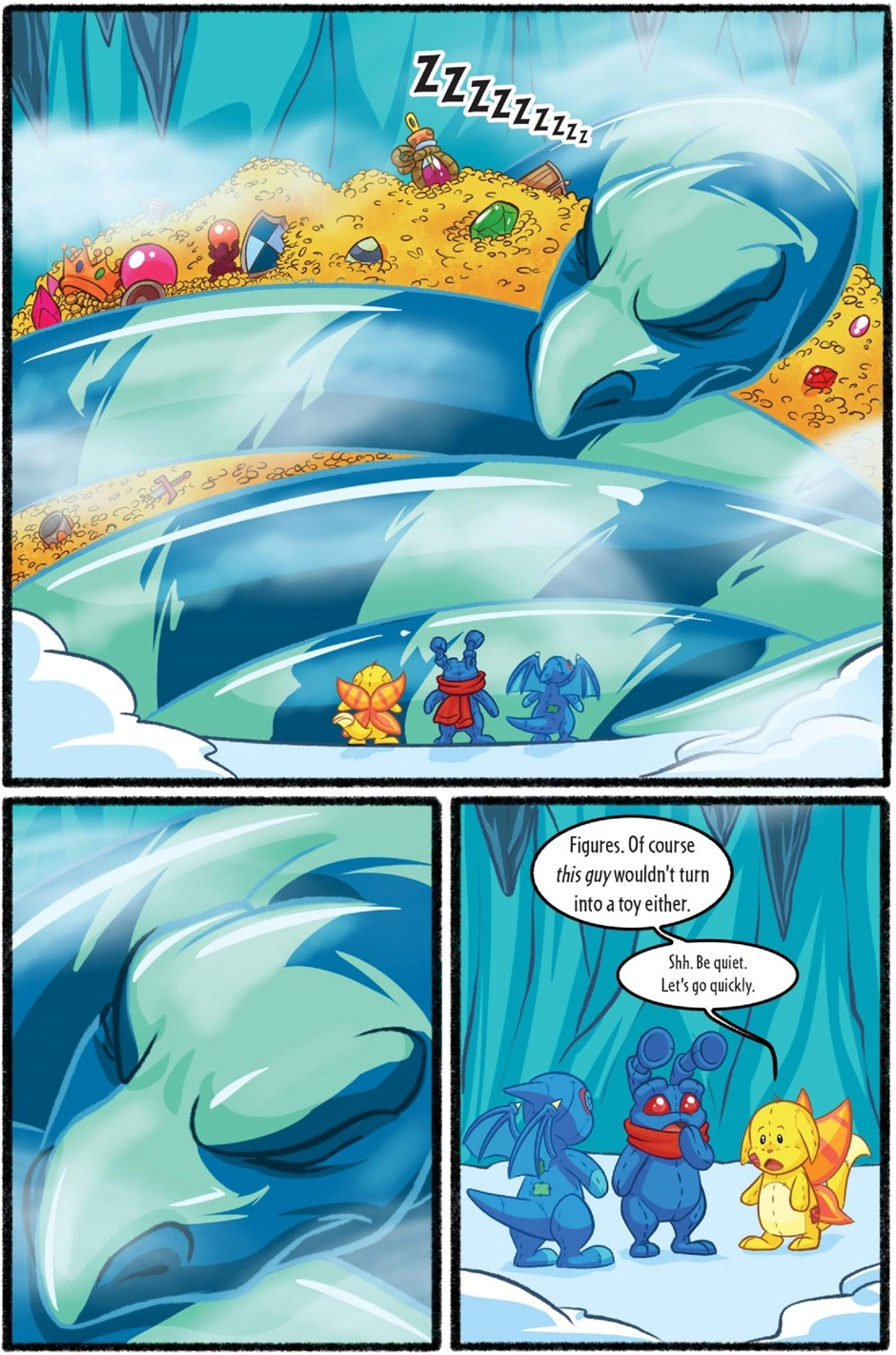

Oh, I have *always* wanted to do this.
For the past day, I mean.

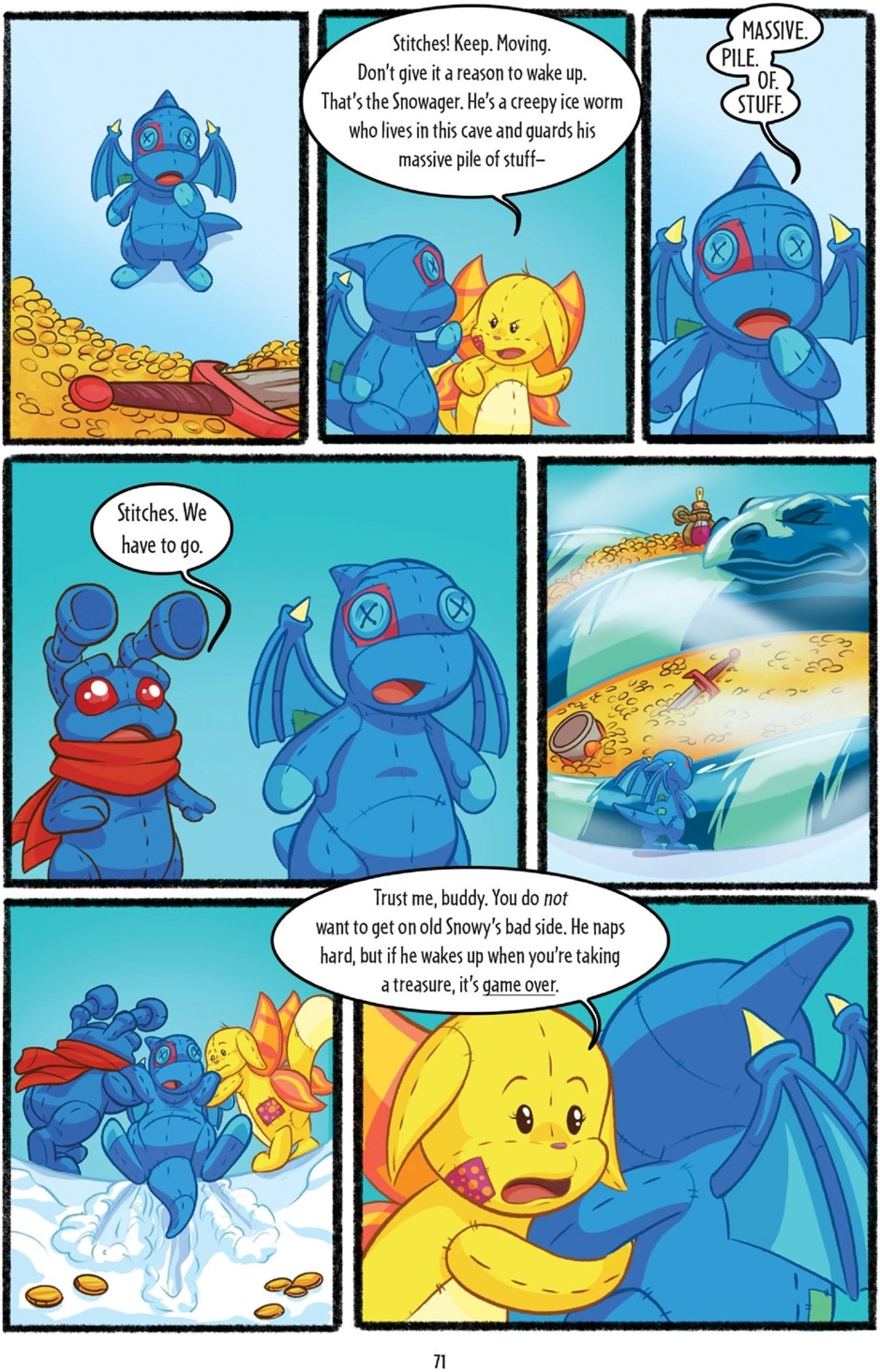

TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN
I've never been on a ski lift before! Let's go!

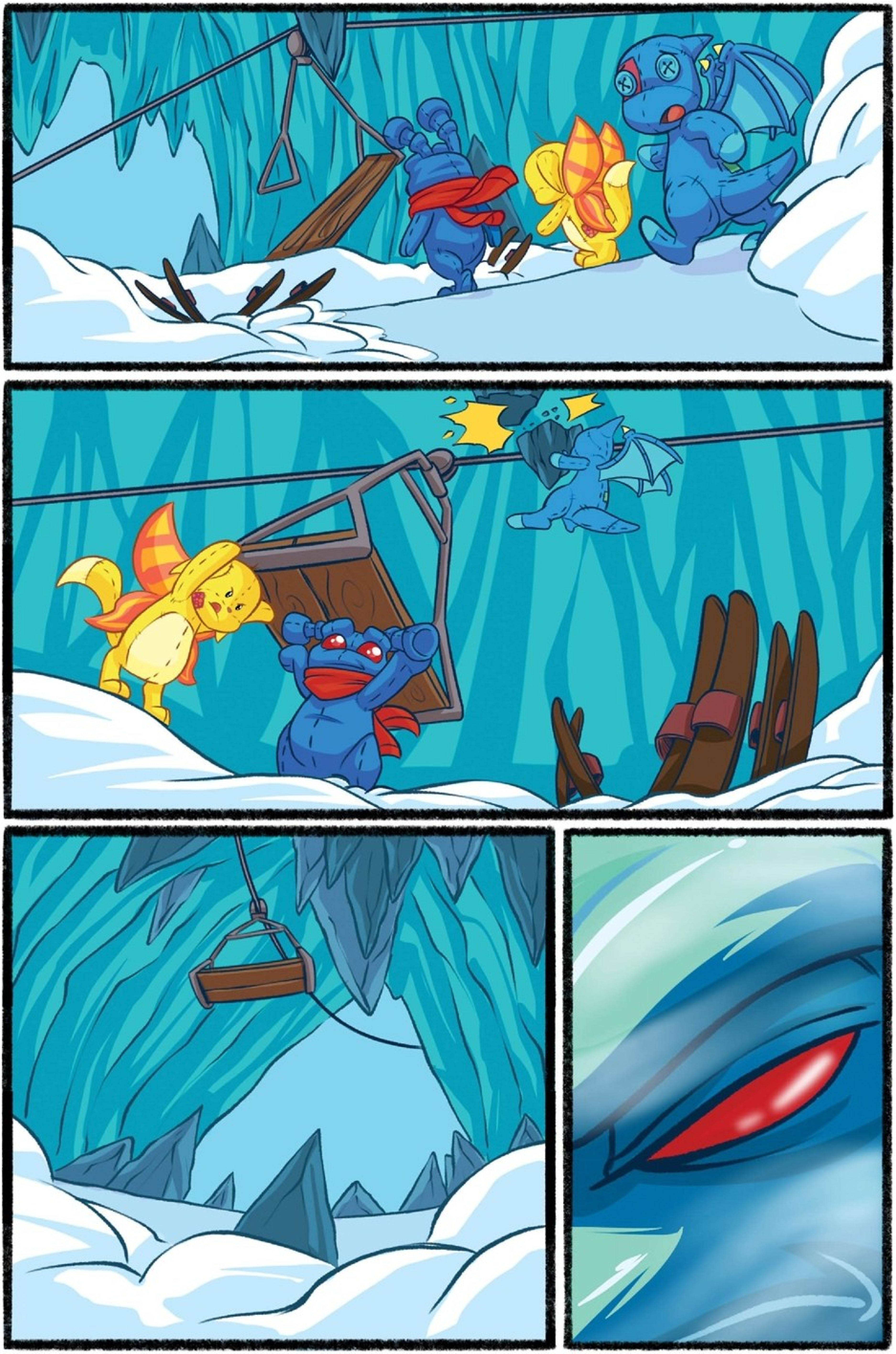



squeak
AHHHHH!
AHHHHH!
AHHHHH!
For once, I wish I were still an inanimate toy. Then I wouldn't have felt that.

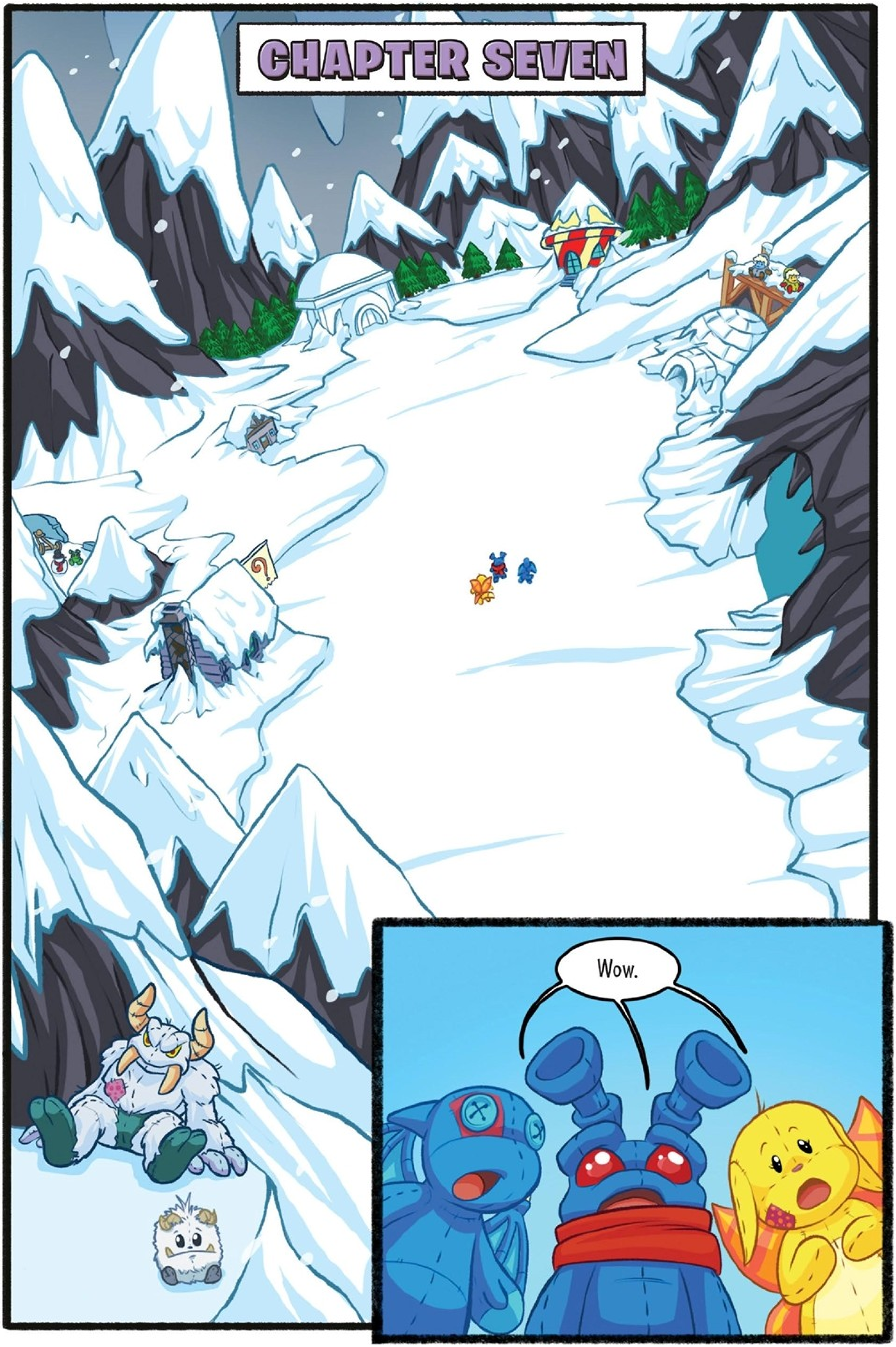

Where are we?
What's going on?
Oh.
We're in an Ice Cave.
HISSSSSS

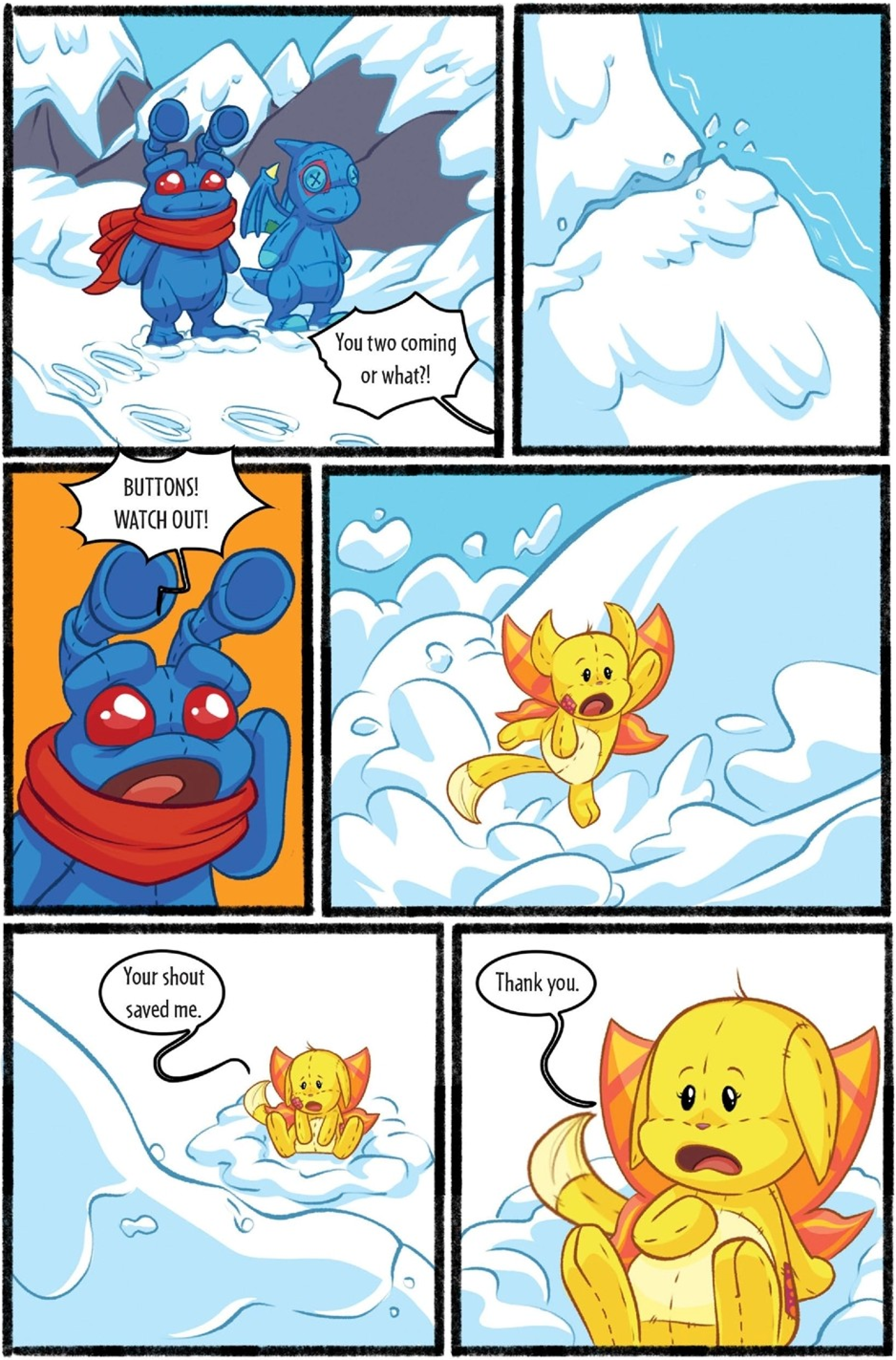

ZZZZZZZZZ
Figures. Of course *this guy* wouldn't turn into a toy either.
Shh. Be quiet. Let's go quickly.

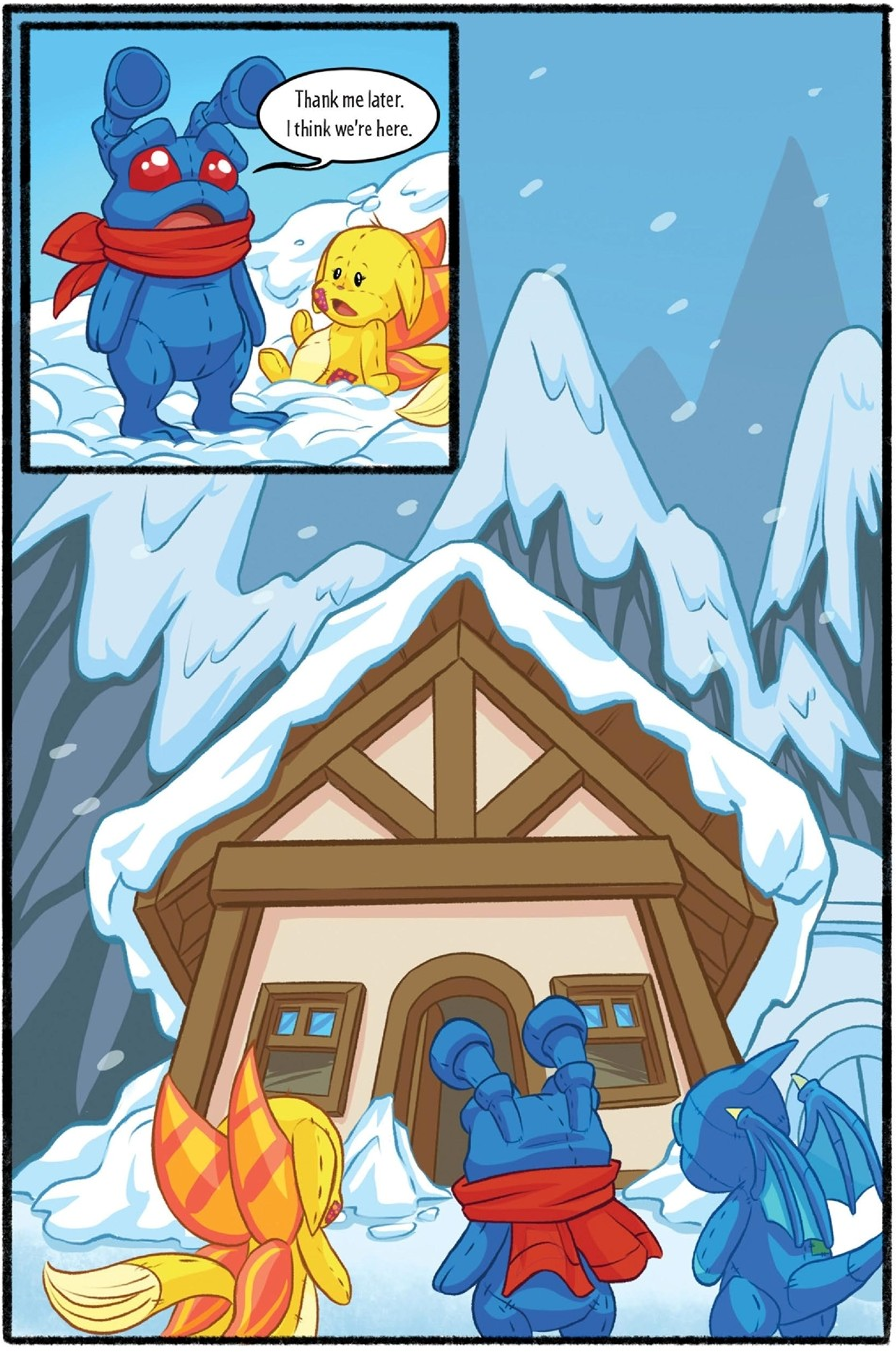

Stitches! Keep. Moving. Don't give it a reason to wake up. That's the Snowager. He's a creepy ice worm who lives in this cave and guards his massive pile of stuff–
MASSIVE. PILE. OF. STUFF.
Stitches. We have to go.
Trust me, buddy. You do *not* want to get on old Snowy's bad side. He naps hard, but if he wakes up when you're taking a treasure, it's game over.

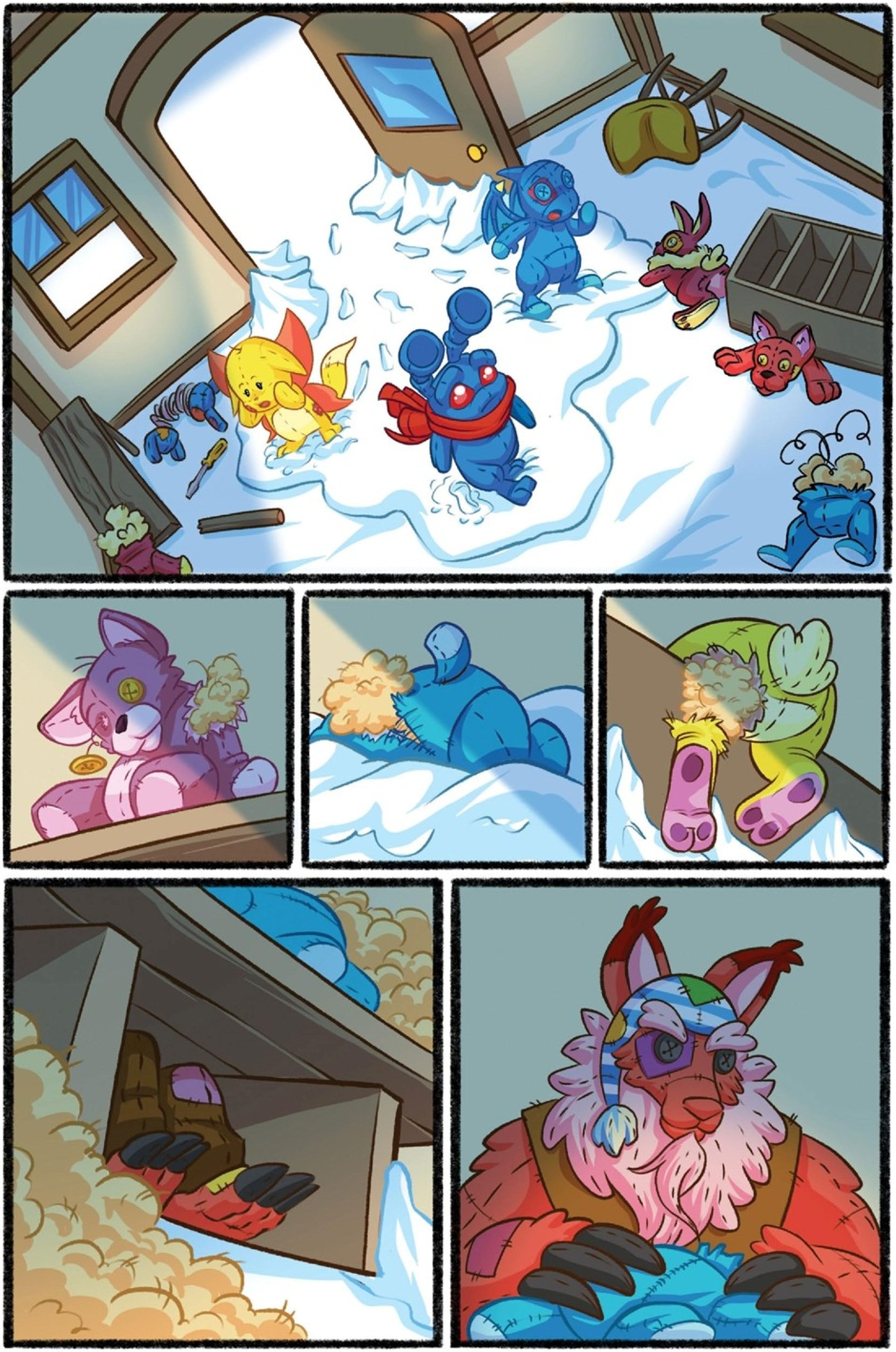


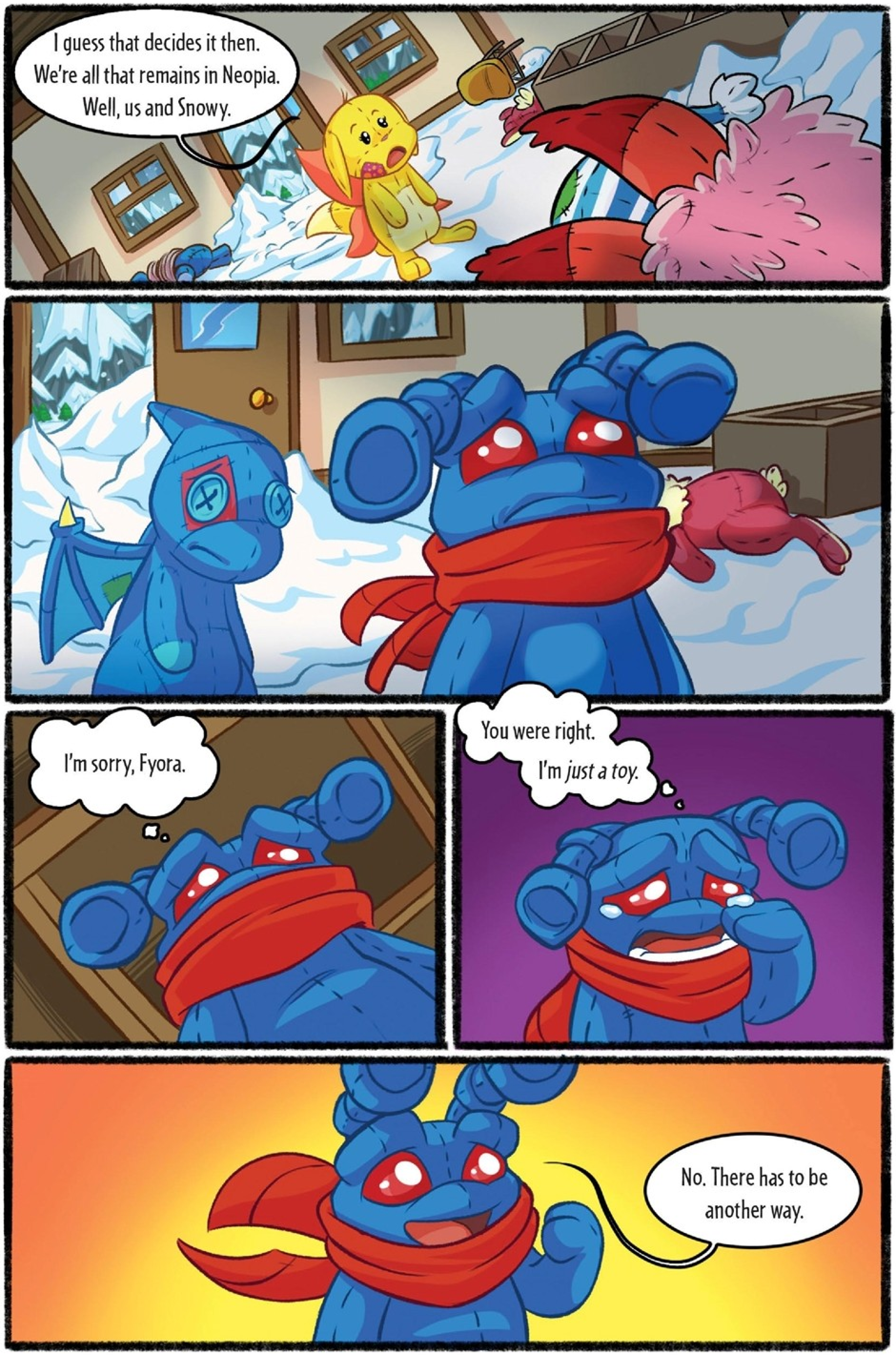
CHAPTER SEVEN

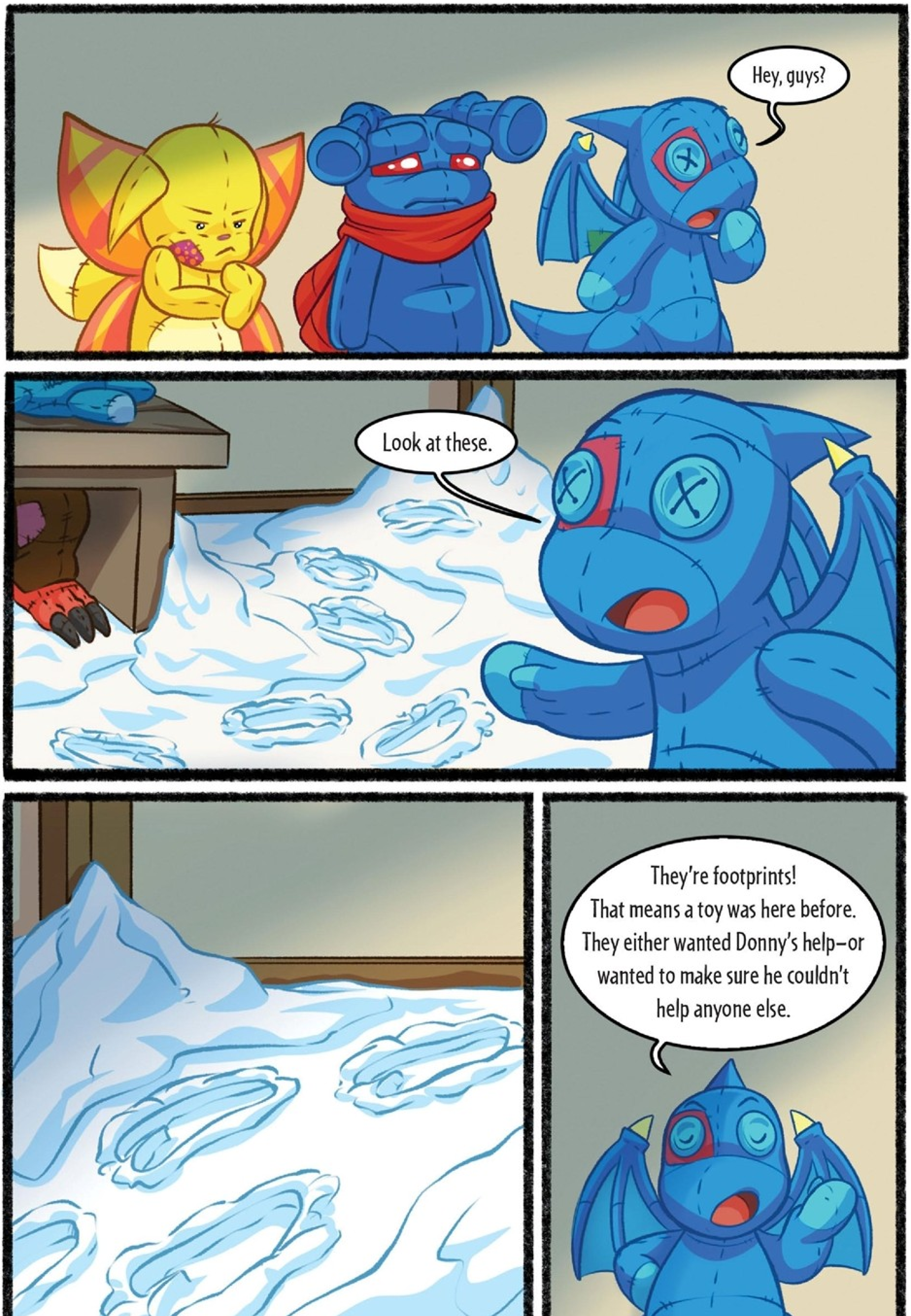


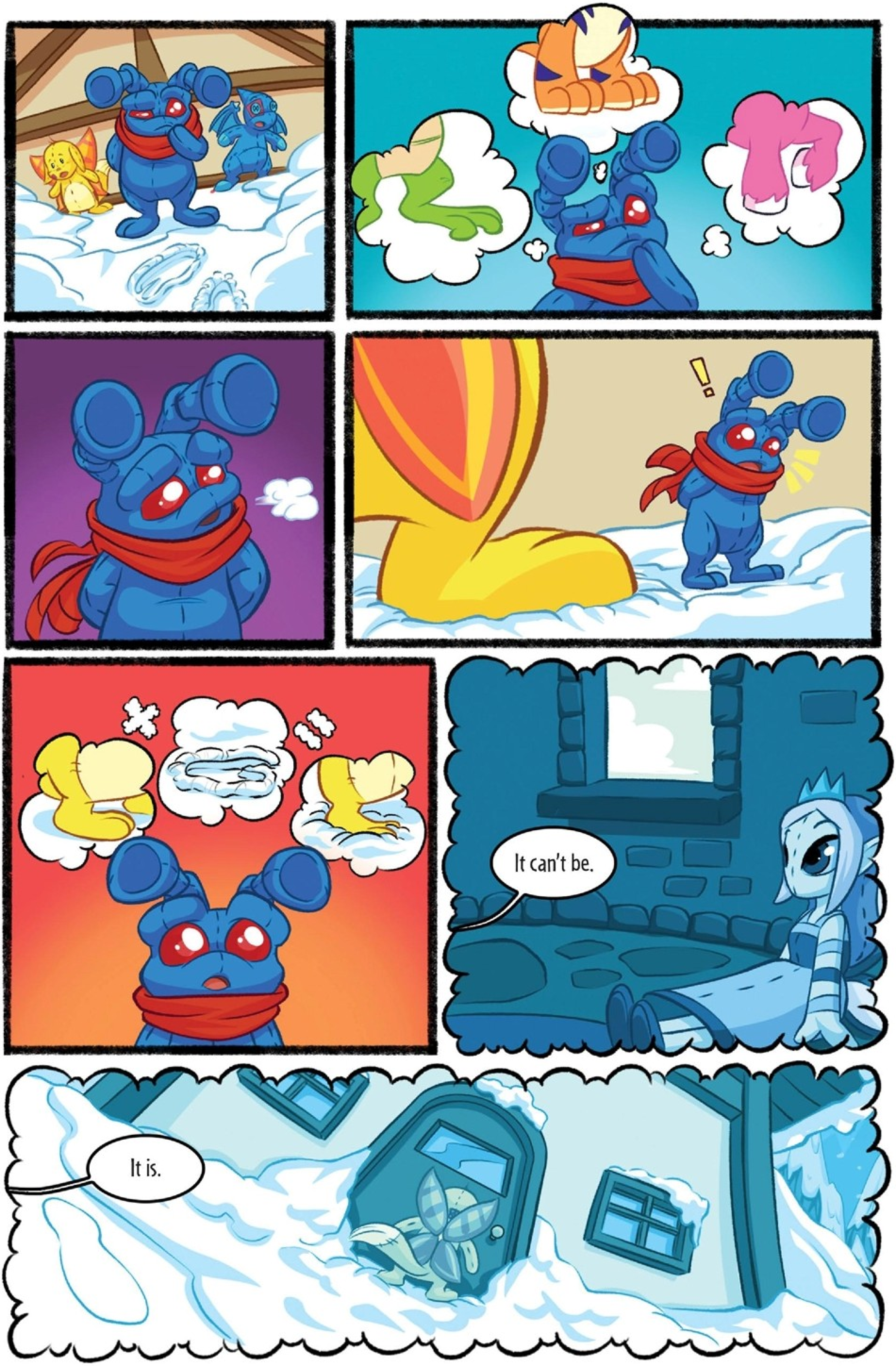

You two coming or what?!
BUTTONS! WATCH OUT!
Your shout saved me.
Thank you.

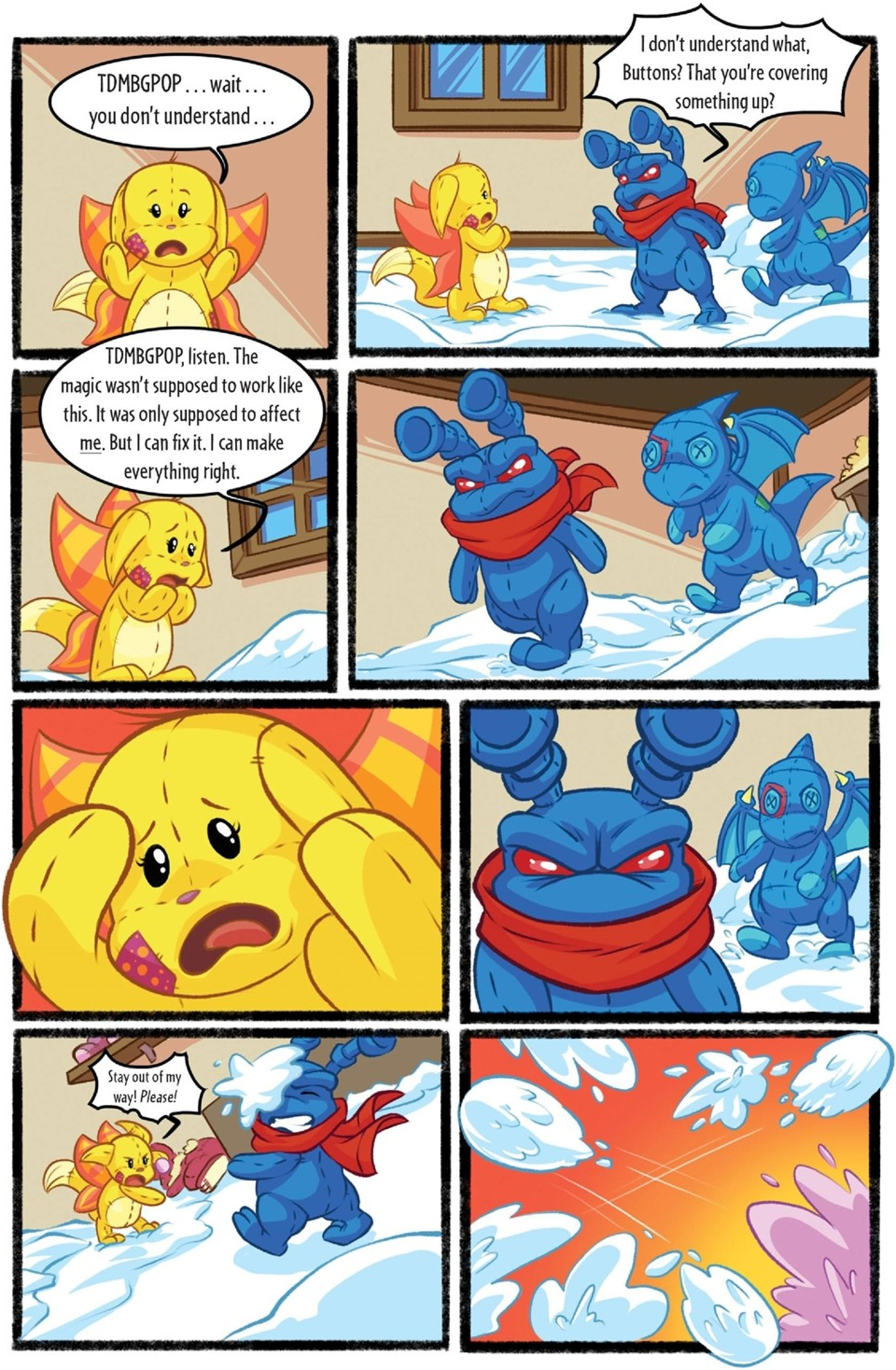

Thank me later.
I think we're here.

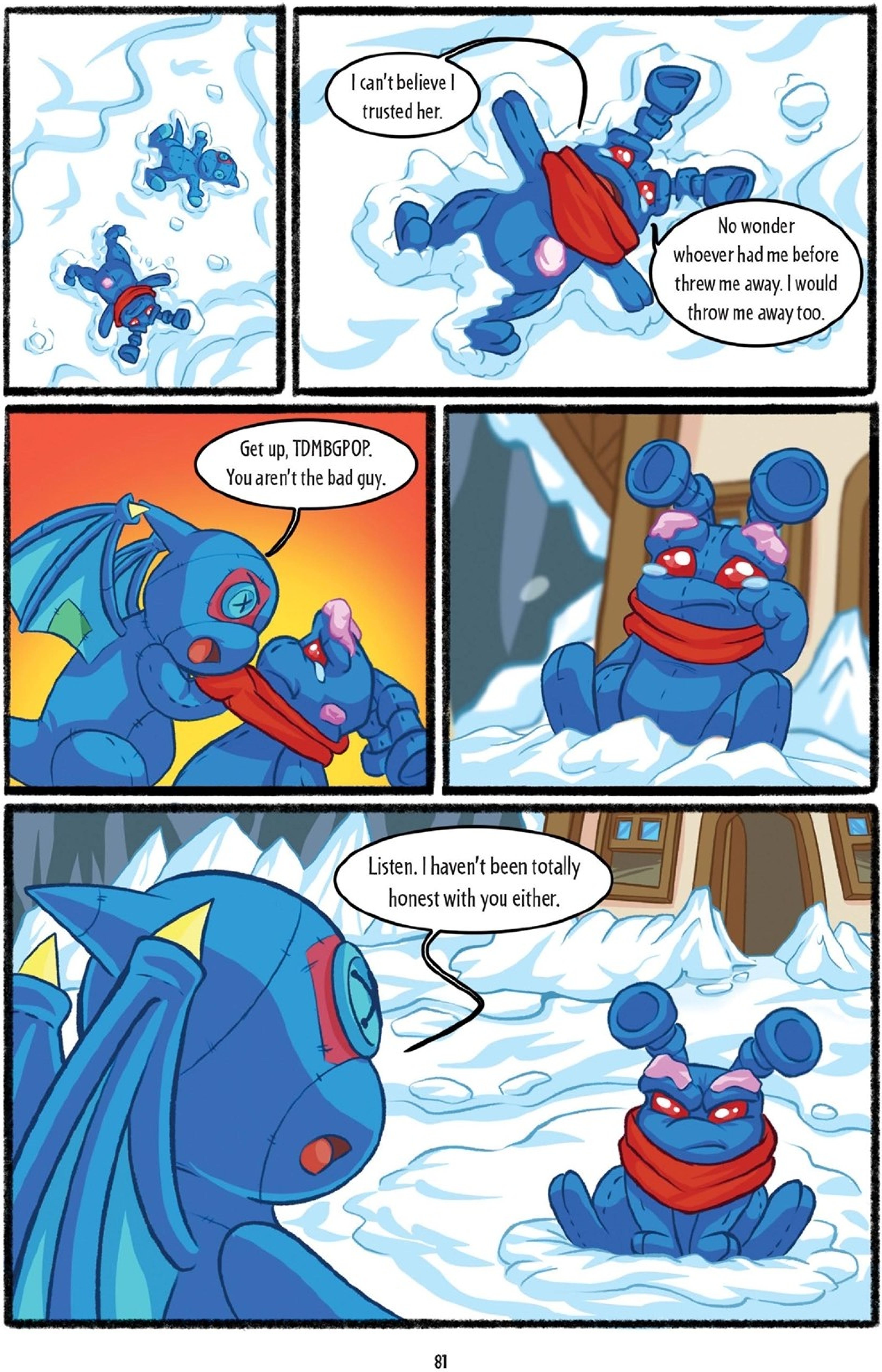


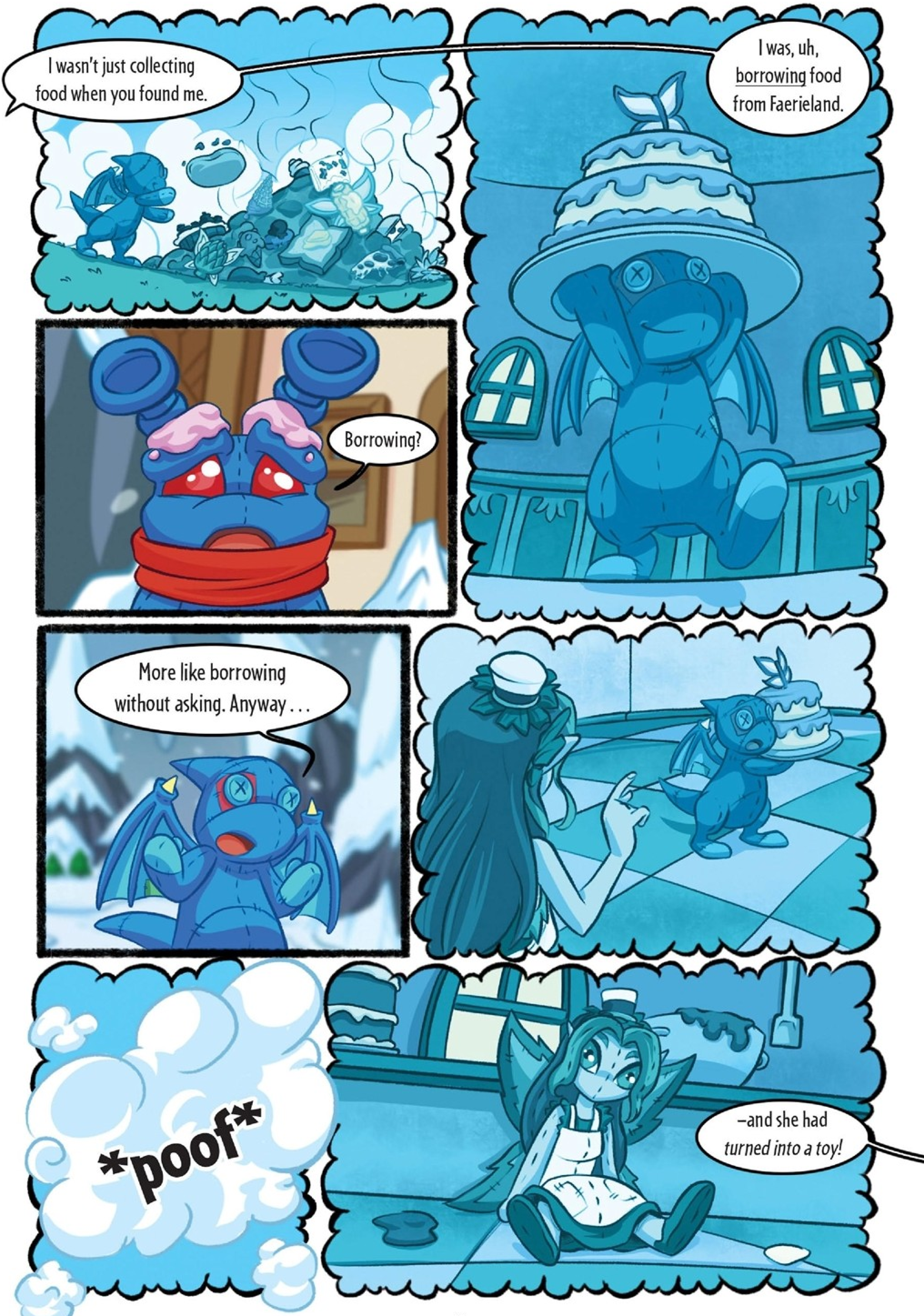

I guess that decides it then. We're all that remains in Neopia. Well, us and Snowy.
I'm sorry, Fyora.
You were right. I'm *just a toy.*
No. There has to be another way.

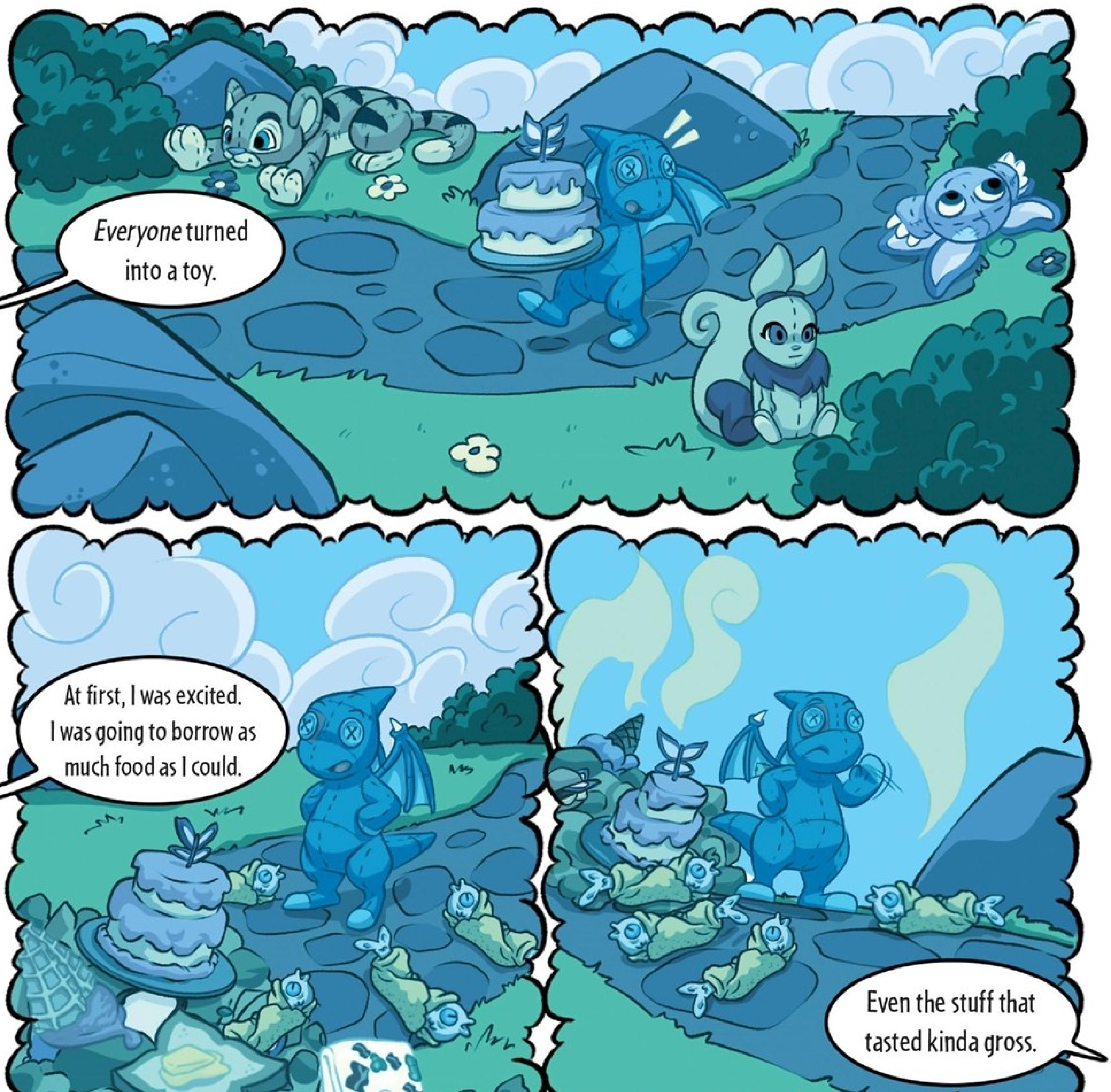

Hey, guys?
Look at these.
They're footprints! That means a toy was here before. They either wanted Donny's help—or wanted to make sure he couldn't help anyone else.

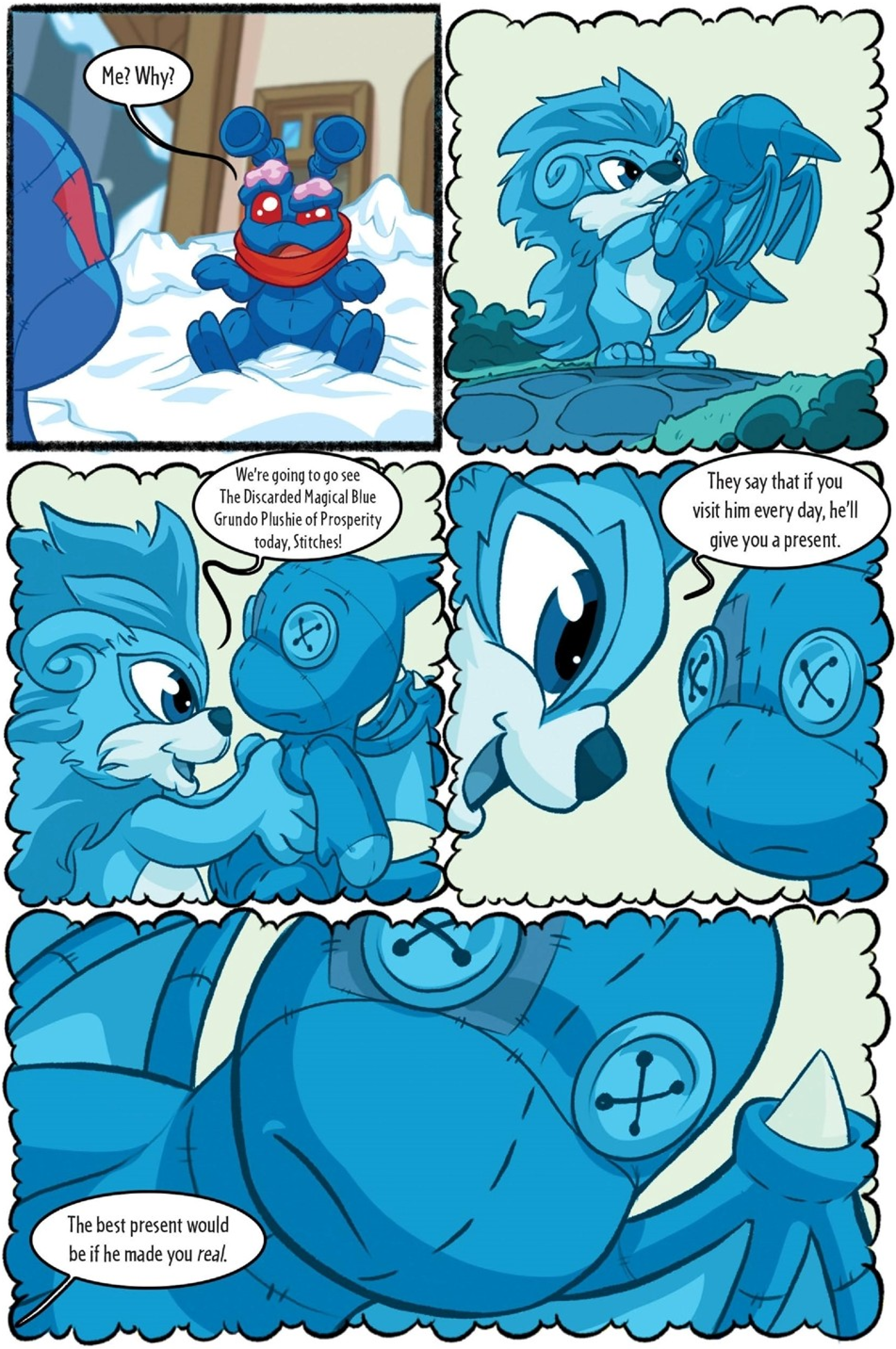

It can't be.
It is.

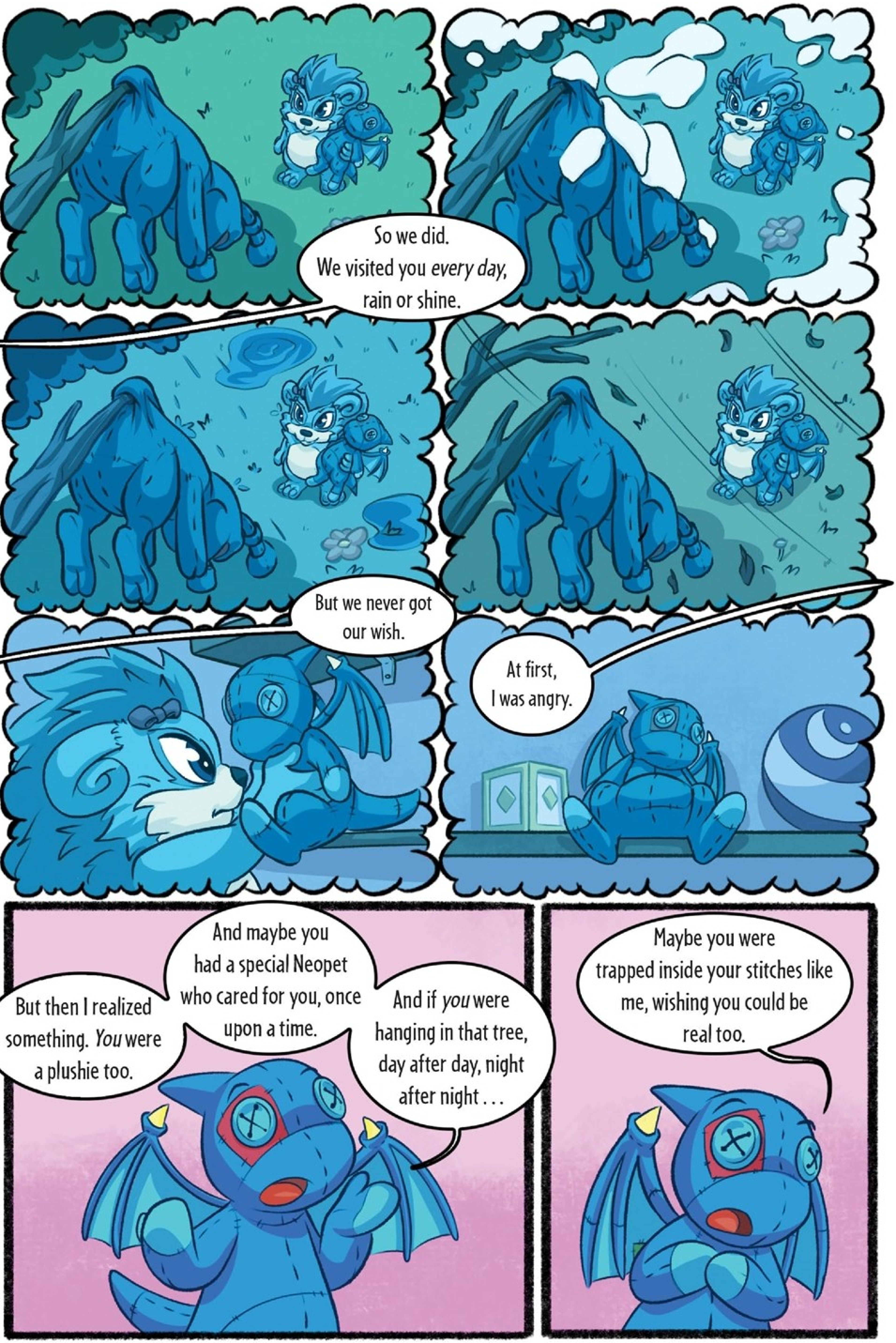

TDMBGPOP . . . wait . . . you don't understand . . .
I don't understand what, Buttons? That you're covering something up?
TDMBGPOP, listen. The magic wasn't supposed to work like this. It was only supposed to affect me. But I can fix it. I can make everything right.
Stay out of my way! *Please!*

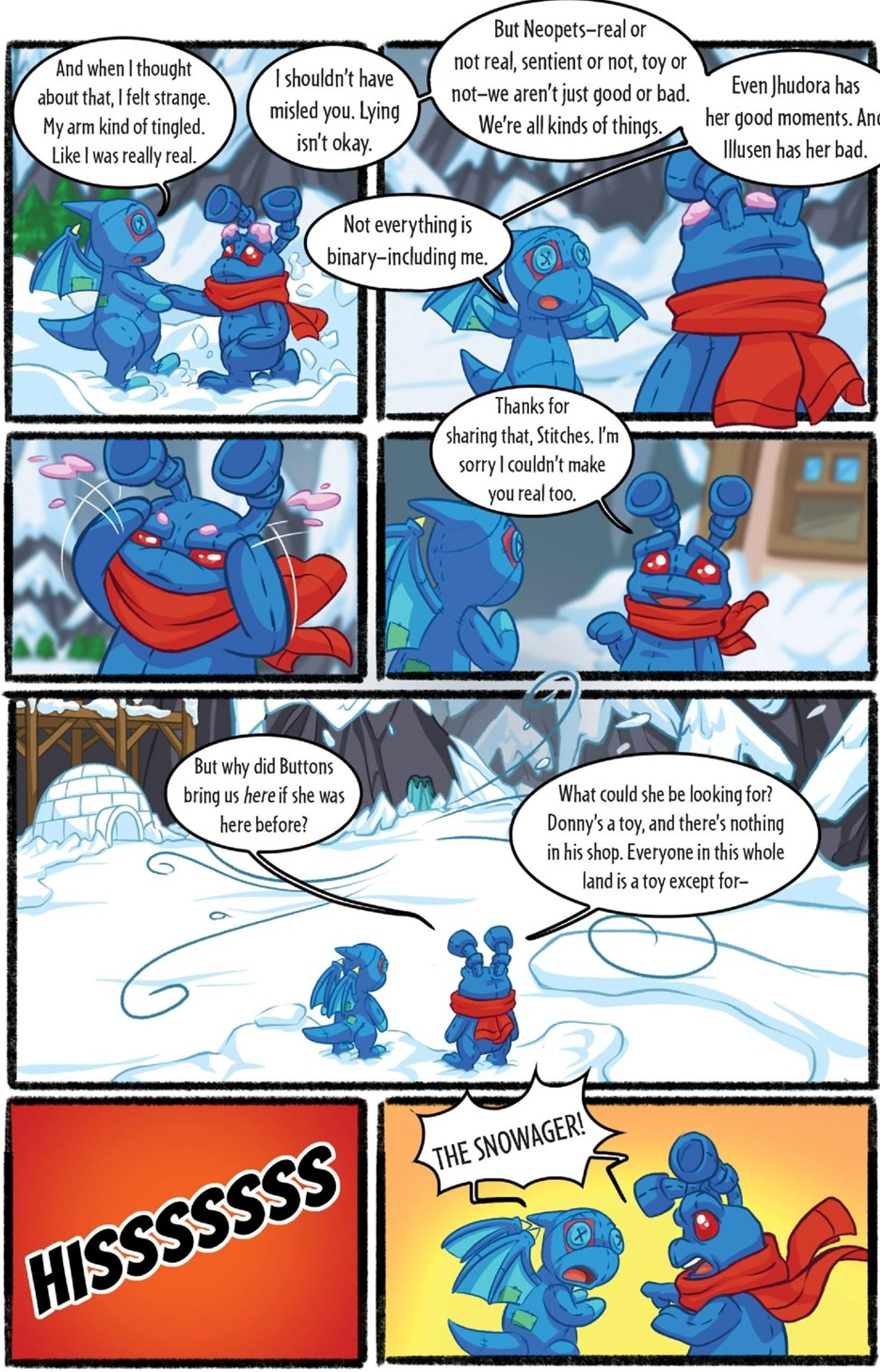

I can't believe I trusted her.
No wonder whoever had me before threw me away. I would throw me away too.
Get up, TDMBGPOP. You aren't the bad guy.
Listen. I haven't been totally honest with you either.

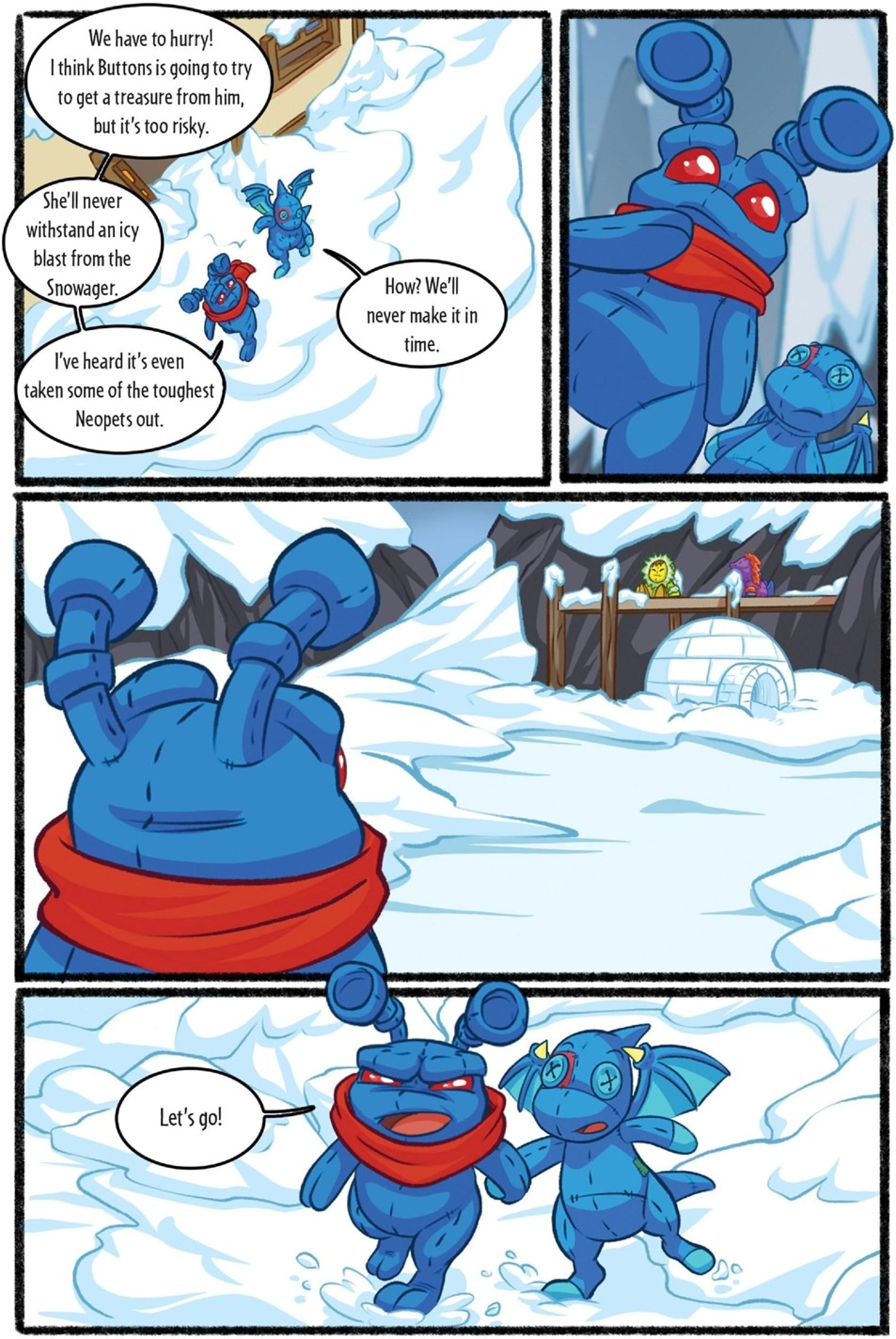

I wasn't just collecting food when you found me.
I was, uh, borrowing food from Faerieland.
Borrowing?
More like borrowing without asking. Anyway . . .
poof
–and she had *turned into a toy!*

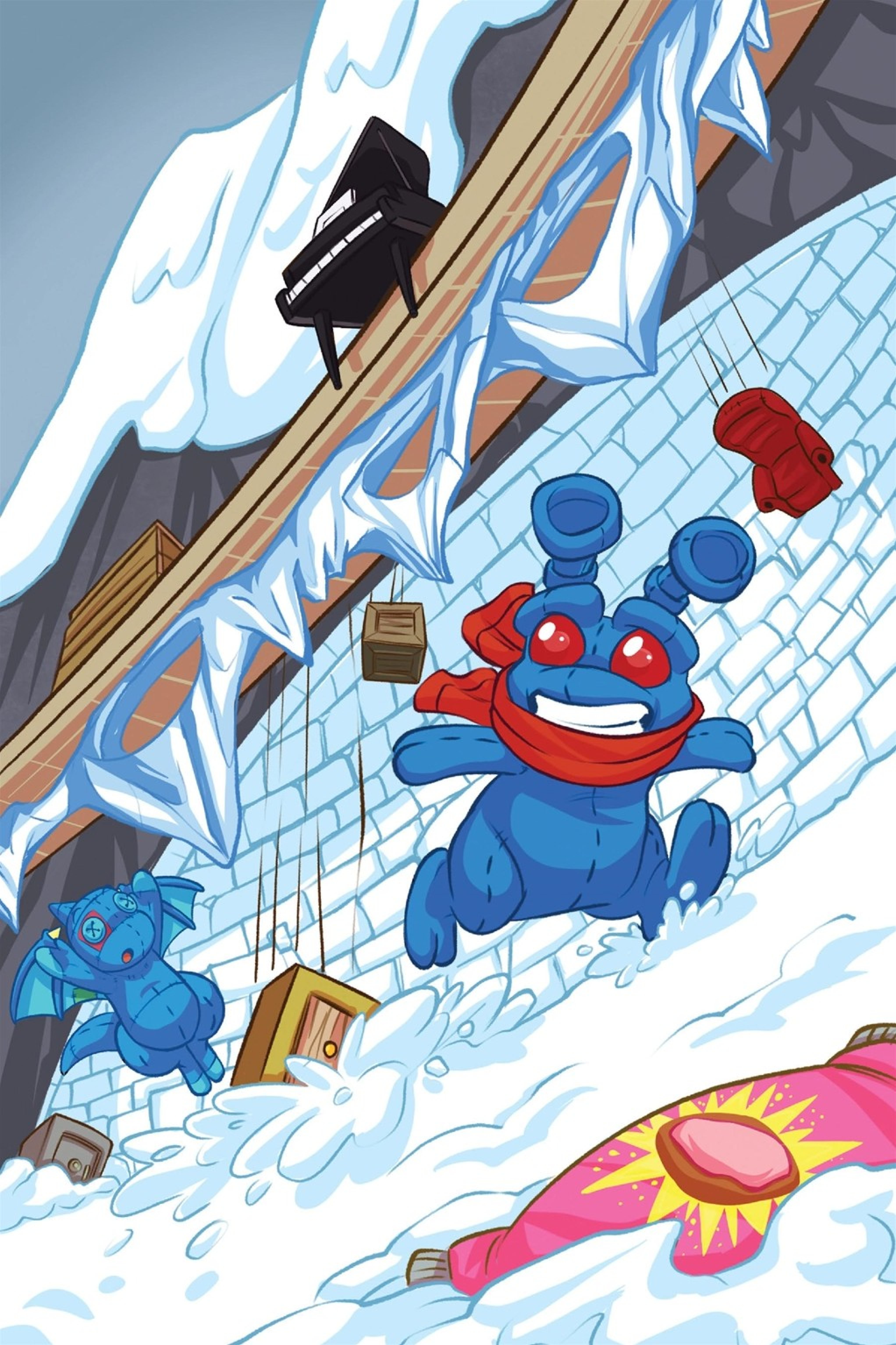

Everyone turned into a toy.
At first, I was excited. I was going to borrow as much food as I could.
Even the stuff that tasted kinda gross.
Then I saw you, and I knew I had to help you.


Me? Why?
We're going to go see The Discarded Magical Blue Grundo Plushie of Prosperity today, Stitches!
They say that if you visit him every day, he'll give you a present.
The best present would be if he made you *real*.

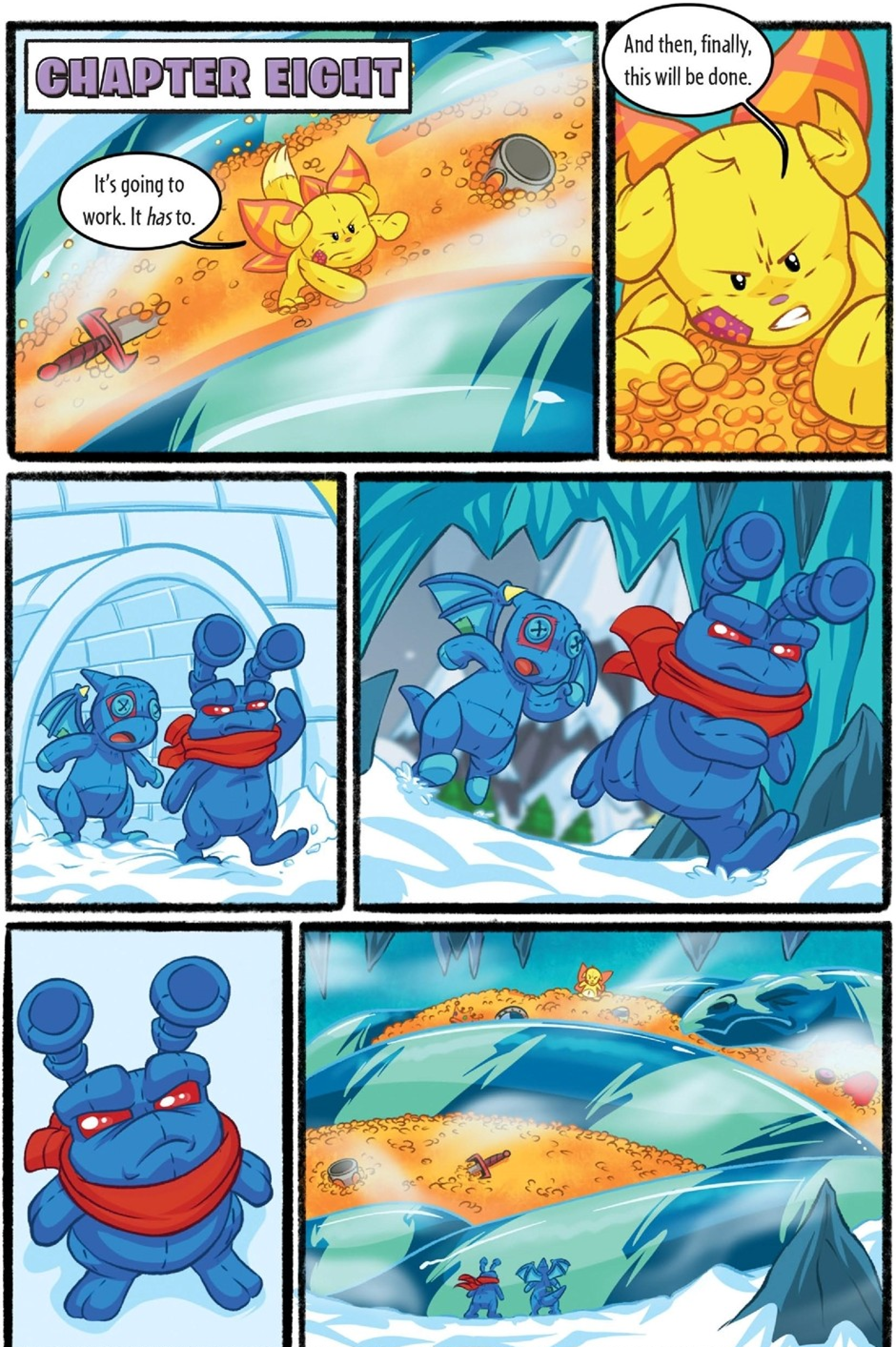

So we did. We visited you *every day*, rain or shine.
But we never got our wish.
At first, I was angry.
But then I realized something. *You* were a plushie too.
And maybe you had a special Neopet who cared for you, once upon a time.
And if *you* were hanging in that tree, day after day, night after night . . .
Maybe you were trapped inside your stitches like me, wishing you could be real too.

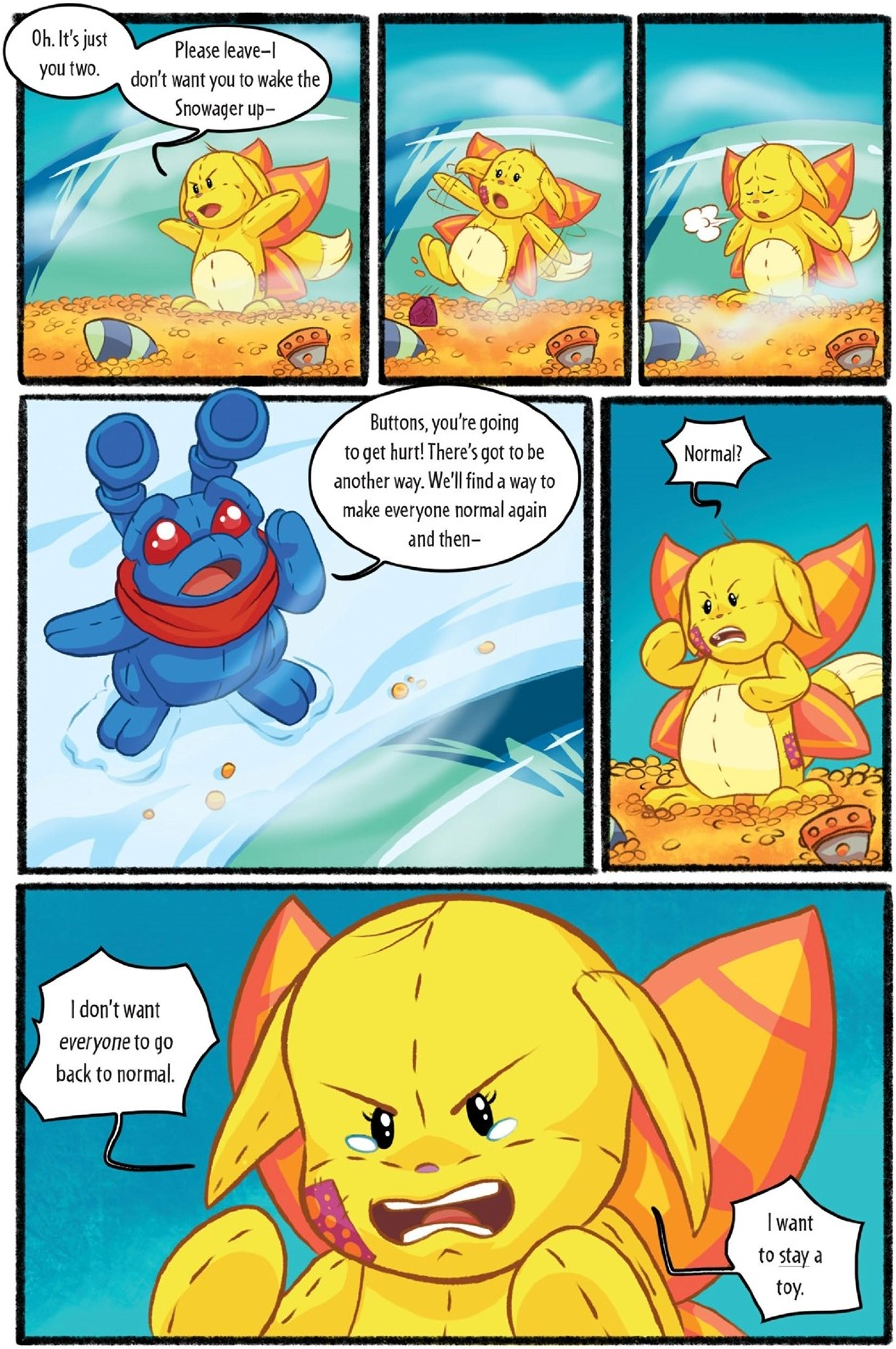

And when I thought about that, I felt strange. My arm kind of tingled. Like I was really real.
I shouldn't have misled you. Lying isn't okay.
But Neopets–real or not real, sentient or not, toy or not–we aren't just good or bad. We're all kinds of things.
Even Jhudora has her good moments. And Illusen has her bad.
Not everything is binary–including me.
Thanks for sharing that, Stitches. I'm sorry I couldn't make you real too.
But why did Buttons bring us *here* if she was here before?
What could she be looking for? Donny's a toy, and there's nothing in his shop. Everyone in this whole land is a toy except for–
HISSSSSSSS
THE SNOWAGER!

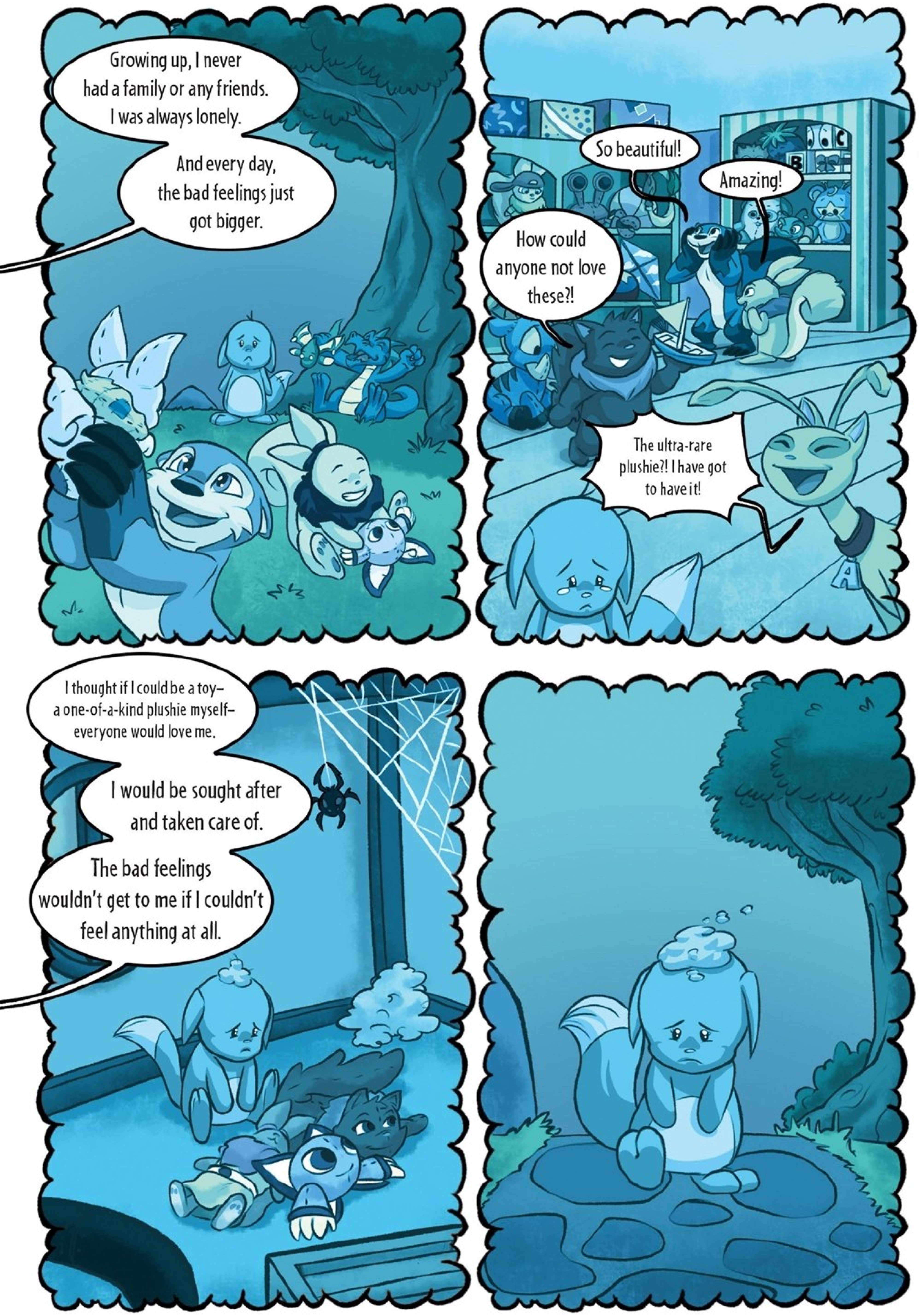

We have to hurry! I think Buttons is going to try to get a treasure from him, but it's too risky.
She'll never withstand an icy blast from the Snowager.
I've heard it's even taken some of the toughest Neopets out.
How? We'll never make it in time.
Let's go!

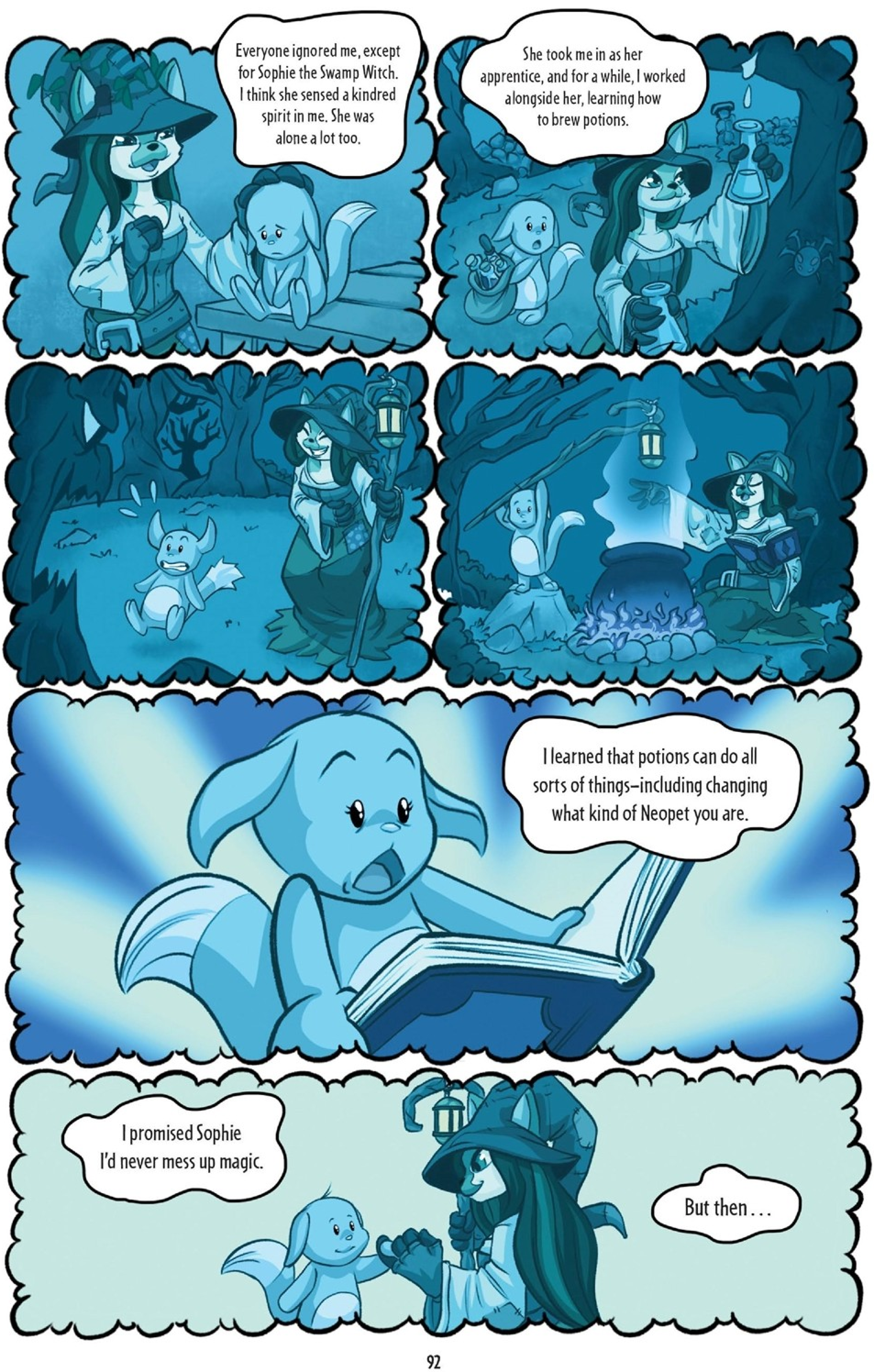


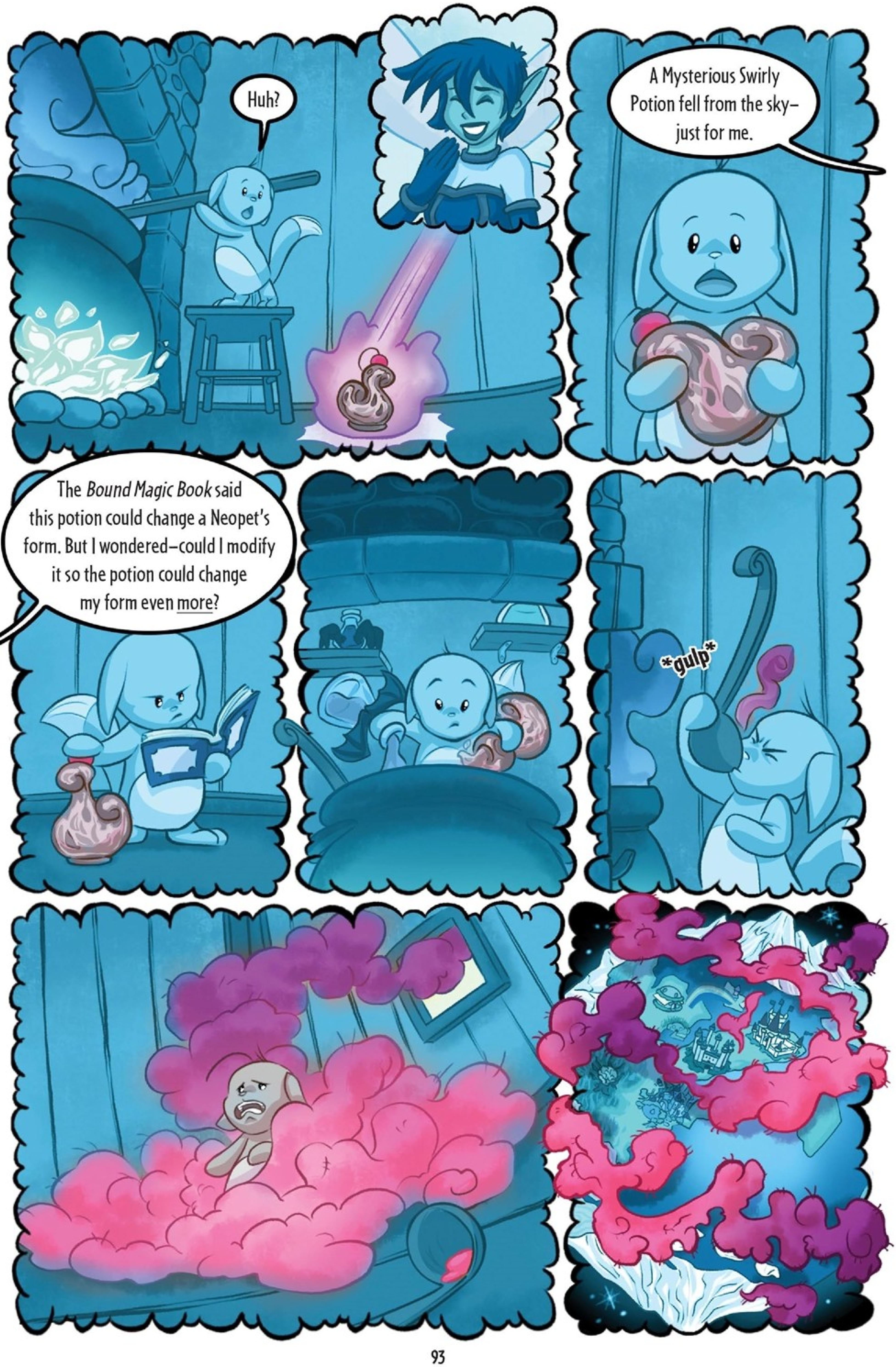
CHAPTER EIGHT

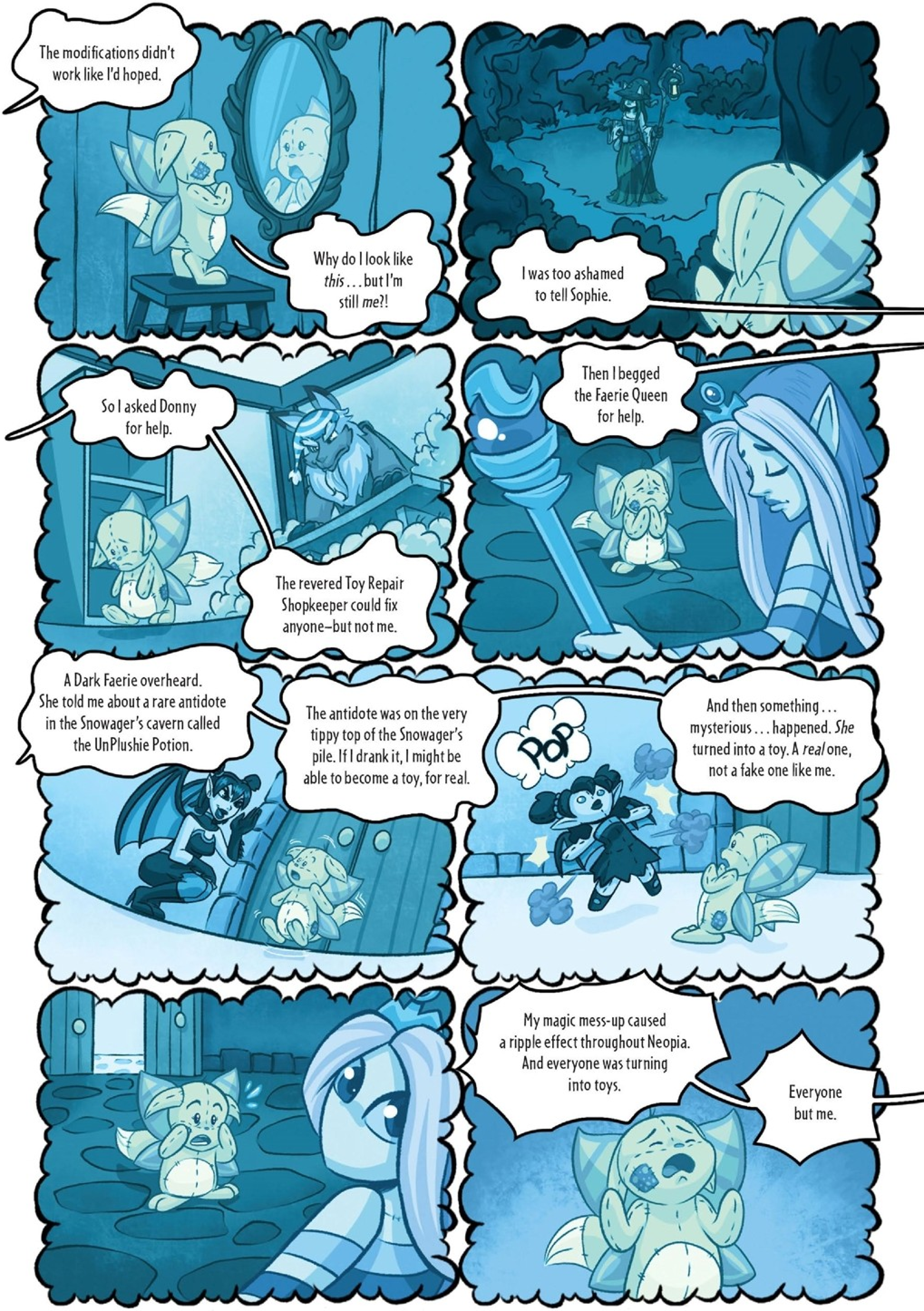

It's going to work. It *has* to.
And then, finally, this will be done.

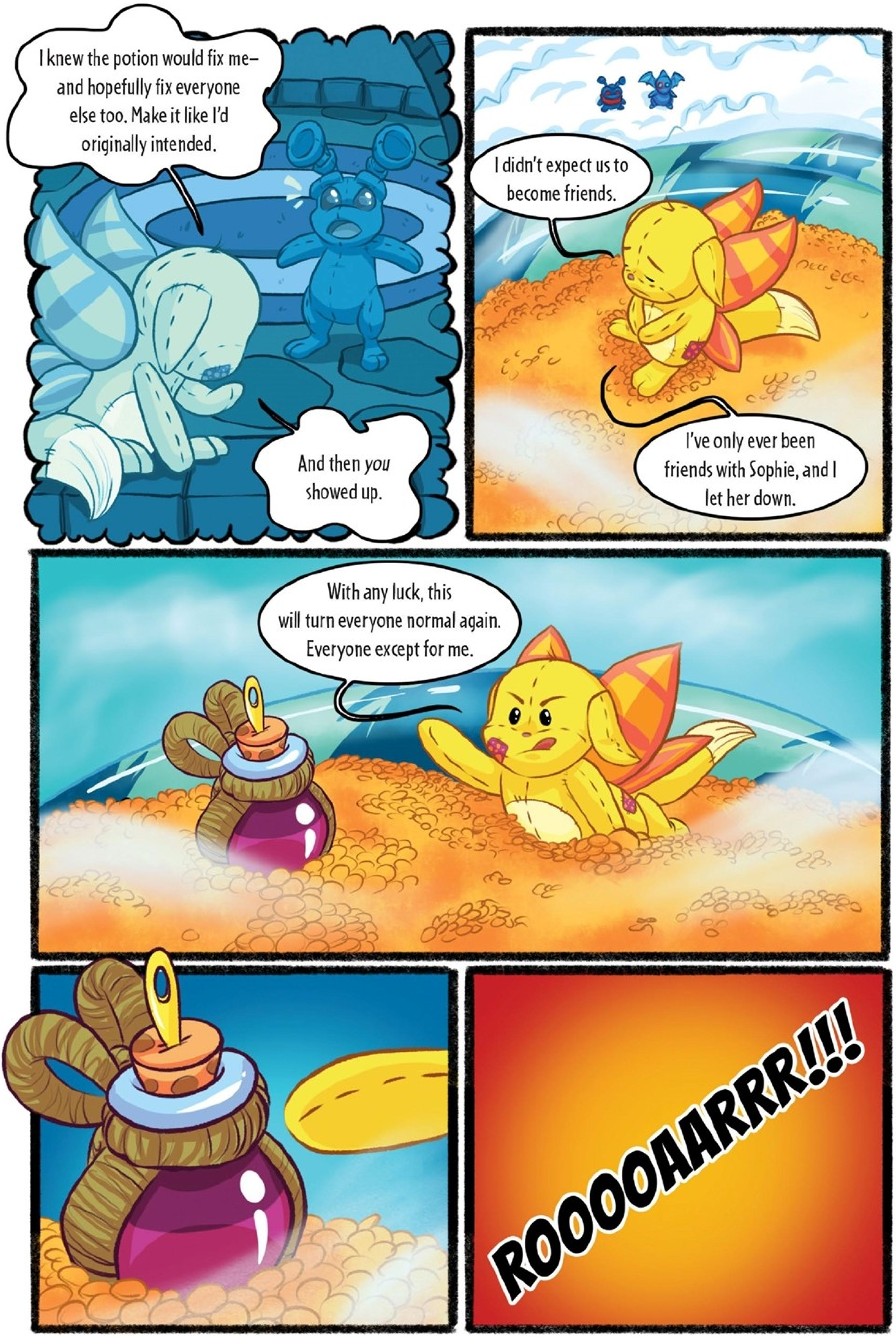

Oh. It's just you two.
Please leave—I don't want you to wake the Snowager up—
Buttons, you're going to get hurt! There's got to be another way. We'll find a way to make everyone normal again and then—
Normal?
I don't want *everyone* to go back to normal.
I want to stay a toy.

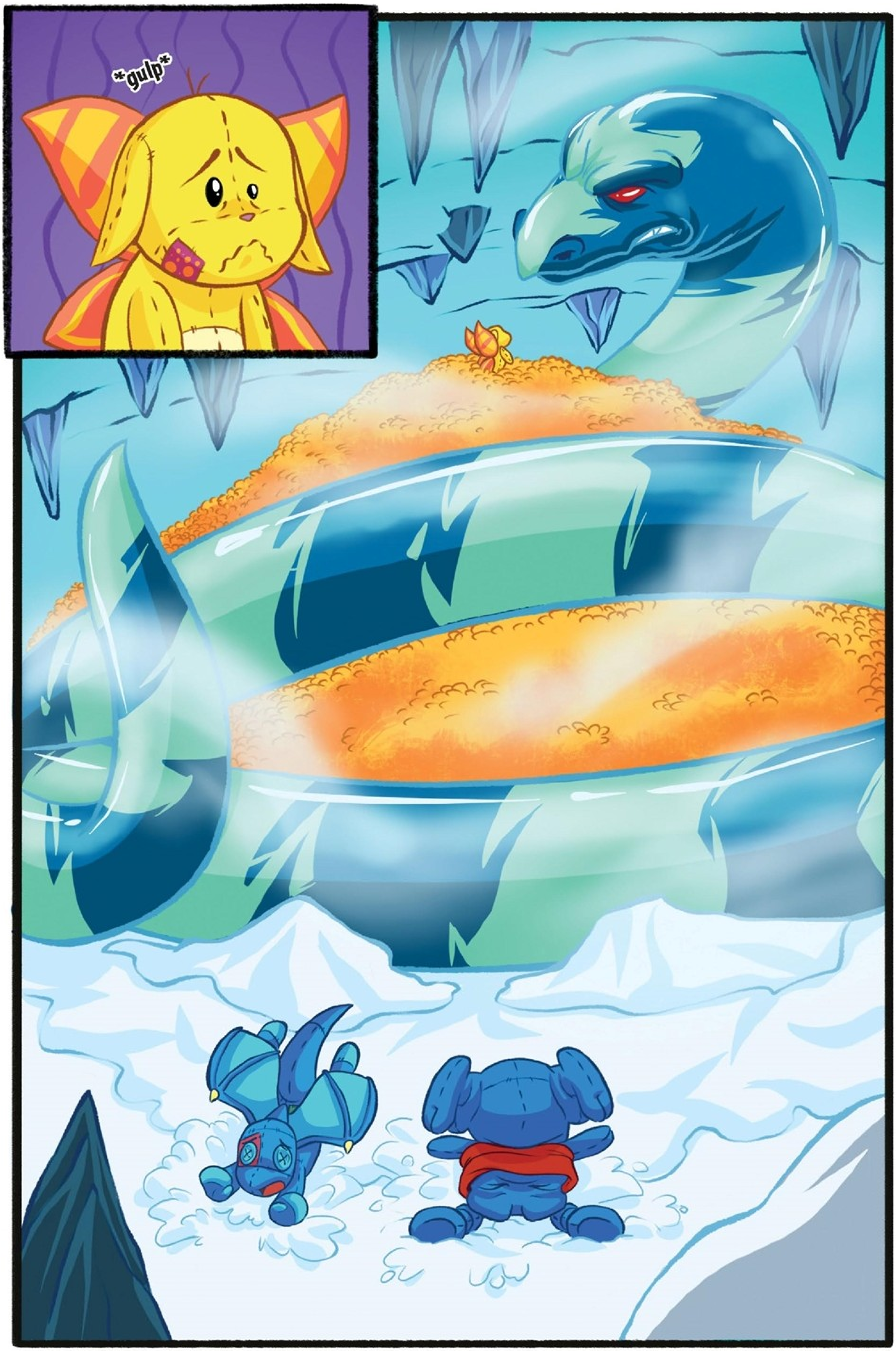

Growing up, I never had a family or any friends. I was always lonely.
And every day, the bad feelings just got bigger.
So beautiful!
Amazing!
How could anyone not love these?!
The ultra-rare plushie?! I have got to have it!
I thought if I could be a toy– a one-of-a-kind plushie myself– everyone would love me.
I would be sought after and taken care of.
The bad feelings wouldn't get to me if I couldn't feel anything at all.

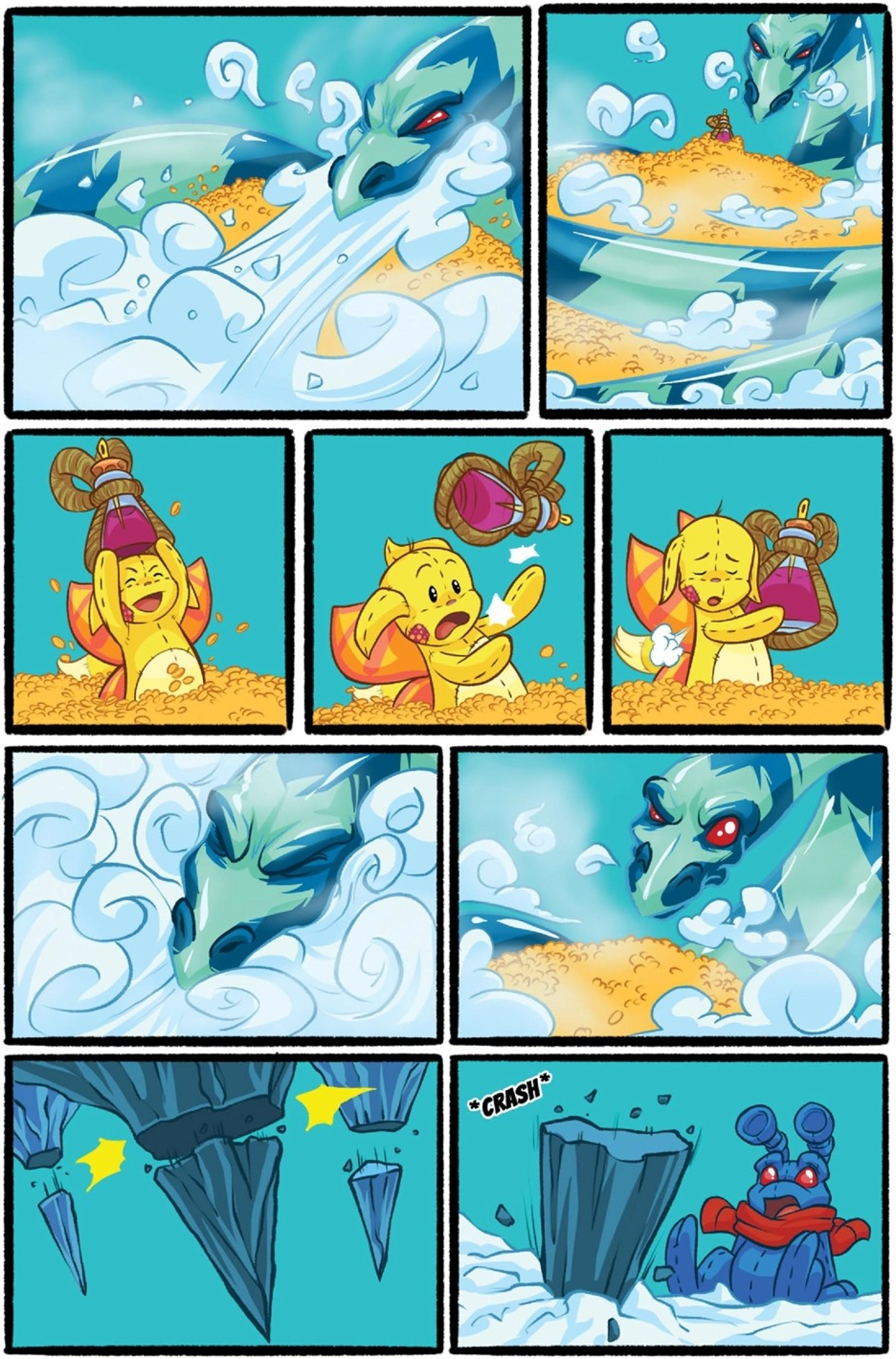

Everyone ignored me, except for Sophie the Swamp Witch. I think she sensed a kindred spirit in me. She was alone a lot too.
She took me in as her apprentice, and for a while, I worked alongside her, learning how to brew potions.
I learned that potions can do all sorts of things–including changing what kind of Neopet you are.
I promised Sophie I'd never mess up magic.
But then . . .

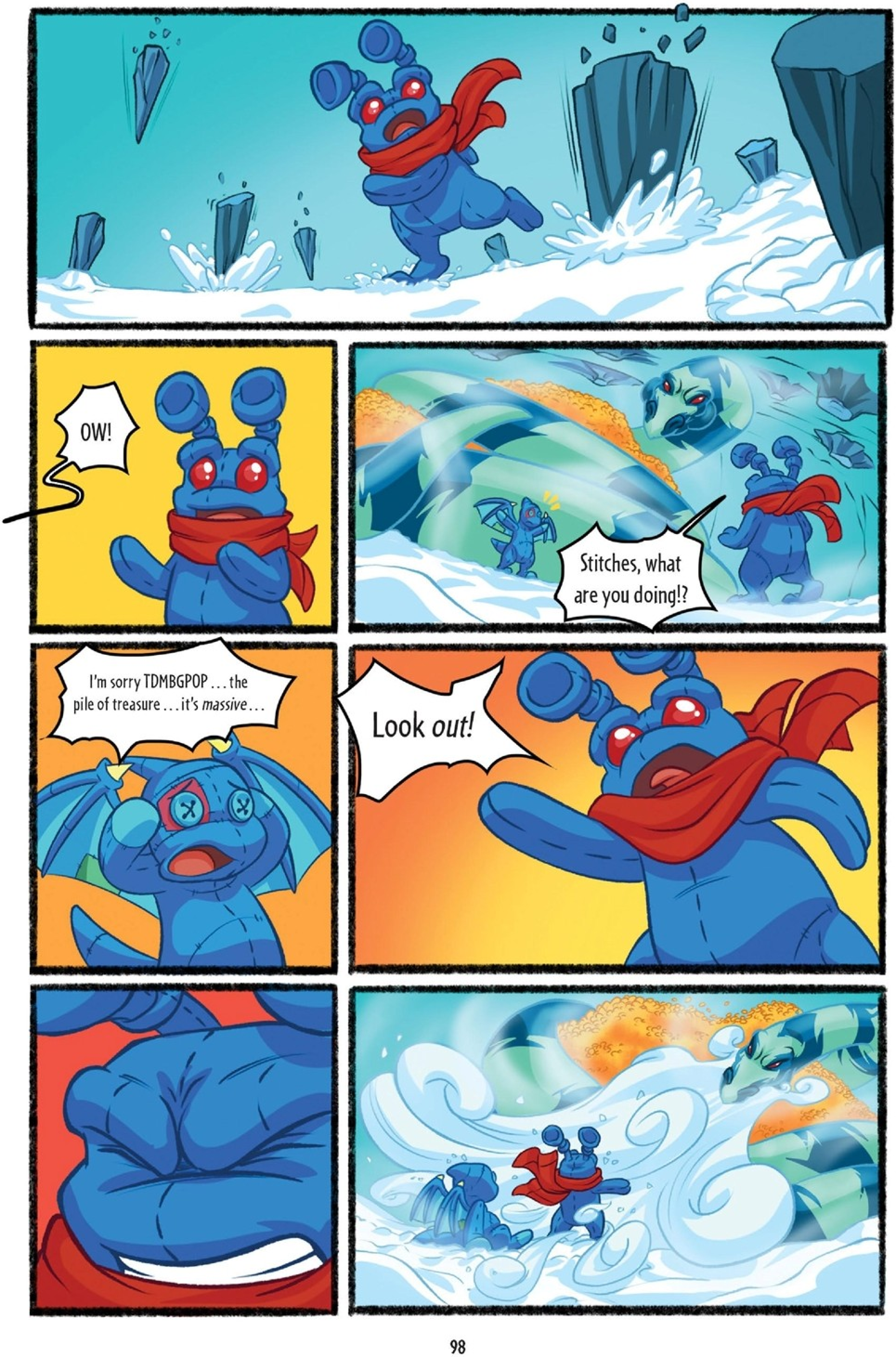

Huh?
A Mysterious Swirly Potion fell from the sky–just for me.
The *Bound Magic Book* said this potion could change a Neopet's form. But I wondered–could I modify it so the potion could change my form even more?
gulp

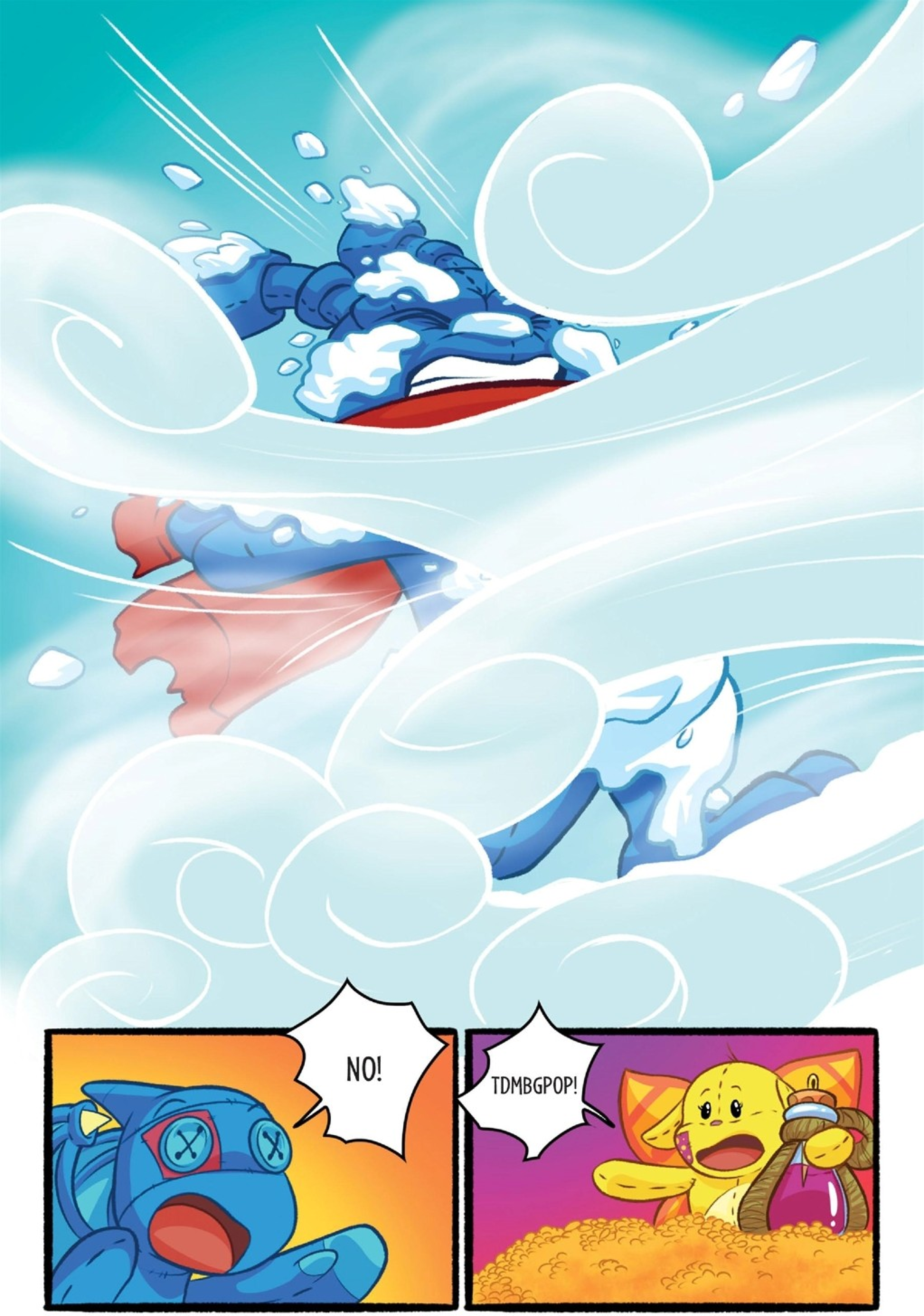

The modifications didn't work like I'd hoped.
Why do I look like *this* . . . but I'm still *me*?!
I was too ashamed to tell Sophie.
So I asked Donny for help.
The revered Toy Repair Shopkeeper could fix anyone–but not me.
Then I begged the Faerie Queen for help.
A Dark Faerie overheard. She told me about a rare antidote in the Snowager's cavern called the UnPlushie Potion.
The antidote was on the very tippy top of the Snowager's pile. If I drank it, I might be able to become a toy, for real.
POP
And then something . . . mysterious . . . happened. *She* turned into a toy. A *real* one, not a fake one like me.
My magic mess-up caused a ripple effect throughout Neopia. And everyone was turning into toys.
Everyone but me.

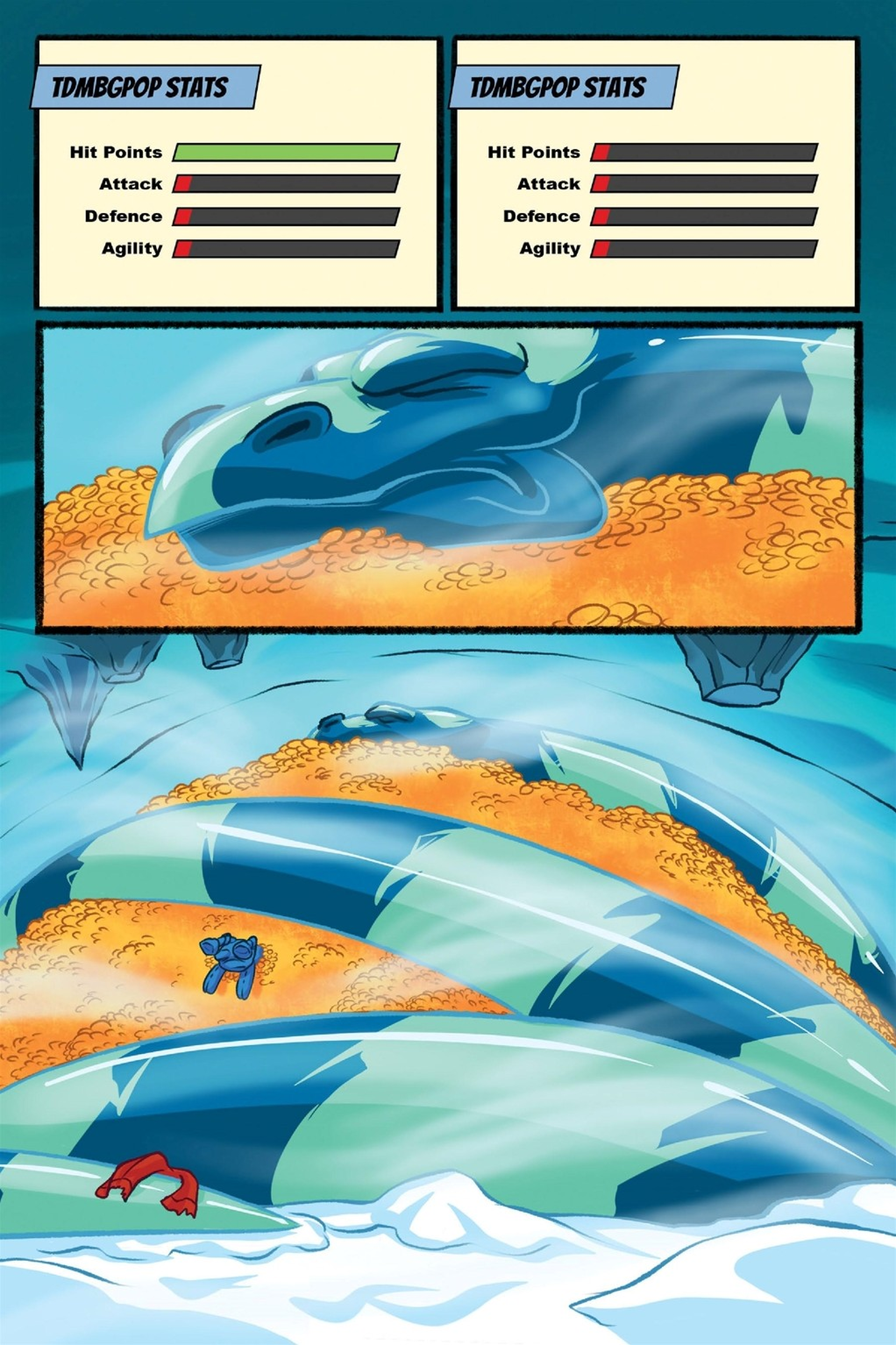

I knew the potion would fix me–and hopefully fix everyone else too. Make it like I'd originally intended.
And then *you* showed up.
I didn't expect us to become friends.
I've only ever been friends with Sophie, and I let her down.
With any luck, this will turn everyone normal again. Everyone except for me.
ROOOOAARRR!!!

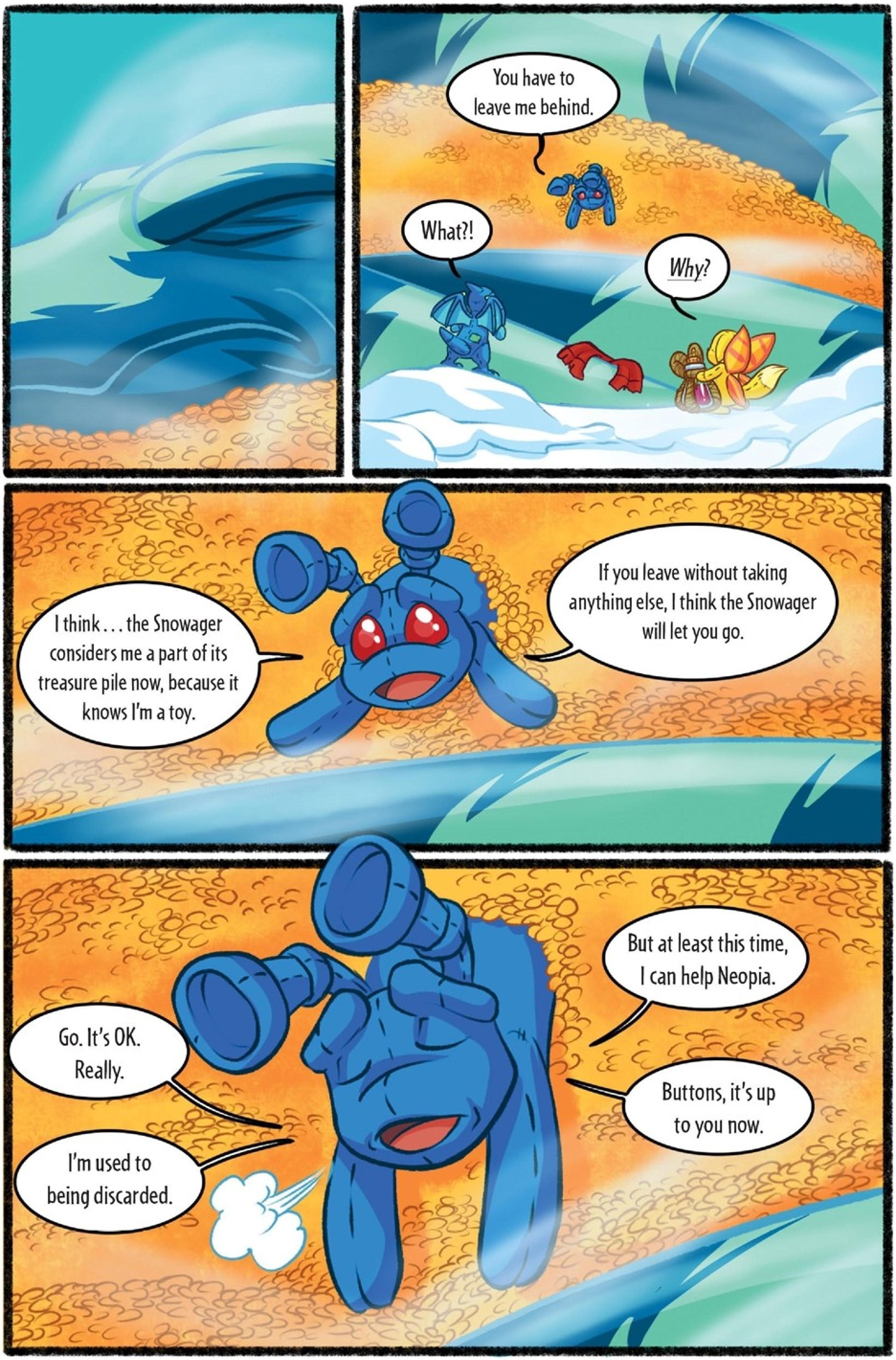

gulp

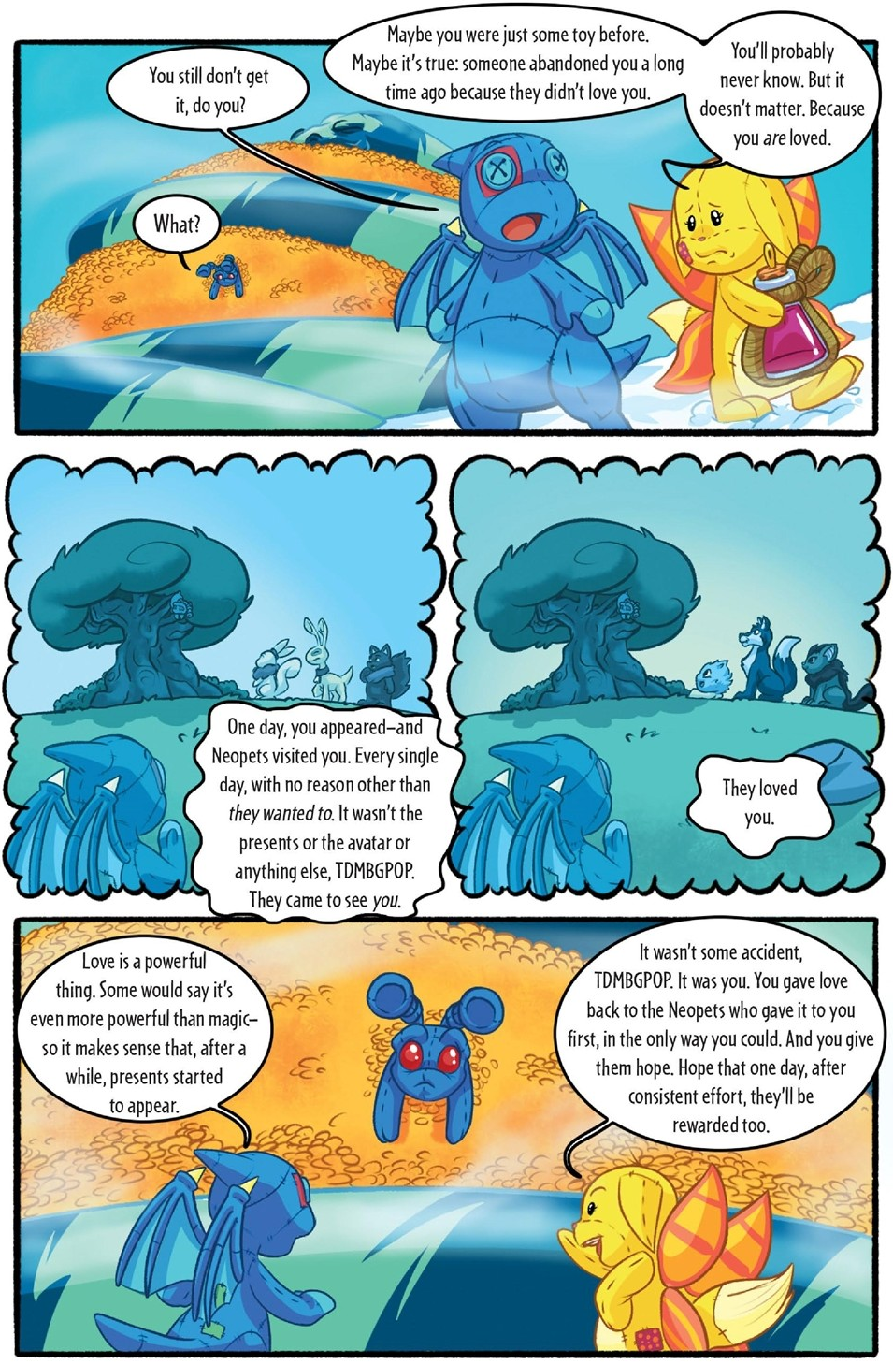

CRASH

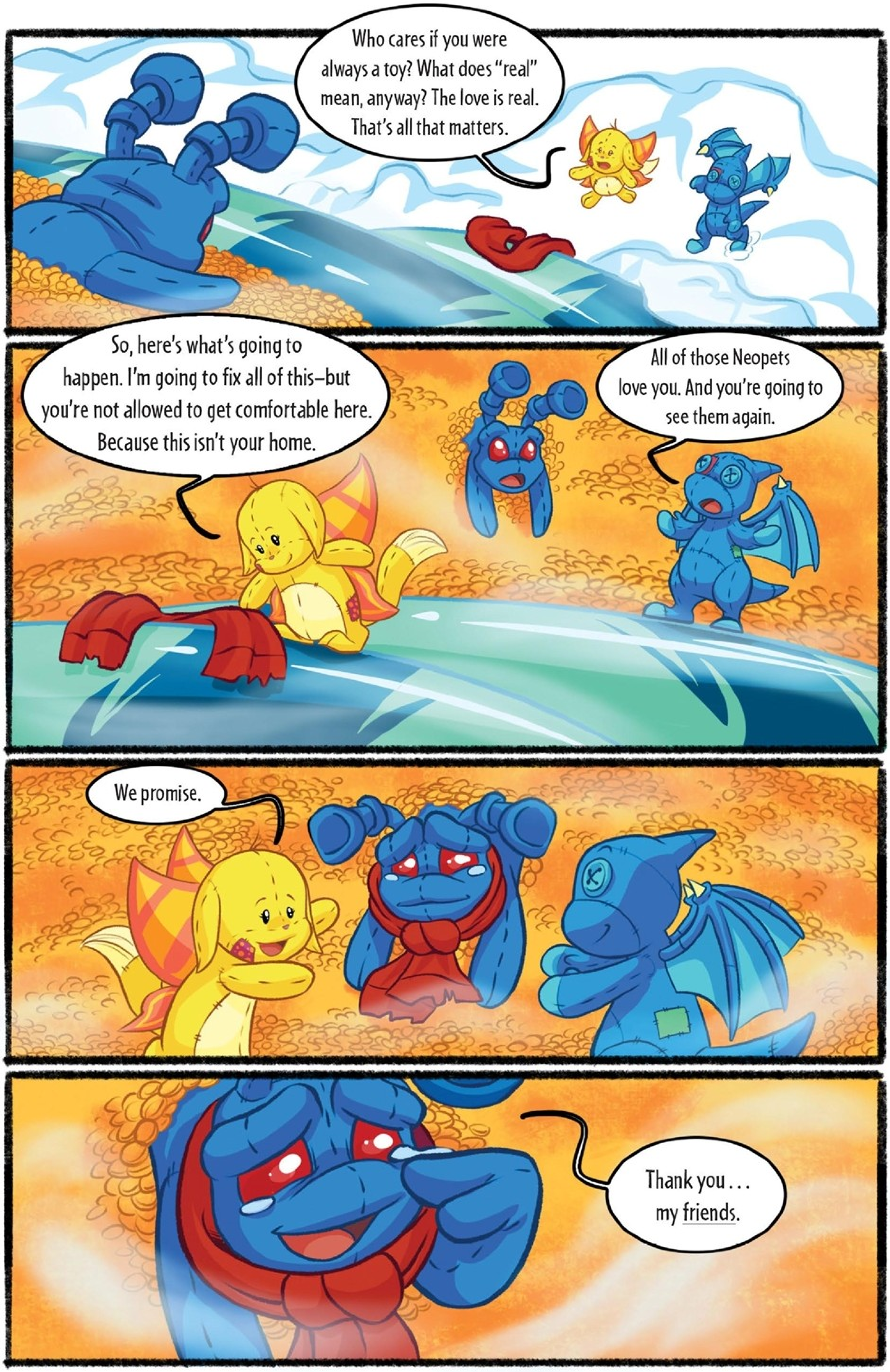

OW!
Stitches, what are you doing!?
I'm sorry TDMBGPOP . . . the pile of treasure . . . it's *massive* . . .
Look *out!*

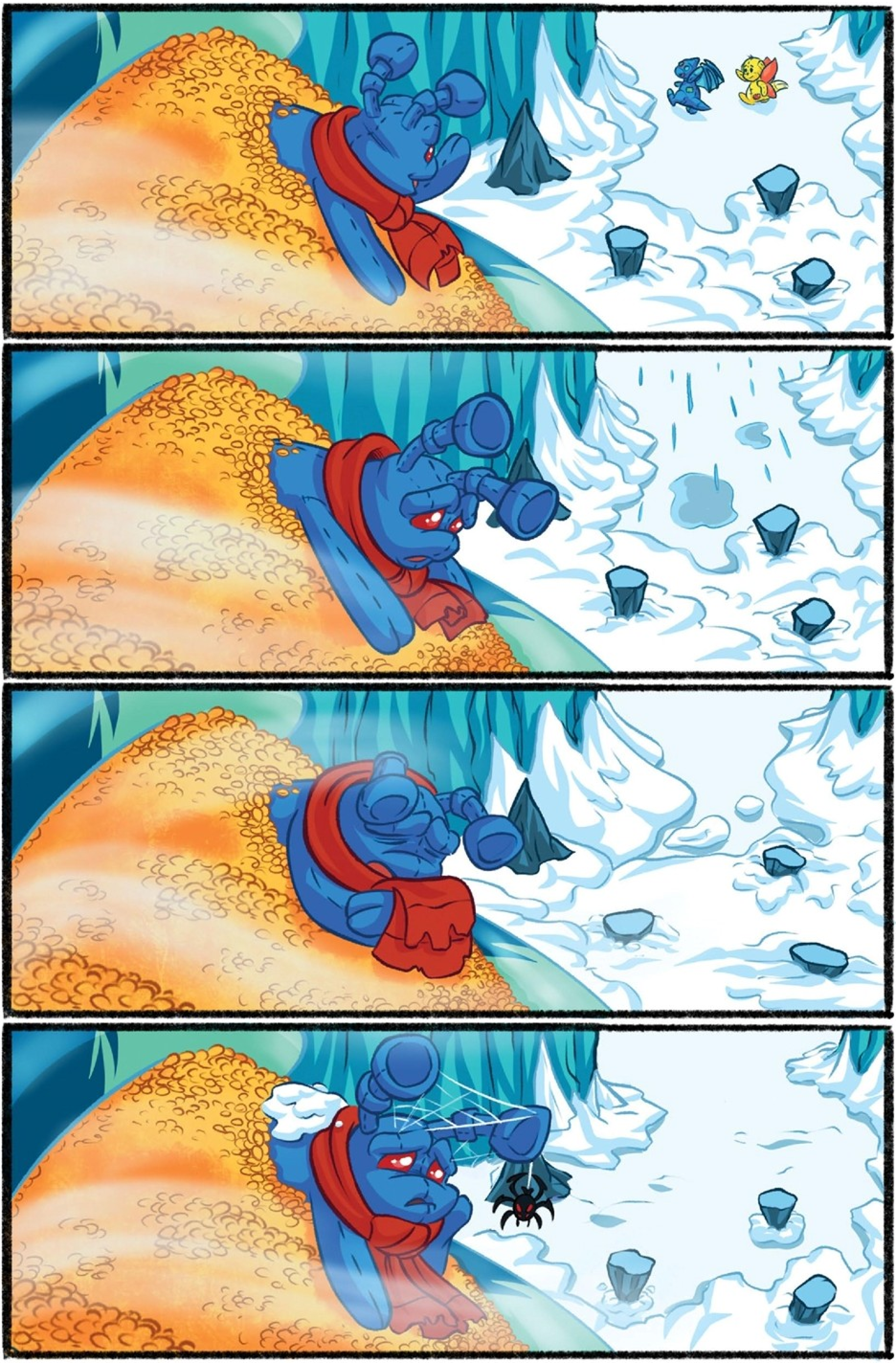

NO!
TDMBGPOP!


TDMBGPOP STATS
Hit Points
Attack
Defence
Agility
TDMBGPOP STATS
Hit Points
Attack
Defence
Agility

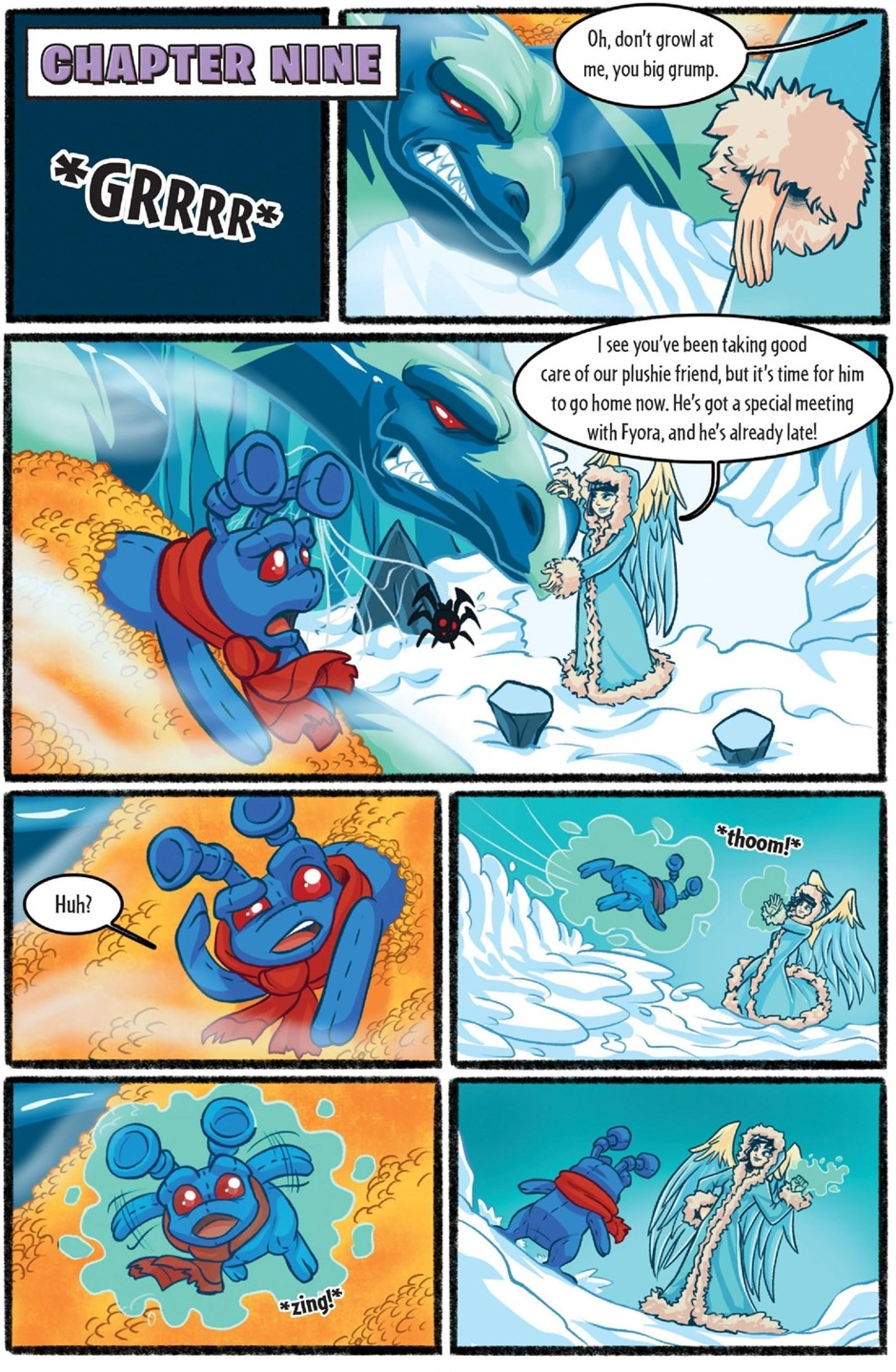

You have to leave me behind.
What?!
Why?
I think . . . the Snowager considers me a part of its treasure pile now, because it knows I'm a toy.
If you leave without taking anything else, I think the Snowager will let you go.
Go. It's OK. Really.
I'm used to being discarded.
But at least this time, I can help Neopia.
Buttons, it's up to you now.

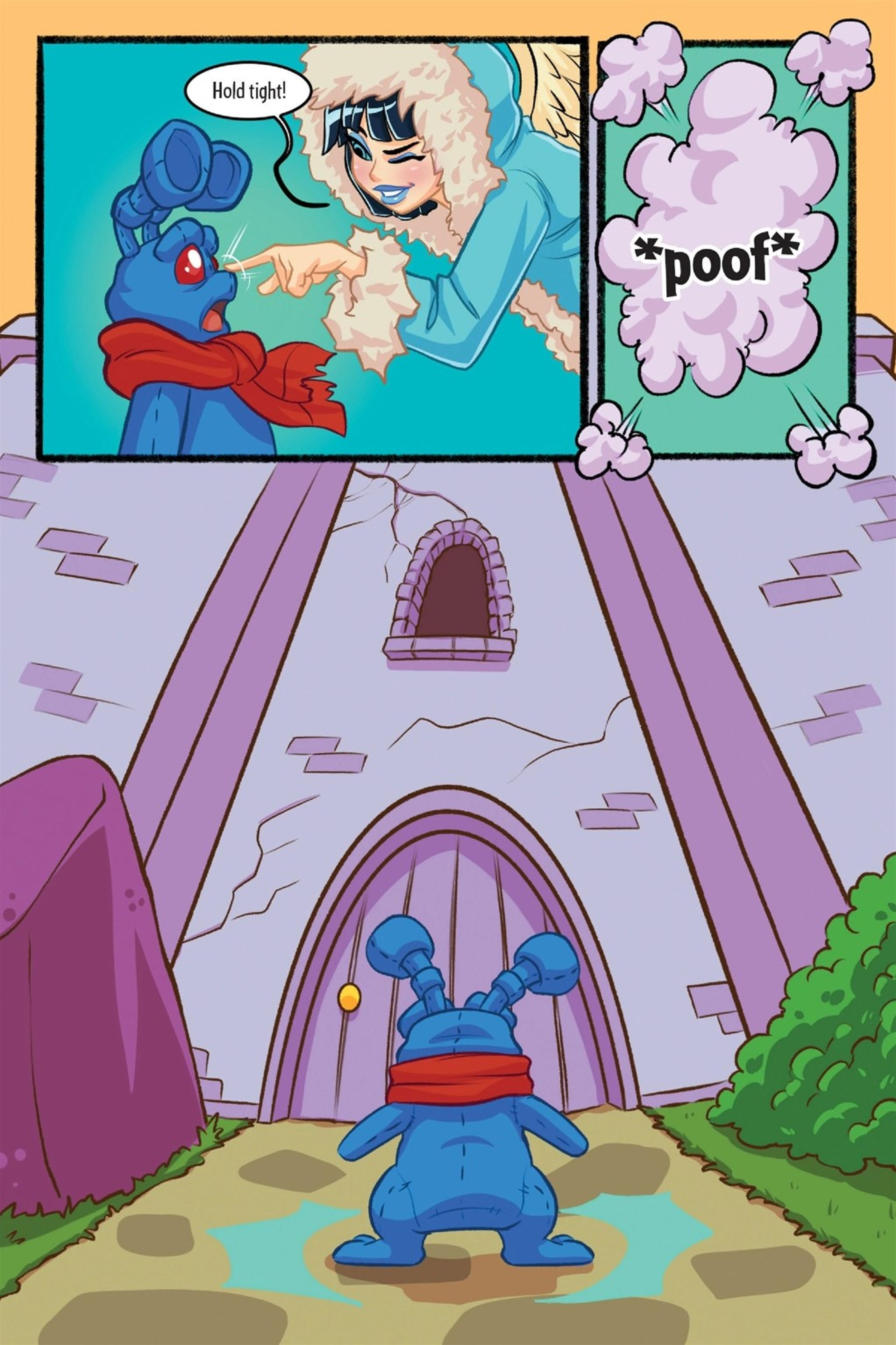

You still don't get it, do you?
Maybe you were just some toy before. Maybe it's true: someone abandoned you a long time ago because they didn't love you.
You'll probably never know. But it doesn't matter. Because you *are* loved.
What?
One day, you appeared—and Neopets visited you. Every single day, with no reason other than *they wanted to*. It wasn't the presents or the avatar or anything else, TDMBGPOP. They came to see *you*.
They loved you.
Love is a powerful thing. Some would say it's even more powerful than magic—so it makes sense that, after a while, presents started to appear.
It wasn't some accident, TDMBGPOP. It was you. You gave love back to the Neopets who gave it to you first, in the only way you could. And you give them hope. Hope that one day, after consistent effort, they'll be rewarded too.

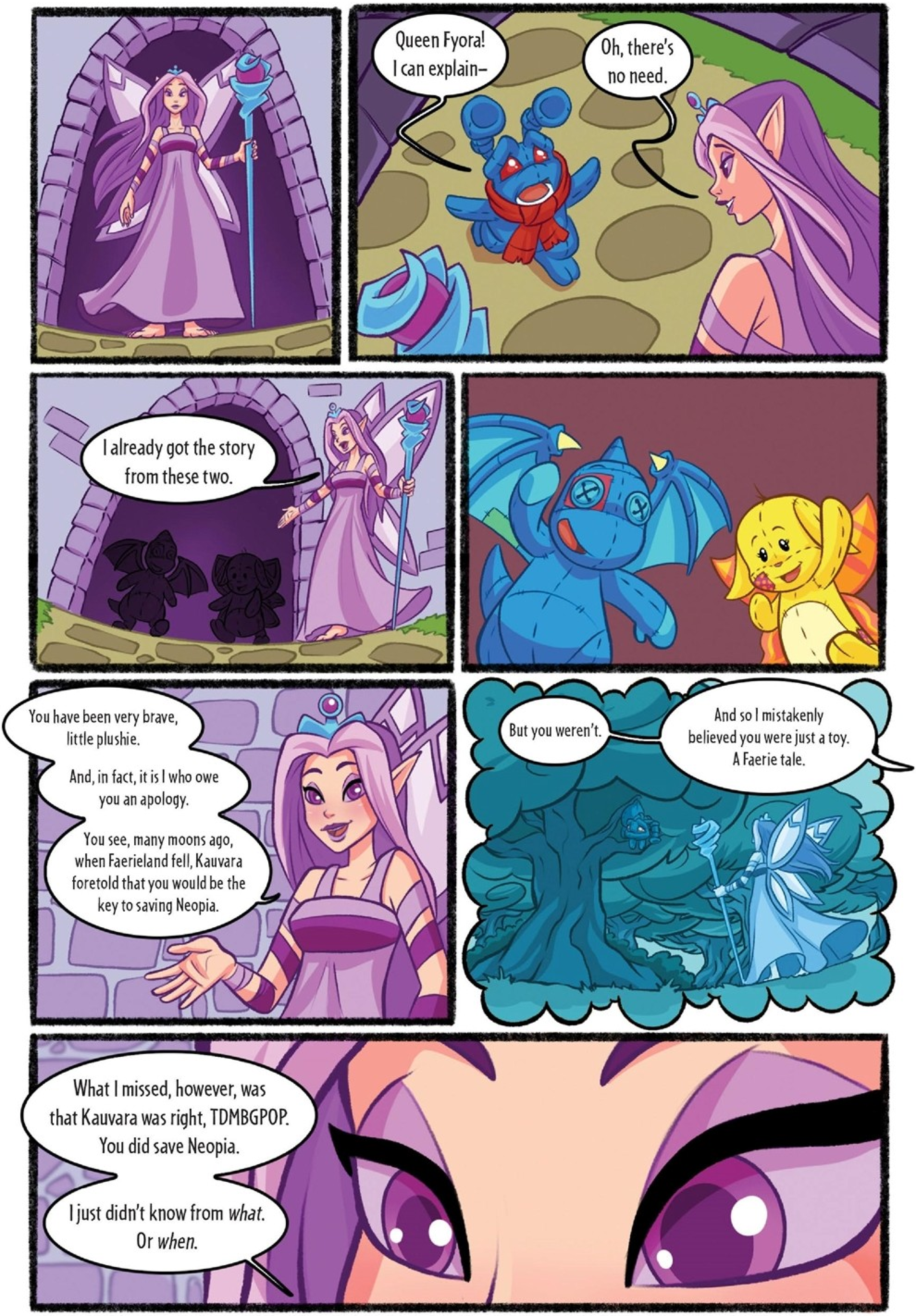

Who cares if you were always a toy? What does "real" mean, anyway? The love is real. That's all that matters.
So, here's what's going to happen. I'm going to fix all of this—but you're not allowed to get comfortable here. Because this isn't your home.
All of those Neopets love you. And you're going to see them again.
We promise.
Thank you . . . my friends.

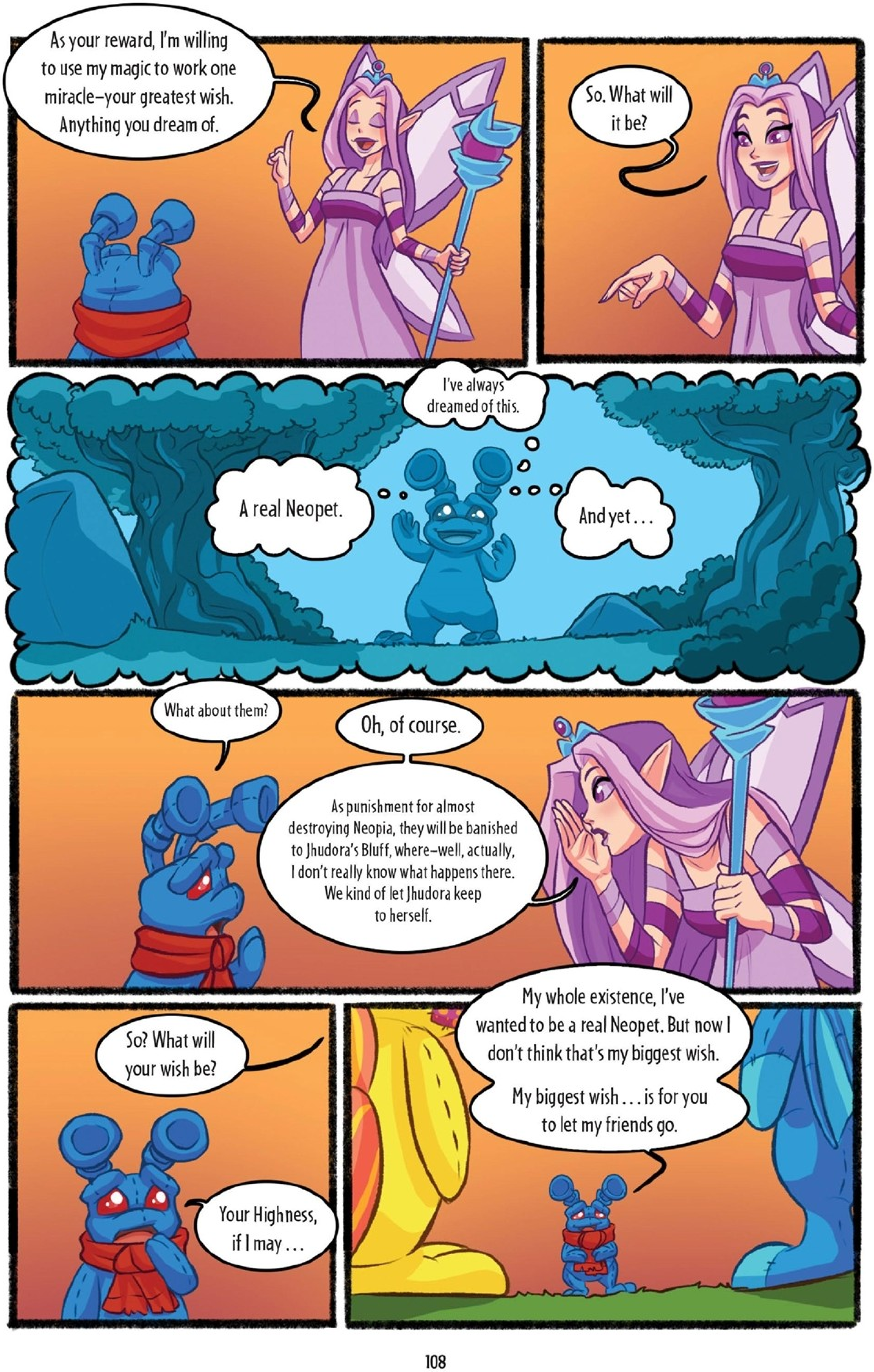


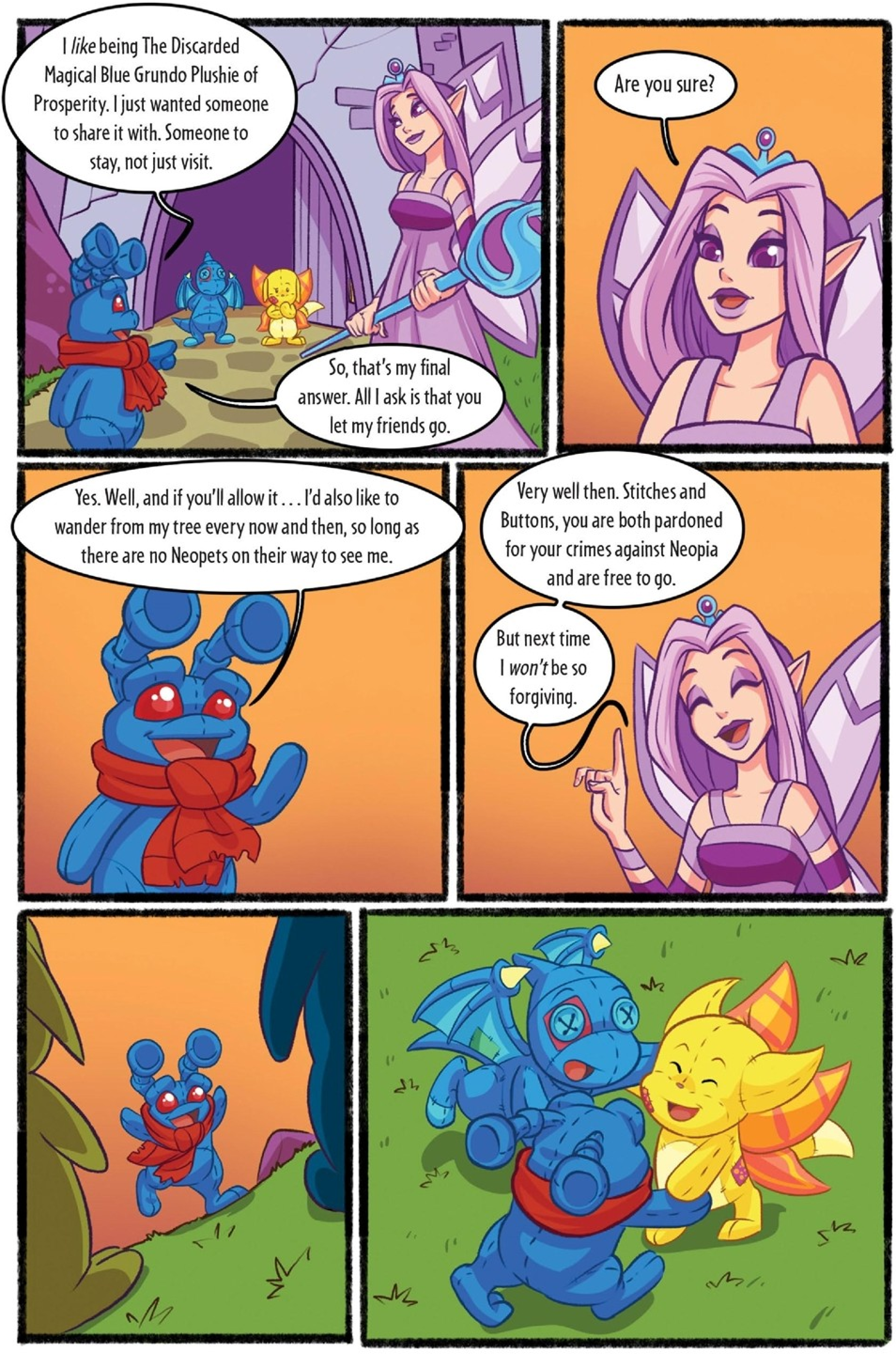
CHAPTER NINE

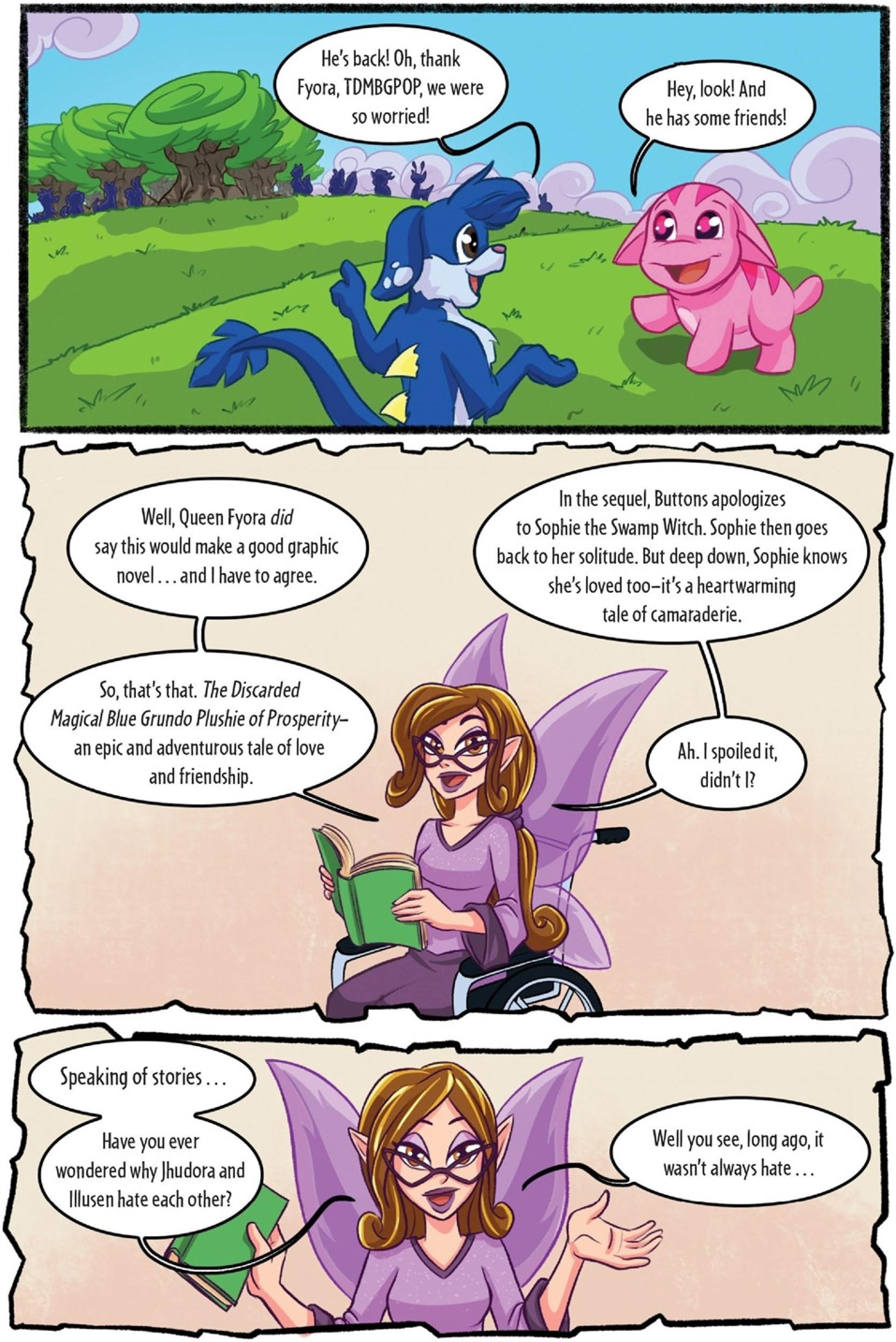

GRRRR
Oh, don't growl at me, you big grump.
I see you've been taking good care of our plushie friend, but it's time for him to go home now. He's got a special meeting with Fyora, and he's already late!
Huh?
thoom!
zing!


Hold tight!
poof


Queen Fyora! I can explain–
Oh, there's no need.
I already got the story from these two.
You have been very brave, little plushie.
And, in fact, it is I who owe you an apology.
You see, many moons ago, when Faerieland fell, Kauvara foretold that you would be the key to saving Neopia.
And so I mistakenly believed you were just a toy. A Faerie tale.
But you weren't.
What I missed, however, was that Kauvara was right, TDMBGPOP. You did save Neopia.
I just didn't know from *what*. Or *when*.


As your reward, I'm willing to use my magic to work one miracle—your greatest wish. Anything you dream of.
So. What will it be?
I've always dreamed of this.
A real Neopet.
And yet . . .
What about them?
Oh, of course.
As punishment for almost destroying Neopia, they will be banished to Jhudora's Bluff, where—well, actually, I don't really know what happens there. We kind of let Jhudora keep to herself.
So? What will your wish be?
Your Highness, if I may . . .
My whole existence, I've wanted to be a real Neopet. But now I don't think that's my biggest wish.
My biggest wish . . . is for you to let my friends go.


I *like* being The Discarded Magical Blue Grundo Plushie of Prosperity. I just wanted someone to share it with. Someone to stay, not just visit.
So, that's my final answer. All I ask is that you let my friends go.
Are you sure?
Yes. Well, and if you'll allow it . . . I'd also like to wander from my tree every now and then, so long as there are no Neopets on their way to see me.
Very well then. Stitches and Buttons, you are both pardoned for your crimes against Neopia and are free to go.
But next time I *won't* be so forgiving.


He's back! Oh, thank Fyora, TDMBGPOP, we were so worried!
Hey, look! And he has some friends!
Well, Queen Fyora *did* say this would make a good graphic novel . . . and I have to agree.
So, that's that. *The Discarded Magical Blue Grundo Plushie of Prosperity*–an epic and adventurous tale of love and friendship.
In the sequel, Buttons apologizes to Sophie the Swamp Witch. Sophie then goes back to her solitude. But deep down, Sophie knows she's loved too–it's a heartwarming tale of camaraderie.
Ah. I spoiled it, didn't I?
Speaking of stories . . .
Have you ever wondered why Jhudora and Illusen hate each other?
Well you see, long ago, it wasn't always hate . . .

A NOTE FROM SABRINA ALEXANDRA,

AMBULATORY WHEELCHAIR DISABILITY ACTIVIST

Being disabled isn't a bad thing. It's just kind of a . . . thing.

The Library Faerie has been seen on **Neopets.com** many times before, but in this graphic novel and now updated in the iconic game, she is an ambulatory wheelchair user. I can see some people swiftly wondering, "Why is she not always in a wheelchair?" but it's also important to normalize ambulatory wheelchair users. No disability is the same, and for many disabled people, we can both walk and use wheelchairs in different circumstances. If you are not a wheelchair user, you can certainly know to look out for people like us—and Faeries like Seshatia—and bring awareness to ambulatory wheelchair use, as well as access. Thank goodness the Hidden Tower has an accessibility staircase! Even if TDMBGPOP didn't know.

Of course, since Seshatia has wings and can fly, that brings up some loaded questions, right? But, hey, that's the power of art and imagination. The Library Faerie using a wheelchair is a beautiful symbol of disability inclusion. And it's also just kind of a . . . thing!

Now that you've read the story,
go to Grundo's Warehouse on
neopets.com
and type in "GRUNDOBOOK"
for a prize!